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A PLEA FOR THE AFTERNOON.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER said that he twice saved his life by change of climate and circumstances,—once by leaving the East to reside in the West, and again by returning to live in the East. Certainly he prolonged, not only life, but faculties, to a good old age. It is known that towards the close of his life he began a new thesis upon the Trinity, and thought and wrote with intensest zeal till his failing powers of body and mind constrained him to rest. Who shall say that this recurring systole and diastole of thought did not keep his autumn days green and beautiful?

Utterly ruinous is it for old people to fall into the monotony of quietude, which is without care, and therefore without interest. When I see an aged person thus settling himself, to sleep away the remainder of life, it affects me with something of the horror one feels on seeing an infant fed upon narcotics. There has, perhaps, never been an instance among Christian nations of greatly prolonged powers, except in some person of an active, energetic, and positive character. These

qualities seem absolutely necessary to enable men to combat all the allurements to indolence to which elderly folk are subjected in Christian communities. Certain heathen nations formerly exposed their old people in the wilderness, that their wearisome lives might be sooner ended. We beguile ours into idiocy, by withdrawing all social and moral pressure towards further exertion. Mistaken kindness, how much it will yet have to atone for!

"You have worked hard all your life, father," says the affectionate son; "now you can afford to rest."

"Yes, I can afford to rest," says the mistaken, deluded father; and he sits down to doze in his easy-chair, take snuff, and court paralysis.

"Now do give up care to me, mother," pleads the good daughter. "You have vexed yourself long enough with these details, and you deserve a few years of comfort and ease."

So the mother, grieved, and protesting at heart, weakly acquiesces, and consoles herself with her knitting; or, if that fail her, she gossips, pines, and wishes she had good eyes for reading,

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till she is in her dotage at sixty, though she ought to have been vigorous in mind and body at eighty.

What right has the mind to fail, while the body is yet comparatively vigorous? Do we believe in immortality, and that the soul, disembodied, will be again youthful and strong? Then let us nurture this deathless life, that it may never become apathetic or weary, but ever cheerful, strong, and buoyant. Has it lost command of the failing body? Then we should look for the reason. It must have suffered its faculties to fall into neglect and idleness, while it should have remained vigilant master in its own house.

When the body is worn out, then let the soul depart in peace. We recognize that as fitting, and even beautiful. There is a solemn grandeur in it, which is impressive; but while the body is yet comparatively strong, the mind has no right to lose control of it. If it does, it is an abnormal thing; it is an evil which we should seek to remedy; it is *prima facie* evidence of culpable neglect or mismanagement. If I tie my hand to my shoulder, it will soon become weakened and helpless; if I close my eyes for a week or a month, it will give me pain to open them again to the sunshine; I can destroy my sight by many methods of misdoing; I can destroy all my powers either by excesses or by disuse; but if I use them moderately, yet continuously, I *should* retain them all while I live. An aged person has no right to be either quite blind or deaf; but there is a vastly greater wrong in his becoming imbecile. He has to thank himself or his ancestors for it, — *not* the laws of *nature*. He may have inherited tendencies to infirmity; but the probability is, that he must attribute it, either to the excesses of early life, or to the indolence of old age.

"I am seventy-six," said John Pierpont, "but I trust that I yet have left some of the spirit of '76." So he was ready to enlist as chaplain in the army in defence of our national liberties. "If, sir," said the veteran clergyman to the

Governor of Massachusetts, — "if this my proffer of service is accepted by your Excellency, I have only one stipulation to make in connection with it, namely, this, — that, on our way to Washington, we are not to go *around* Baltimore." The brave old man was a brave good man all his days, — an apostle of temperance and holy living; he reaped the reward of an hundred-fold even in this life. This is the way to make age beautiful, and full both of uses and enjoyment.

There are more numerous examples of *men* who have retained their faculties to a great age than of *women*. The reason is obvious. Men have more variety, more change, more stimulus in their lives, and they refuse to give up this rightful heritage to any one, even when younger persons are ready to bear all heavy burdens for them, in genuine love and compassion. Knitting grandchildren's stockings in the chimney-corner is not quite so invigorating to the old dame as her husband's neighborly gossip in the village store; and yet, what a burden of catastrophes may be summed up in the common phrase, "retired from business"! Certainly it is not desirable to occupy the whole of life with the mere drudgery of earning one's living, or of amassing a large fortune. If a family have acquired a competence, they have a right now to engage in higher duties and enjoyments; but to give up activity, to live in idleness, to have no aims or purposes higher than pleasantly passing the time, has been the sudden ruin of many. Sturdy manhood has no right to lay down the burdens of life; and if it will do this, it must reap its reward. Ennui, querulousness, and premature imbecility are the inseparable black shadows of nothing to do. Give even to age its occupations and interests.

There is a very old laboring man, deaf, and bent nearly double, who has found a home with a wealthy maiden lady residing in the neighborhood of New York. His daughter is a domestic in the family, and the aged man seems to feel still the great responsi-

bility of earning his living. A large wood-pile is kept always stored near the wayside, ready to be sawed, and the man, who looks nearly a hundred, sits beside it in summer, quietly resting; or he bends over his saw, slowly moving it to and fro, looking satisfied and contented with his work, and replying often to the passer-by in a cheerful tone, "God bless ye, child! God bless ye!" How much better is this than nothing to do! That lady, for her thoughtful benevolence, has the benediction of some hearts to which she is a stranger, and which know but little of all the rest of her acts.

Let the old farmer who has lived all his days among green fields, till his hand is tremulous, and hard work is impossible, still keep to his garden. Let him plan it, plant it, or see it planted, and watch the progress of everything from seed to maturity. It will bind him to growth and to cheery young life with an influence scarcely second to the merry presence of his grandchildren. These mischievous beings do him as much good by taxing his ingenuity to keep them out of danger, and in the midst of enjoyment, as by making him love them, and believe in them as a little better and brighter than his own children were. "I have a pain in your breast," said Madame de Staël, to her daughter. "I have a new life springing up in your glad little hearts," feels many a grandparent.

Age must have purposes and objects of interest and pursuit to the very last, if it would have health or cheerfulness. Persuade the artisan never quite to abandon his craft, or, if he must, assist him to find some kindred industry which shall make a busy leisure for his declining years. If one is too helpless to find pursuits for himself, humanity demands that younger persons should find them for him. His children owe him thus much. How the parent always exerts himself to draw out and quicken the faculties of his small group of toddlers! Let these, then, in the strength of their maturity, accept the solemn, loving duty of prolonging and

occupying the dulling faculties of the parent. We are heathen otherwise. Neither civilization nor Christianity can point to an obligation more sacred than this. Is the feeblest age more helpless or more troublesome than the utter and prolonged weakness of infancy? If instinct can make humane parents, surely reason and religion should make humane children. But children cannot be practically humane, so long as Christendom generally is mistaken in its duty upon the main point. Its ideal for age is peace, rest; but the ideal for all life should be activity, occupation.

"She would like to be here to see how nicely I can cook my own dinner, and lay the cloth, and have everything ready as she used to," said an old man of eighty-four, in speaking of his old wife, who had recently left him. His children fostered the thought, and anxiously guarded his power of self-help to the utmost. How infinitely better this than burdening him with a sense of feebleness! He knows of their many cares, and is strengthened by the thought of adding but little to their burdens; so he goes about busy with his own little household needs, pleased with his own little garden patch, and happy all the while in the thought, "What comfort it must give her, if she knows how well I can take care of myself!"

If the early sharer of joys and sorrows has gone to the other world, or if the aged person is in single life, the last years are often indeed objectless and desolate. No loving-kindness can remove the consciousness of being only burdensome to others. It is the keenest pang to the waiting, waning life. But the sentiment is impious. Usefulness is never past till life has passed. The playfulness of a child is as acceptable as the ministering tenderness of an angel.

They tell us that age is often querulous and exacting; so is sickness, so is infirmity of all kinds; but age has no right to the plea of the invalid. Let it be hale and robust; and, if its just de-

mands are respected, it will overflow with amiability. The busy child, who likes his play, is a happy one, and the occupied man, who is following pursuits congenial to him, has no time for discontent; but the poor old gentleman who has been nursed into the idea that he is past the age for exertion, that he has little more to do with enjoyments, interests, purposes, or hopes, is of course hypochondriacal. His failings are a natural protest against its unnatural estate.

It is an unphilosophical and a most barbarous idea, that an elderly person must cease to be merry; that he must quietly give up the recreations and enjoyments of the past, and be soberly content with his weight of years. The grim Middle Ages decided that it was a sin for Christian people to laugh. We still insist, that, if an old man laughs, he is not fit for the world to which he is drawing near. Young complains in his "Night Thoughts":

"To gentle life's descent

We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain;

We take fair days in winter for the spring";

as though enjoying life, and looking on the bright side, were a crime which "will turn our blessings into bane." He tells us:

"Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon."

These are *night thoughts* indeed. They will draw down the black curtains of dotage about us while we are yet vigorous, rather than add to our fitness for the future life. Shall we sit, like Minerva's owls, hooting dolefully through the long evening in pretence of a wisdom to which we have not attained? Levity is a sin in young or old; but happiness is an exalted Christian privilege, and recreation an imperative Christian duty, especially when one detects himself failing in the vigor and tone of any of his best powers. Age has the highest right to live in perpetual enjoyment.

We make festivals and birthday par-

ties for our children, that they may be benefited by cheerful associations. This is pleasant and well, though it is only a rather superfluous free-will tithing of the mint and anise. Youth can be happy under almost any circumstances. Let us rather multiply festivities, pageants, reunions, and good-fellowship generally, for the benefit of age,—May-days amid the flowers in spring, picnics in cool arbors for summer, leaf-gatherings in brilliant autumn, and Christmas merriment in midwinter,—all carefully arranged for the highest enjoyment of the dear old friend or relative who has remembered others hitherto. Let us all engage together in the merriest games. Guesses, forfeits, hunt-the-slipper, and blind-man's-buff will bring laughter into all our hearts; especially if the very decorous people indulge under the benevolent pretext of "amusing the children."

Concerts and operas to aged music-lovers, especially if echoing the beloved old music, would fall like the sound of spring rain upon withered hearts. Give the amateur, with his fading sight, the best possible glasses, suited to his needs, and the best light in the art gallery; let youth stand aside and be patient, if need be, while he monopolizes the best picture. A whole hour spent by some half-blind old grandmother in looking at one painting will make her heart younger for all her remaining years. We shall be old some day, and then will come our turn for these noblest courtesies of life. If anybody should go to the theatre, it is the superannuated,—not every night or every week, doubtless, but half a dozen times a year, more or less, as circumstances incline. All work and no play is not worse for seven than it is for seventy.

Social stimulus is always a great quickener; but if nature desires to recreate itself in genuine freedom, it must be in the society of its equals. If you could bring a dozen very old people together to play and be merry, and could make them all cordially believe in this as right and proper,

as eminently to be desired, and as the only wholesome tonic for dignified and respectable men and women of threescore and ten, you would inaugurate a new era. Christmas plays, with all the young folks present, can never have a tithe of the relish which these old people's carnivals, freely dedicated to health and merriment, might easily command. A whittling club for the dear old Yankee octogenarians would be no bad idea.

They could hardly play at cricket or base-ball; but it would do my soul good to see an old people's gymnasium established, — nobody admitted under seventy-five. I can see how quickened pride would straighten crooked backs, how good-fellowship would lubricate dry joints, and how jovial laughter would fatten thin ribs. Generous emulation would make the old people swing on their parallel bars, climb dizzying ladders, dance Virginia reels, and almost stand on their heads and turn somersets, as they used to seventy years ago. In these days when "muscle is looking up," the gymnast should certainly turn his attention to the aches and rheumatisms of the suffering grandparents. He can do them more good than all the doctors, if he will but prescribe wisely and in moderation. His cures would be little short of miraculous; but before some dear old conservatives of our acquaintance follow his advice, I suppose we shall all be in the millennium. Exercise is all very well for growing boys and sturdy men; but it is absolutely indispensable to the health and happiness of all old people and invalids. Graduate it with the nicest skill and discretion; but, in the name of humanity, do insist that every old person shall keep the free use of his muscles, and be able to war successfully against gout and palsy.

"Don't know about it! I am getting to be very stiff already," says a stout gentleman of fifty.

To be sure you are, my dear sir; but if you will wear soft flannel next your heart, and fall in love anew with

vigorous measures, I warrant you a renewed youth, to return with all the suppleness of five-and-twenty. Exercise will exorcise stiffness, and leave you a serviceable backbone still, morally and physically. You are ageing already; but many a circus-rider at your years, despite his reckless dissipation, can rival M. Blondin in agility; and many an Indian brave, ten years your senior, can run ten miles without resting. No wonder! he has been practising for threescore years. Western hunters and English squires enjoy the chase at seventy. Lord Brougham at eighty-three delighted in a horseback ride of a dozen miles before breakfast. His mind, too, which of course sympathized, was as young as his body; he was as active in the great British Ship of State as the youngest man of them all.

If we lay down our weapons we shall forget how to use them. Run, my dear sir, — run, jump, ride, skate, and be active. If you will keep yourself in practice, you can do the same thing at seventy. The young gymnast is gaining new power daily; the aged one should cling to what he already has, as pertinaciously as he clings to life. Exercise is as indispensable to him as food, if he would retain his vigor and elasticity but little impaired. They will gradually forsake him, beyond question, slipping away with the slow sands of life; but let them depart together. This is no calamity; the hour-glass is only turned afresh in the other world. It is the living death of mere oblivion, "*sans* everything," which is fearful.

"He is gradually failing," is the standard comment upon advancing years. This, being interpreted, means, "He is gradually becoming paralytic and imbecile, in body and mind"; and it is accepted as an inevitable requirement of nature. If one thought so, he might well pray to die young; it would go far towards establishing suicide as a humane institution. When the Eastern traveller rode his camel past the rock where he had left his

aged father to die, he reasoned with himself, "They will bring me here, too, some day, to die like him!" The thought was not a pleasant one, certainly; but why was it any worse than the equanimity with which we look upon an aged parent in his dotage, and reflect, "We shall be like him one day"? Both destinies are unlovely; and therefore unnatural.

Very little is usually accomplished, or even expected, especially in any new direction, after the period of middle life. Point to Von Humboldt, who retained, apparently, the full use and command of all his faculties at ninety years; to Washington Irving, who wrote vigorously and well to the very last of his long life, as though his mental powers were still in their prime; and to men of less note, who are younger at eighty than most people are at sixty,—and you are told that these exceptions only prove the rule. Is it not more probable that the exceptions indicate, almost demonstrate, the possibilities of all the others? Rev. Mr. Waldo, who was formerly chaplain in Congress, and who was a clergyman of ability at past ninety, was convinced that no one had a right to die till he had rounded the full century. He often walked three miles from his country residence into Syracuse, where he occasionally preached on Sunday, and after service again walked quietly back at his leisure. I have known half a dozen obscure women, all of foreign origin,—Scotch, English, or German,—who could walk several miles with great ease when past eighty. Grant Thorburn gave us his rules of living, and was quite persuaded that his good habits were the simple cause of his prolonged young old age. So I believe also. All these have been active, resolute, and sensible people from infancy up. The newspapers often give us extraordinary instances of longevity, and they are always combined with activity. Hufeland lays it down as one of his maxims concerning longevity, that there is no instance of any idlers attaining it. Most persons are either too

ignorant or too "constitutionally tired" to be healthy. Even their youth is one protracted quarrel with aches and ailments. This, drawn out to very old age, would be intolerable; so pitying Nature relieves them from that curse, and bids them try again. Doubtless there are inherited tendencies and infirmities, which may never be counteracted; much must be allowed, too, for strength and durability of original constitution; but it will be found, also, that the "long-lived families," are invariably energetic and active, both in temperament and habits. Not one idler has been known to live a hundred years since the world began; Nature keeps him for a while, but she will not suffer him so long to cumber the ground. The record of Methuselah is a very brief one; but I doubt not that he was a most resolute, energetic, and very desirable personage in his day. No other character than such a one could have endured to live nine hundred and sixty-nine years.

I recollect returning from school one evening when a child, and finding myself, as I entered the "door-yard" at home, in the midst of a group of visitors, who were taking leave of the family. A very old lady, in a neat black "scoop-shovel" bonnet, was leaning on the arm of her daughter, who was also an aged woman. Several others were standing about,—my own dear old grandmother among the rest,—and all of them seemed to me old enough to be the daughters of Methuselah.

I stood peering at them curiously, sun-bonnet in hand, when the very old lady came slowly towards me.

"How old are you, little girl?" she asked.

"Six years old."

"Are you? I was six years old a hundred years ago."

How I started and looked up wondering under the deep black bonnet. She smiled as she added, "My dear child, I am a hundred years older than you are"; and as she kissed my forehead, and laid her thin hand tenderly

on my bare head, I felt even then that it was a benediction.

How honored we all felt by her presence! No one else was spoken of for a week; and we children all felt that it would be very pleasant to live a hundred years longer, and to be still good-natured, and have everybody very proud of us. Let me live to an old age, but let me not outlive the free use of all my faculties, should be the prayer and aspiration of every child. Let us point him to that goal, and bid him seek to win the race. Heaven often forces us to answer our own prayers; and we must undoubtedly do so in this case, or they will remain unanswered. We ought to live for old age just in the spirit in which we are constantly exhorted to live for heaven, that is, to think of it, take measures to attain it, and make provision for it. I do not mean merely the laying up of "much goods" for the "many years." An honest old age has a right to be independent, and to be no more cumbered with "much serving." It often needs change. Let the old man be free to leave his home occasionally, and with his old wife, hand in hand, let him go travelling to see the world and enjoy it. They may thus add years to their length of days, much to their stock of happiness, and more still to the vigor and restoration of decaying faculties. After threescore years and ten of robust work, either with brains or hands, society owes the veteran a competence, and every rational enjoyment which it will procure; and it is all wrong if he has not been able to obtain this.

But the highest provision for age must be *in* the man, not *for* him. He should have laid up qualities within himself which will make his last years dignified with intelligence, fruitful in resources for enjoyment, and serene from the absence of pain and overwhelming infirmities. No one would deny him the luxury of giving his blessing to the weeper, and of extending an open hand to every want; but it is time now that he should be called mainly to rejoice with those who are rejoicing.

When there are tears falling in the sad world, let him turn and look at the rainbow, which is in the east. We should all appreciate the fitness of this, and spare him, as far as may be, from further grief. Let his welfare be kept henceforth as in the hollow of his children's hands. We rarely think of bringing sorrow or troubles to the heart of childhood; it is too pitiful to dim its loving eyes with premature suffering. Just so should we ward off every grief from one who has borne his share already. Let bright faces come to him, beaming with smiles. Let gay voices echo about him, and quicken his dull ear with melody! Let glad hearts surround him, and vibrate all the sweet and hopeful chords of his nature! He will soon be young again in the new world, and as eager as they are in the pursuit of the unknown. He has ample powers yet to appreciate all their enthusiasm. It will awaken memories of long-forgotten years, of brilliant achievements and irrepressible hopes. Listen, then, when he recalls the past, and give him all honor for the deeds done. You may thus unite past, present, and future in one accord of love and good-will.

If age were thus enthroned with dignity, and guarded with an ever-conscientious and active loving-tenderness, it would be no longer dreaded, but it would shine before us all as a pleasant heritage for the future. When one has lived a brave life, well spent in the service of others, he has a right to reflect with satisfaction upon the time when he shall be ministered unto, with filial pleasure and respect, by the younger generation. Is the mother's unremitting care for her babe—wearing and never-ceasing though it be—regarded as a heavy burden? It is always full of precious recompense! Let Christianity develop those warm and holy filial sentiments which will make a reciprocal duty equally dear, sacred, and self-satisfying. In youth we are too eager for the future for which we are preparing to live cordially in the present; middle life imposes too

many duties, claims, and necessities to make it quite subservient for our own purposes; but age, having laid down its burden of activities, and checked by nature's own barriers from too intently absorbing itself in its anticipations of coming life, should be enjoyed as one long and needed holiday. Let the whole career of man be soothed and moulded into a harmony which is befitting immortals.

The brunt of the battle is over; the stern conflicts of life are safely passed; there is no more need to be weighed down by grievous cares, or oppressed with obligations and responsibilities; and yet, it is not an afternoon merely for sleep, but for more positive enjoyment. Happiness is its own end; in itself it

is always a good; and when it falls upon a withered heart, it is an evening dew sent from Heaven to water and revive it for the future life. His more exhausting cares the worn veteran may gradually transfer to more stalwart shoulders, since Providence indicates that it can wait his services in that direction till he has laid off the old body altogether, and stepped into the sunshine, with his newly embodied immortality. Meantime let there be no blank in his existence; to the good man there is earth and heaven; we have given up purgatory. When he has drawn very near to the new shore, there should be all the purple and golden glory of a beautiful sunset. Make pleasant to him life's holiday and holy day.

THE WRECK OF THE POCAHONTAS.

I LIT the lamps in the light-house tower,
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
They shone like a glorious clustered flower,
Ten golden and five red.

Looking across, where the line of coast
Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,
The lights sprang out at its edge, — almost
They seemed to answer me!

O warning lights, burn bright and clear,
Hither the storm comes! Leagues away
It moans and thunders low and drear, —
Burn till the break of day!

Good night! I called to the gulls that sailed
Slow past me through the evening sky;
And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed
Me back with boding cry.

A mournful breeze began to blow,
Weird music it drew through the iron bars,
The sullen billows boiled below,
And dimly peered the stars;

The sails that flecked the ocean floor
From east to west leaned low and fled;
They knew what came in the distant roar
That filled the air with dread!

Flung by a fitful gust, there beat
Against the window a dash of rain:
Steady as tramp of marching feet
Strode on the hurricane.

It smote the waves for a moment still,
Level and deadly white for fear;
The bare rock shuddered,—an awful thrill
Shook even my tower of cheer.

Like all the demons loosed at last,
Whistling and shrieking, wild and wide,
The mad wind raged, and strong and fast
Rolled in the rising tide.

And soon in ponderous showers the spray,
Struck from the granite, reared and sprung,
And clutched at tower and cottage gray,
Where overwhelmed they clung

Half drowning, to the naked rock;
But still burned on the faithful light,
Nor faltered at the tempest's shock,
Through all the fearful night.

Was it in vain? That knew not we.
We seemed, in that confusion vast
Of rushing wind and roaring sea,
One point whereon was cast

The whole Atlantic's weight of brine.
Heaven help the ship should drift our way!
No matter how the light might shine
Far on into the day.

When morning dawned, above the din
Of gale and breaker boomed a gun!
Another! We, who sat within,
Answered with cries each one.

Into each other's eyes with fear
We looked, through helpless tears, as still,
One after one, near and more near,
The signals pealed, until

The thick storm seemed to break apart,
To show us, staggering to her grave,

The fated brig. We had no heart
To look, for naught could save.

One glimpse of black hull heaving slow,
Then closed the mists o'er canvas torn
And tangled ropes, swept to and fro
From masts that raked forlorn.

Weeks after, yet ringed round with spray,
Our island lay, and none might land;
Though blue the waters of the bay
Stretched calm on either hand.

And when at last from the distant shore
A little boat stole out, to reach
Our loneliness, and bring once more
Fresh human thought and speech,

We told our tale, and the boatmen cried:
"T was the Pocahontas,—all were lost!
For miles along the coast the tide
Her shattered timbers tost."

Then I looked the whole horizon round,—
So beautiful the ocean spread
About us, o'er those sailors drowned!
"Father in heaven," I said,

A child's grief struggling in my breast,
"Do purposeless thy creatures meet
Such bitter death? How was it best
These hearts should cease to beat?"

"O wherefore! Are we naught to Thee?
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall
Upon thine awful sea, are we
No more then, after all?"

And I shut the beauty from my sight,
For I thought of the dead that lay below.
From the bright air faded the warmth and light,
There came a chill like snow.

Then I heard the far-off rote resound,
Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,
And a subtle sense of Thought profound
Touched me with power untold.

And like a voice eternal spake,
That wondrous rhythm, and "Peace, be still!"
It murmured; "bow thy head, and take
Life's rapture and life's ill,

"And wait. At last all shall be clear,"
The long, low, mellow music rose
And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear
With infinite repose.

Sighing, I climbed the light-house stair,
Half forgetting my grief and pain;
And while the day died, sweet and fair,
I lit the lamps again.

SPENSER.

IN the article on Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and Ford, in the February number of this magazine, we closed our remarks on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. In the present paper we propose to treat of Spenser, with some introductory observations on the miscellaneous poets who preceded him. And it is necessary to bear in mind that, in the age of which we treat, as in all ages, the versifiers far exceeded the seers, and the poetasters the poets. It has been common to exercise a charity towards the early English poets which we refuse to extend to those of later times; but mediocrity has identical characteristics in all periods, and there was no charm in the circumstances of the Elizabethan age to convert a rhymer into a genius. Indeed, leaving out the dramatists, the poetry produced in the reigns of Elizabeth and James can hardly compare in originality, richness, and variety with the English poetry of the nineteenth century. Spenser is a great name; but he is the only undramatic poet of his time who could be placed above, or on a level with, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, or Tennyson. There is a list, somewhere, of two hundred names of poets who belonged to the Elizabethan age,—mostly mere nebulous appearances, which require a telescope of the greatest power to separate

into individual stars. Few of them can be made to shine with as steady a lustre as the ordinary versemen who contribute to our magazines. Take "England's Helicon" and the "Paradise of Dainty Devices,"—two collections of the miscellaneous poetry written during the last forty or fifty years of the seventeenth century,—and, if we except a few pieces by Raleigh, Sidney, Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, Breton, Watson, Nash, and Hunnis, these collections have little to dazzle us into admiration or afflict us with a sense of inferiority. Reading them is a task, in which an occasional elegance of thought, or quaintness of fancy, or sweetness of sentiment does not compensate for the languor induced by tiresome repetitions of moral commonplaces, varied by repetitions, as tiresome, of amatory commonplaces. In the great body of the poetry of the time there is more that is bad than tolerable, more that is tolerable than readable, and more that is readable than excellent.

One person, however, stands out from this mob of versifiers the most noticeable elevation in English poetry from Chaucer to Spenser, namely, Thomas Sackville, afterwards Lord Buckhurst, and Earl of Dorset. Born in 1536, and educated at both universities, his poetic genius was but one phase of his general ability. In 1561 his tragedy of

Gorbodoc was acted with great applause before the Queen. Previously to this, in 1559, at the age of twenty-three, he had joined two dreary poetasters—Baldwyne and Ferrers—in the production of a work called "The Mirrour for Magistrates," the design of which was to exhibit, in a series of metrical narratives and soliloquies, the calamities of men prominent in the history of England. The work passed to a third edition in 1571, and received such constant additions from other writers, in the fourth, fifth, and sixth editions, that its bulk finally became enormous. Its poetical value is altogether in the comparatively meagre contributions of Sackville, consisting of the "Induction," and the complaint of the Duke of Buckingham. The "Induction," especially, is a masterpiece of meditative imagination, working under the impulse of sternly serious sentiment. Misery and sorrow seem the dark inspirers of Sackville's Muse; and his allegoric pictures of Revenge, Remorse, Old Age, Dread, Care, Sleep, Famine, Strife, War, and Death exhibit such a combination of reflective and analytic with imaginative power, of melody of verse with compact, massive strength, and certainty of verbal expression, that our wonder is awakened that a man with such a conscious mastery of the resources of thought and language should have written so little. If political ambition—the ambition that puts thoughts into facts instead of putting them into words—was the cause of his withdrawal from the Muse, if Burleigh tempted him from Dante, it must be admitted that his choice, in a worldly sense, was justified by the event, for he became an eminent statesman, and in 1598 was made Lord High Treasurer of England. He held that great office at the time of his death, in 1608. But it is probable that Sackville ceased to cultivate poetry because he failed to reap its internal rewards. His genius had no joy in it; and its exercise probably gave him little poetic delight. With great force of imagination, he was still a somewhat dogged force. He

could discern clearly, and shape truly, but no sudden ecstasy of emotion gave a "precious seeing" to his eye or unexpected felicity to his hand. There is something bleak in his noblest verse. The poet, we must ever remember, is paid, not by external praise, or fortune, or fame, but by the deep bliss of those inward moods from which his creations spring. The pleasure they give to others is as nothing compared with the rapture they give to him.

But Sackville was to be succeeded by a man who, though he did not exhibit at so early an age equal power of shaping imagination, had that perception of the loveliness of things, and that joy in the perception, which make continuous poetic creation a necessity of existence. In the meagre memorials of the external career of this man, Edmund Spenser, there is little that stands in intelligible connection with the wondrous inner life embodied in the enchantments of "The Faery Queene." He was born in London in 1552, and was the son of parents who, though in humble circumstances, were of gentle birth. We first hear of him, at the age of seventeen, as a sizar, or charity student, in Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. While there he made acquaintance, and formed a lasting friendship with Gabriel Harvey,—a man of large acquirements, irritable temper, and pedantic taste, who rendered himself the object of the sarcastic invectives of the wits of the time, and to be associated with whom was to run the risk of sharing the ridicule he provoked. One of the most beautiful traits of Spenser's character, was his constancy to his friends; to their persons when alive, to their memory when dead. It is difficult to discover what intellectual benefits Spenser derived from Harvey's companionship, though we know what the world has gained by his refusal to follow his advice. It was Harvey who tried to persuade Spenser into writing hexameter verse, and dissuade him from writing the *Faery Queene*. After seven years' residence at the University, Spenser

took his degree, and went to reside with some friends of his family in the North of England. Here he fell in love with a beautiful girl, whose real name he has concealed under the anagrammatic one of Rosalind, and who, after having tempted and balked the curiosity of English critics, has, by an American writer,* who has raised guessing into a science, been satisfactorily proved to be Rose Daniel, a sister of the poet Daniel. It is mortifying to record that she rejected the great exalter of her sex,—the creator of some of the most exquisite embodiments of female excellence,—the man who had the high honor of saying of women,—

"For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailness feminine,"—

she rejected him, we say, for a ridiculous and irascible pedant, John Florio, and one so prominent in his folly that Shakespeare condescended to lampoon him in "Love's Labor Lost."

But the graces of soul and person which had no effect on the heart of Rosalind were not lost on the mind of Sir Philip Sidney. Introduced to Spenser,—it is supposed by Gabriel Harvey,—Sidney recognized his genius, and warmly recommended him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, who, in 1579, took him into his service. In December of that year he published his *Shepherd's Calendar*, a series of twelve pastorals,—one for every month. In these, avoiding the affectation of refinement, he falls into the opposite affectation of rusticity; and, by a profusion of obsolete and uncouth expressions, hinders the free movement of his fancy. It may be wrong for shepherds to talk in the style of courtiers, as they do in many pastoral poets; but it is also wrong to give them the sentiments and ideas of priests and philosophers. Campbell, who is a sceptic in regard to all English pastorals, is especially severe on the *Shepherd's Calendar*. Spenser's shepherds, he says, "are parsons in disguise, who converse about heathen

divinities and points of Christian theology. Palinode defends the luxuries of the Catholic clergy, and Piers extols the purity of Archbishop Grindal, concluding with the story of a fox who came to the house of a goat in the character of a pedler, and obtained admittance by pretending to be a sheep. This may be burlesquing *Æsop*; but certainly it is not imitating Theocritus." These eclogues are, however, important, considered in reference to their position in the history of English poetry, and to their connection with the history of the poet's heart. No descriptions of external nature since Chaucer's equalled those in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, in the combination of various excellences, though the excellences were still second rate, exhibiting the beautiful genius of the author struggling with the pedantries and affectations of his time, and the pedantries and affectations which overlaid his own mind. Even in his prime, it was difficult for him to grasp a thing in itself, after the manner of the greatest poets, and flash its form and spirit upon the mind in a few vivid words, vital with suggestive meaning. In the *Shepherd's Calendar* this defect is especially prominent, his imagination playing round objects, illustrating and adorning them, rather than penetrating at once to their essence. Even in those portions where, as Colin Clout, he celebrates the beauty and bewails the coldness of Rosalind, we have a conventional discourse about love, rather than the direct utterance of the passion.

Spenser's ambition was to obtain some office which, by placing him above want, would enable him to follow his true vocation of poet, and he seems to have looked to Leicester as a magnificent patron through whom his wish could be realized. The great design of the *Faery Queene* had already dawned upon his mind; he

"By that vision splendid
Was on his way attended";

and he ached for leisure and competence to enable him to embody his gorgeous and noble dreams. All that Leicester did for him was to get him

* In the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1858.

appointed secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, who, in 1580, went over to Ireland as lord deputy. Here he passed the largest remaining portion of his life; and though moaning over the hard fortune which banished him from England, he appears to have exhibited sufficient talent for affairs, and to have performed services of sufficient note, to deserve the attention of the government. In 1586 he received a grant of three thousand and twenty-eight acres of land, — a portion of the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond. The manor and the castle of Kilcolman, situated amidst the most beautiful scenery, constituted a portion of this grant. In 1589 the restless and chivalrous Raleigh, transiently out of favor with the haughty coquette who ruled England, came over to Ireland for the purpose of looking after his own immense estates in that country, wrung, like Spenser's, from the native proprietors. He visited the lone poet at Kilcolman; and to him,

"Amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mullacs shore,"

Spenser read the first three books of *The Faery Queene*. Campbell, finely says: "When we conceive Spenser reciting his compositions to Raleigh in a scene so beautifully appropriate, the mind casts pleasing retrospect over that influence which the enterprise of the discoverer of Virginia and the genius of the author of *The Faery Queene* have respectively produced in the fortune and language of England. The fancy might easily be pardoned for a momentary superstition, that the genius of their country hovered, unseen, over their meeting, casting her first look of regard on the poet that was destined to inspire her future Milton, and the other on her maritime hero, who paved the way for colonizing distant regions of the earth, where the language of England was to be spoken, and the poetry of Spenser to be admired."

Raleigh, his imagination kindled by the enchantments of Spenser's verse, and feeling that he had discovered in an Irish wilderness the greatest of living poets, prevailed on the too-

happy author to accompany him to England. Spenser was graciously received by Elizabeth, and was smitten with a courtier's hopes in receiving a poet's welcome.

In the early part of 1590 the first three books of *The Faery Queene* were published. Who that has read it can ever forget the thrill that went through him as he completed the first stanza?

"Lo, I the man whose Muse whilom did mask,
As Time her taught, in lowly shepherd's weeds,
Am now enforced, — a far unfitter task, —
For trumpets stern to change my oaten reeds;
And sing of knights' and ladies' gentle deeds,
Whose praises, having slept in silence long,
Me, all too mean, the sacred Muse arreeds,
To blazon broad amongst her learned throng:
Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song."

"The admiration," says Hallam, "of this great poem was unanimous and enthusiastic. No academy had been trained to carp at his genius with minute cavilling; no recent popularity, no traditional fame, interfered with the immediate recognition of his supremacy. The *Faery Queene* became at once the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every scholar."

But if the aspirations of the poet were thus gratified, those of the courtier and politician were cruelly disappointed. Burleigh, the lord treasurer, to whom Spenser was merely a successful maker of ballads, and one pushed forward by the faction which was constantly intriguing for his lordship's overthrow, contrived to intercept, delay, or divert the favor which the queen was willing to bestow on her melodious flatterer. The irritated bard, in a few memorable couplets, has recorded, for the warning of all office-seekers and supplicants for the patronage of the great, his wretched experience during the year and a half he danced attendance on the court. Rage is a great condenser; and even the most diffuse of poets became the most concentrated when wrath brooded over the memory of wrong.

"To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares:
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone," —

this was the harsh experience of the laured minstrel, fresh from the glories of fairy-land. But it is only charitable to allow for the different points of view from which different minds survey the poet. To Burleigh, Spenser was a rhyming suitor, clamorous for the queen's favor, and meditating designs on her treasury. To a Mr. Beeston, according to Aubrey, "he was a little man, who wore short hair, little band, and little cuffs." Did not the sullen Burleigh have a more profound appreciation of Spenser than the great world of commonplace gossips, represented by friend Beeston? At last, in February, 1591, Spenser succeeded in obtaining a pension of fifty pounds, and returned, but half satisfied, to Ireland. In a graceful poem, called "Colin Clout's come Home again," full of gratitude to Raleigh and adulation of Elizabeth, he described the glories and the vanities he had witnessed at the English court.

A deeper passion than that which inspired the amorous plaints of the Shepherd's Calendar, and one destined to a happier end, he now recorded in a series of exquisitely thoughtful and tender sonnets, under the general name of "Amoretti"; and he celebrated its long-deferred consummation in a rapturous "Epithalamion." We have no means of judging of Elizabeth, the Irish maiden who prompted these wonderful poems, except from her transfigured image as seen reflected in Spenser's verse,—verse which has made her perfect and has made her immortal. The "Epithalamion" is the grandest and purest marriage-song in literature. Even Hallam, the least sensitive of critics, and one who too often writes as if judgment consisted, not in the inclusion, but exclusion of sympathy, cannot speak of this poem without an unwonted touch of ecstasy in the words which convey his magisterial decision; and John Wilson grows wild in its praise. "Joy," he says,—"Joy, Love, Desire, Passion, Gratitude, Religion, rejoice, in presence of Heaven, to take possession of Affection, Beauty, and Innocence. Faith and Hope are brides-

maids, and holiest incense is burning on the altar." But the raptures of critics can convey no adequate idea of the deep, thoughtful, satisfying delight that breathes through the "Epithalamion," and harmonizes its occasional starts of ecstasy into unity with its pervading spirit of tranquil bliss. How simple and tender, and yet how intensely imaginative, is this exquisite picture of the bride!

"Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain
Like crimson dyed in grain:
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluiah sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echoes
ring!"

Nothing can be more subtly poetic than the line in which the hands of the priest, lifted over her head in the act of benediction, receive a reflected joy from the beauty they bless:—

"And blesseth her with his two happy hands."

At the time of his marriage, in 1594, Spenser had completed three more books of *The Faery Queene*, and in 1595 he visited England for the purpose of publishing them. They appeared in 1596. During this visit he presented to the queen his view of the state of Ireland,—a prose tract, displaying the sagacity of an English statesman, but a spirit towards the poor native Irish as ruthless as Cromwell's. He felt, in respect to the population of the country in which he was forced to make his home, as a Puritan New-Englander might have felt in regard to the wild Indians who were skulking round his rude cabin, peering for a chance at the scalps of his children. Returning to Ireland, with the queen's recommendation for the office of Sheriff of Cork, his worldly fortunes seemed now to be assured. But in 1598 the

Insurrection of Munster broke out. Spenser, who appears, not unnaturally, to have been especially hated by the Irish, lost everything. His house was assailed, pillaged, and burned; and in the hurry of his departure from his burning dwelling, it is said that his youngest child was left to perish in the flames. He succeeded, with the remaining portion of his family, in escaping to London, where, in a common inn, overcome by his misfortunes, and broken in heart and brain, on the 16th of January, 1599, he died. The saddest thing of all remains to be recorded. Soon after his death — such is the curt statement — “his widow married one Roger Seckerstone.” Did Edmund Spenser, then, appear after all to Elizabeth as he appeared to Mr. Beeston, — simply as “a little man, who wore short hair, little band, and little cuffs”? One would suppose that the memory of so much genius and glory and calamity would have been better than the presence of “one Roger Seckerstone”! Among the thousands of millions of men born on the planet, it was her fortune to be the companion of Edmund Spenser, and “soon after his death she married one Roger Seckerstone”! It required two years of assiduous courtship, illustrated by sonnets which have made her name immortal, before the adoring poet could hymn, in a transport of gratitude, her acceptance of his hand; but fortunate Mr. Seckerstone did not have to wait! She saw her husband laid in Westminster Abbey, mourned by all that was noble in rank or high in genius, and then, as in the case of another too-celebrated marriage,

“The funeral baked meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables!”

The work to which Spenser devoted the largest portion of his meditative life was *The Faery Queene*; and in this poem the whole nature and scope of his genius may be discerned. Its object, as he tells us, “was to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline”; and as doctrine embodied in persons is more

efficient than doctrine embodied in maxims, he proposed to do this by means of a historical fiction, in which duty should be infused into the mind by the process of delight, and *Virtue*, reunited to the *Beauty* from which she had unwisely been severed, should be presented as an object to be passionately loved as well as reverently obeyed. He chose for his subject the history of Arthur, the fabulous hero and king of England, as familiar to readers of romance then as the heroes of Scott’s novels are to the readers of our time; and he purposed “to portray in him, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private moral virtues.” This plan was to be comprised in twelve books; and then he proposed, in case his plan succeeded, “to frame the other part of politic virtues in his person, after he came to be king.” As only one half of the first portion of this vast design was completed, as this half makes one of the longest poems in the world, and as all but the poet’s resolute admirers profess their incapacity to read without weariness more than the first three books, it must be admitted that Spenser’s conception of the abstract capabilities of human patience was truly heroic, and that his confidence in his own longevity was founded on a reminiscence of Methuselah rather than from a study of vital statistics.

But the poem was also intended by the author to be “one long-continued allegory or dark conceit.” The story and the characters are symbolic as well as representative. The pictures that please the eye, the melody that charms the ear, the beauty that would seem “its own excuse for being,” cover a latent meaning, not perceptible to the senses; they delight, but to be interpreted by the mind. Philosophical ideas, ethical truths, historical events, compliments to contemporaries, satire on contemporaries, are veiled and sometimes hidden in these beautiful forms and heroic incidents. Much of this covert sense is easily detected; but to explain all would require a commenta-

tor who could not only think from Spenser's mind, but recall from oblivion all the gossip of Elizabeth's court. The general intention of the allegorical design is given by the poet himself, in his letter to Raleigh. He supposes Prince Arthur, after his long education by Timon, "to have seen in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he, awaking, resolved to seek her out"; and, armed by the magician Merlin, Arthur went to seek her in fairy-land. Spenser is careful to inform us that by the Faery Queene he means Glory in his general intention, but in his particular, "the excellent and glorious person of our sovereign the queen, and her kingdom in fairy-land." And considering that she bears two persons, "the one of a most royal queen or empress, the other of a virtuous and beautiful lady, the latter part in some places I do express in Belphebe." Arthur he intends to be the embodiment of the virtue of Magnificence, or Magnanimity, as this contains all the other virtues, and is the perfection of them all; but of the twelve separate virtues he takes twelve different knights for the patrons, making the adventures of each the subject of a whole book, though the magnificent Arthur appears in all, exercising with ease the special virtue, whether it be temperance, or holiness, or chastity, or courtesy, or justice, which is included in the rounded perfection of his moral being. The explanation of the causes of these several adventures was, in the poem, to be reserved to the twelfth book, of which the rude Irish kerns unwittingly deprived us, in depriving us of the brain in which alone it had existence; but we know that the poet's plan was, in that book, to represent the Faery Queene as keeping her annual feast twelve days, "upon which the occasions of the twelve separate adventures happened, which, being undertaken by twelve separate knights," were in the twelve books of the poem to be severally described. Spenser defends his course in thus putting what might be

deemed the beginning at the end, by discriminating between the poet historical and the historiographer. A historiographer, he says, "discourseth of affairs orderly, as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the midst, ever where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to thing forepast, and divining of things to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all."

In judging of the plan of the Faery Queene, we must remember that it is a fragment. Spenser only completed six books, of twelve cantos each, and a portion of another. The tradition that three unpublished books were destroyed by the fire which consumed his dwelling has, by the latest and ablest critical editor of his works, Professor F. J. Child, been rejected as unfounded and untenable. But though the poem was never completed, we know the poet's design; and much as this design has been censured, it seems to us that the radical defect was not in what Spenser proposed to do, but in the way he did it,—not in the plan of the poem, but in the limitations of the poet. He conceived the separate details, the individual objects, persons, and incidents, imaginatively; but he conceived the whole plan logically. He could give, and did give, elaborate *reasons* for the conduct of his story,—better reasons perhaps than Homer, or Shakespeare, or Cervantes, or Goethe could have given to justify the designs of their works; but do you suppose that he could have given *reasons* for Una, or Florimel, or Amoret? The truth is, that his design was too large and complicated for his imagination to grasp as a whole. The parts, each organically conceived, are not organically related. The result is a series of organisms connected by a logical bond,—an endless procession of beautiful forms, but no vital combination of them into unity of impression. The cumbrousness and confusion and diffusion which critics have recognized in the poem are to be referred to the fact that the processes of the understanding, coldly contemplating

the general plan, are in hopeless antagonism to the processes of the imagination, rapturously beholding and bodying forth the separate parts. The moment the poet abandons himself to his genius, he forgets, and makes us forget, the purpose he had in view at the start; and he and we are only recalled from the delicious dream in order that he may moralize, and that we may yawn. A dozen lines might be selected from any canto which are of more value than his statement of the idea of the whole poem. In truth, the combining, co-ordinating, centralizing, fusing imagination of the highest order of genius, — an imagination competent to seize and hold such a complex design as our poet contemplated, and to flash in brief and burning words details over which his description lovingly lingers, — this was a power denied to Spenser. He has auroral lights in profusion, but no lightning. It is not that he lacks power. The Cave of Despair, the description of Mammon and of Jealousy, the Binding of Furor, not to mention other examples, are full of power; but it is not condensed into that direct executive efficiency which, in the same instant, irradiates, smites, and is gone. He has not so much of this power as Byron, though he greatly exceeds him in fulness of matter and depth and elevation of thought.

The poem has another defect, which also answers to a limitation of Spenser's character. His disposition was soft and yielding; and, to honor a friend or propitiate a patron, he did not hesitate to make his verse a vehicle of flattery as well as of truth. If by Prince Arthur he intended any real person, it was probably Sir Philip Sidney; but in the sixth book he allows himself to associate the name of Arthur with the ignominious campaign of Leicester in the Netherlands, — Leicester, who represented the seven deadly sins rather than the twelve moral virtues. Sir Arthegall, again, stands for Lord Grey of Wilton, the Irish lord deputy, whom Spenser served as secretary; but Grey was the exponent of ruthlessness rather

than of justice. The flattery of Queen Elizabeth is so gross, that the wonder is that she did not behead him for irony instead of pensioning him for panegyric. The queen's hair was red, or, as some still chivalrously insist, auburn; and Spenser, like the other poets of the day, is too loyal to permit the ideal head of beauty to wear any locks but those which are golden. In the first book, the Red-Cross Knight, who is the personification of Holiness, after being married to Una, who is the personification of Truth or True Religion, leaves her at the end of the twelfth canto to go to the court of Gloriana, the Faery Queene. Now, if Gloriana means Glory, Holiness very improperly leaves True Religion to seek it; if Gloriana means Queen Elizabeth, it is probable that Holiness never arrived at his destination.

We have thus a poet ungifted with the smiting directness of power, the soaring and darting imagination, of the very highest order of minds; a man sensitive, tender, grateful, dependent; reverential to the unseen realities of the spiritual world; deferential to the crowned and coroneted celebrities of the world of fact; but we still have not yet touched the peculiarities of his special genius. If we pass into the inner world of the poet's spirit, where he really lived and brooded, we forget criticism in the loving wonder and admiration evoked by the sight of that "paradise of devices," both "dainty" and divine. We are in communion with a nature in which the most delicate, the most voluptuous, sense of beauty is in exquisite harmony with the austere recognition of the paramount obligations of goodness and rectitude. The beauty of material objects never obscures to him the transcendent beauty of holiness. In his Bowers of Bliss and his Houses of Pride he surprises even voluptuaries by the luxuriousness of his descriptions, and dazzles even the arrogant by the towering bravery of his style; but his Bowers of Bliss repose on caverns of bale, and the glories of his

House of Pride are built over human carcasses.

This great mind ripened late ; for it was cumulative before it was creative, and inventiveness brooded over memory. With great subtlety and strength of reason, disciplined, exalted, and connected with imagination by deep study of the philosophy of Plato, his intellect, under the guidance of fixed spiritual ideas, roamed over the field of history and fiction, selecting from every quarter fit nutriment to feed and increase its energies. The mythology of Greece and Rome, the creeds and martyrologies of Christendom, the romance and superstitions of the Middle Ages, the ideals and facts of chivalry, the literatures of every civilized nation, were all received into his hospitable intelligence, and more or less assimilated with its substance. Gradually his imagination, working on these multifarious materials, gave them form and life. Divinities, fairies, magicians, goblins, embodied passions, became real objects to his inward vision. He had *sight* of

" Proteus coming from the sea,"

and

" Heard old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

He began to believe, with more than the usual faith of the poet, in the beautiful, or terrible, or fantastic shapes with which his fancy was peopled. As they had been modified, re-created, associated with his own sympathies and antipathies, *Spenserized*, in the imaginative process they had gone through, he felt spiritually at home in their company. Even when they were falsified by actual facts, he knew they were still the appropriate images of essential truths, having a validity independent of experience. And it was this wondrous and various troop of ideal shapes, palpable to his own eye, and domesticated in his own heart, that he sent forth, in an endless succession of pictures, through the magical pages of *The Faery Queene*.

It was the necessary condition of a poem, thus sociably blending Christian and Pagan beliefs, Platonic ideas and

barbaric superstitions, that its action should occur in what Coleridge happily calls "mental space." Truth of scenery, truth of climate, truth of locality, truth of costume, could have no binding authority in the everywhere and nowhere of Fairy-Land. Spenser's life was too inward to allow his observation of external nature to be close and exact. He had not, of course, the pert pretension of the artist, who said that nature put him out ; or of the French abstractionist, who, when told that his theory did not agree with facts, blandly replied, "So much the worse for the facts" ; but his fault, if fault it was, arose from a predominance of his reflective and imaginative powers over his powers of observation,—from his instinctive habit of subordinating, in Bacon's phrase, "the shows of things to the desires of the mind" ; and as the scene of his poem is mental and not material space, his lack of local truth is hardly a real defect. It is objected, for example, that, in his enumeration of trees in one of his forests, he associates trees which in nature are dissevered ; but his forest is in Fairy-Land. Again, the following stanza, — one of the most beautiful in the poem, describing the melody which arose from the Bower of Bliss, — has been repeatedly criticised : —

" The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;
The angelical soft, trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine response meet ;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall ;
The water's fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

But it is objected, that the result of such a combination of sounds, voices, and instruments would be discord, and not melody. We may be sure it made music to Spenser's soul, though he admits that it was not the music of earth : —

" Right hard it was for wight who did it hear
To read what manner music that mote be ;
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony ;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree."

Again, Hallam says that the image con-

jured up by the description of Una riding

"Upon a lowly ass more white than snow,
But she much whiter,"

is a hideous image; but it is evident he does not follow the thought of the poet, who, rapidly passing from snow as a material fact to snow as an emblem of innocence, intends to say that the white purity of Una's soul, shining in her face and transfiguring its expression, cannot be expressed by the purest material symbol. The image of a woman's face, ghastly and ghostly white, passed before Hallam's eye; we may be sure that no such uncomely image was in Spenser's mind. The real meaning is so obvious, that its perversion by so distinguished a critic proves that acuteness has no irreconcilable feud with imaginative insensibility, and can be spiritually dull when it prides itself most on being intellectually keen.

To this inwardness, — this ideal and idealizing quality of Spenser's soul, — we must add its melodiousness. His best thoughts were born in music. The spirit of poetry is not only felt in his sentiments and made visible in his imagery, but it steals out in the recurring chimes of his complicated stanza. Accordingly Spenser, rather than Shakespeare and Milton, who, as Coleridge has remarked, had "deeper and more inwoven harmonies," is commonly adduced in support of the accredited dogma, that verse is as much an essential constituent of poetry as passion and imagination. But it seems to us that poetry is not necessarily opposed to prose, but to what is prosaic. It doubtless sometimes finds in verse its happiest and most vital expression; but sometimes verse is a clog, and its management a mechanical exercise. Much of Spenser's, especially in the last three books of *The Faery Queene*, is mere ingenuity in rhythm and rhyme; and even in the first three books we continually light on passages which are essentially prosaic. Take, for example, the following stanza, descriptive of Immodest Mirth, and it will readily be

seen that only the first four lines are poetic: —

"And therein sat a lady fresh and fair,
Making sweet solace to herself alone;
Sometimes she sang as loud as lark in air,
Sometimes she laughed, that nigh her breath was gone;

Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of merriment;
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,
She could devise; and thousand ways invent
To feed her foolish humor and vain jolliment."

In Shakespeare's line,

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon that bank!"

the poetry is in the single epithet "sleeps"; substitute "lies," and, though the rhythm would be as perfect, the line would be prosaic. The soul of poetry, indeed, is impassioned imagination, using words, but not necessarily verse, in its expression. Bacon wrote verse, and execrable verse it is; but was not Bacon a poet? Is not Milton a poet in his prose? Are not the prose translations of the Psalms of David poetic? The poetic faculty, which is vital, cannot be made to depend on a form which, even in undisputed poets, is so apt to be mechanical. Even should we admit that verse is the body of which poetry is the soul, cannot a soul manifest itself in a body which does not in all respects correspond to it? Cannot the essential spirit of poetry transfigure the rudest, unrhymic expression, as the soul of Socrates glorified his homely face? It is not, of course, mere imagination which makes a poet; for Aristotle and Newton were men of great imagination, scientifically directed to the discovery of new truth, not to the creation of new beauty. But imagination, directed by poetic sentiment and passion to poetic ends, does make the poet. And that these conditions are often fulfilled in prose, and a purely poetic impression produced, cannot be denied without resisting the evidence of ordinary experience.

And though there is a delicious charm in Spenser's sweetest verse, the finest and rarest elements of his genius were independent of music. That celestial light which occasionally touches his

page with an ineffable beauty, and which gave to him in his own time the name of the heavenly Spenser, is a more wonderful emanation from his mind than its subtlest melodies. We especially feel this in his ideal delineations of woman, in which he has only been exceeded by Shakespeare. He has been called the poet's poet; he should also be called the woman's poet, for the feminine element in his genius is its loftiest, deepest, most angelic element. The tenderness, the ethereal softness and grace, the moral purity, the sentiment untainted by sentimentality, which characterize his impersonations of feminine excellence, show, too, that the poet's brain had been fed from his heart, and that reverence for woman was the instinct of his sensibility before it was the insight of his imagination.

The inwardness of Spenser's genius, the constant reference of his creative faculty to internal ideals, rather than objective facts, has given his poem a special character of remoteness. It is often objected to his female characters that they are not sufficiently individualized, and are too far removed from ordinary life to awaken human sympathy. It is to be hoped that the latter part of this charge is not true; for a person who can have no sympathy with Una, and Belphebe, and Florimel, and Amoret, can have no sympathy with the woman in women. But it must be conceded, that though Shakespeare, like Spenser, draws his women from ideal regions of existence, he has succeeded better in naturalizing them on the planet. The creations of both are characterized by remoteness; but Shakespeare's are *direct* perceptions of objects ideally *remote*, and strike us

both by their naturalness and their distance from common nature. Spenser really sees the objects as distant, and sees them through a visionary medium. The strong-winged Shakespeare penetrates to the region of spiritual facts which he embodies; Spenser surveys them wonderingly from below. Shakespeare goes up; Spenser looks up; and our poet therefore lacks the great dramatist's "*familiar grasp of things divine.*"

It remains to be said, that though Spenser's outward life was vexed with discontent, and fretted by his resentment of the indifference with which he supposed his claims were treated by the great and powerful, his poetry breathes the very soul of contentment and cheer. This cheer has no connection with mirth, either in the form of wit or humor, but springs from his perception of an ideal of life, which has become a reality to his heart and imagination. The Faery Queene proves that the perception of the Beautiful can make the heart more abidingly glad than the perception of the ludicrous. In the soul of this seer and singer, who shaped the first vague dreams and unquiet aspirations of the youth into beautiful forms to solace the man, there is a serene depth of tender joy, ay, "a sober certainty of waking bliss"; and, as he has not locked up in his own breast this precious delight, but sent it in vital currents through the marvels and moralities of The Faery Queene to refresh the world, let no defects which criticism can discern hinder the reader from participating in the deep satisfaction of that happy spirit, and the visionary glories of that celestialized imagination.

LAGOS BAR.

PART I.

THEY say, sir, it's a bad place where a sailor won't go to, and there's many a sailor won't go to the West Coast of Africa; yet somehow, when he does take to it, he can't fancy no other line; it's like the moth and the candle: many a time I've been singed for one, but back I used to go, and I dare say I should have been burnt up at last if it had n't been for something as made me swear as I'd never go to the Coast but only once again.

Yes, sir, I've made voyages for everything almost. I've been to Gambia for ground-nuts and hides, and to Calabar, Brass, and Bonny for palm-oil, and to Gaborn for red-wood and teeth, and to the Gold Coast for dust. There's only one trade as I never went into, — *black ivory*, I mean. I can remember the day when there was no danger about it, and pretty well no shame; but I once saw a barracoon, and that seemed to turn me like against it; I was only a lad at the time, but it was long afore I got over that dreadful sight.

I've had some queer days on the Coast, and no mistake. More than once I've had my hair off and blisters on my feet; and when Yellow Jack broke out in Bonny, I was pretty well the only white man left. Once I got wrecked in the Congo, and was kept prisoner by the blacks till the agent paid my ransom. They used to make me sit over a fire of damp leaves and red-peppers, and prod me with a spear to make me talk; and as soon as I opened my mouth, the thick biting smoke would pour down my throat fit to smother me outright. Then they'd all burst out laughing, and dance like mad. It made me think of the chafers I used to spin at school; only I did n't like being the chafer.

It's a bad place, the Coast, especially for them as trades. In the oil rivers you have to go on trust. The Coast natives don't let the country natives

come down to sell their oil themselves. So the captain gives his powder and tobacco and cotton goods to the blacks on the seaboard, and they take them up into the interior where the oil is, and buy it there. Sometimes these middlemen cheat him outright, spending his goods and bringing nothing back. But that don't often happen, otherwise trade would end. What they chiefly do is to dawdle and dawdle, for they hold no 'count o' time, till the captain staying there with his cargo on his mind is drove pretty well crazy with delay. Well, perhaps he takes to drink to fill up his time, and what with that and worry of mind the fever makes but easy work of him. Many and many's the shipmate as I've had die in these arms. And if e'er a one came out fond of reading, and thinking a bit superior to us uneducated men, he was sure to go, just as the best-bred dogs are always took off first by the distemper. Ah, sir, I often thinks of them times now that I am old. Often as I lays in my cot on a hot summer's night onable to sleep, I thinks and I thinks till I does n't know where I am; I hears the mosquitoes a humming round me, and the splashing of the water agen the sides of the room, and the cries of the wild beasts, what are only the people in the street. Then I begins to doze a bit; my head swims; dark things come round me; I see the stars shining above me, and the high black trees upon the shore; I smell the mud and the nasty river fog; and then I see *Lagos Bar!* and at that I wake up with a scream, and find myself in my little room at home, with my old missus a bending over me, a-wiping the sweat from my forehead and the tears from my eyes; and then we lay and talk of the times gone by, — the times gone by, and mostly of Lagos Bar. I suppose that I've told that tale to my wife a thousand times; for often and

often its memory comes back to me and leaves me no rest till I've put it into words. It does n't come always like a horrid dream, but more like a spirit; and sometimes, sir, I think it may be Mary herself. See how the sky shines over there, and the waters seem to dance in gold! At a time like this, when all is calm and still, and shadows are moving in the air, it never fails to come. I feel it now, — and then something swells within me, and big thoughts which frighten me lift up my brain; I don't understand these thoughts. I can't bring them out in speech. I can't raise them when I wish. No, sir, they are not my thoughts at all, they are too beautiful for a rude man like me; they come from her; it is Mary, dear Mary, sitting by my poor old worn-out heart, and whispering to me of the happy world to come.

[The old sailor remained silent for several minutes, his eyes fixed upon the setting sun; there was a kind of light upon his face somewhat resembling that of the *improvisatore*, but steadier and deeper. It gradually died away as the sun dipped below the sea; he glanced at me, looked a little confused, and asked me for a light. 'As soon as he had lighted his pipe, he began of his own accord to tell me his story thus: —]

It was in the year '48 I shipped as mate aboard the Saucy Sal o' Liverpool. She was a fore-and-aft schooner, clipper rigged, and as neat a little craft as one would wish to see. As we dropped down the Mersey, with a sou'-westerly breeze, I felt quite proud of being in her. But I thought it a pity she should sail for the Coast, where, what with sun and sea-worms, a vessel soon loses all her good looks, and her seaworthiness, too, sometimes.

When we got near the mouth of the river, the skipper went below, and brought up two ladies. If Queen Victoria had turned out to be aboard, I could n't have been more surprised. Here we were with the land dim in the distance, and only a red buoy tossing

about to show that we were n't at sea. They would have to go back in the pilot-boat, with the wind and tide contrary, and the night fast coming on.

It was plain to see that they were mother and daughter, and that they'd been crying together down below. Their eyes showed red when they lifted up the drooping lids, and their pale cheeks were all seamed with where the tears had run. Neither of them looked at our skipper after he had brought 'em up, and it was this that puzzled me. There he stood, a little ways off them, leaning agen the vessel's side; sometimes a-looking at them out of the corner of his eye, sometimes at the pilot, who was putting on his pea-coat. Presently he caught my eye, and I went up to him. "Let me know when the pilot-boat comes up alongside, Mr. Andrews, — quietly, you know." "It's plain enough," thinks I, "that they're going back; I suppose they're his mother and sister, and that's why they've been crying. But how is it that they never give him a word, or so much as a look, and seem altogether so much wrapped up in themselves?"

In a few minutes I looked at the captain, and touched my cap. The pilot went up to him and shook hands. The two ladies were sitting whispering to each other, and did not notice it. Captain Langlands, he looked about him in an awkward kind of way, walked a bit towards 'em, and then stopped short like a man who has something to do which he does n't like to begin. Just then they looked up. The pilot in his pea-coat, the sailors idling about, looking aft, and, more than all, our captain's face, showed 'em as the time was come. They got up without a word, and walked to the waist of the vessel, and then I began to understand. The old lady turned round and took her daughter in her arms, and squeezed her, oh, so hard! and when Langlands took hold of her to help her down, she looked at him full in the eyes, and said gently, "May God forgive you, James!" At this his face turned, and he trembled like a hare.

Now she was in the boat, which slipped quickly astern. "Haul aft the main sheets!" shouted the skipper in a hoarse voice. The girl ran aft and hung over the taffrail; she was within a foot of me then, for I was standing by the wheel. In a moment the boat came in sight; her mother was standing up, her bonnet had been blown off, and her gray hairs were flying in the wind; she stretched her withered hands towards us, and she never said a word; but her hands, her quivering, clutching, *speaking* hands! it seemed as if her whole blood and life had streamed into the limbs as was nearest to her child.

She reeled and I caught her in my arms, and there she lay for a minute with her head upon my breast. Her face was like marble stone, her eyes were shut, and her lips glued together fast. I had never seen such a delicate thing afore. It seemed like nothing to hold her; and her face—Ah! what a beautiful face that was! I seemed lost-like a-looking at her, and never moved, and never turned my eyes away, but stood there all helpless, and her in a deathly swoond. "Let me take her, Mr. Andrews," said the captain from behind, and he took her up in his strong arms and carried her below. Then I heard him call out for the key of the medicine-chest, and afterwards he ran up just to "take his departure," that is to note down where we lost sight of the furthest point of land.

I was sore puzzled at this, for I'd seen her ring, and I knew it was dead agen reg'ler reg'lations for skippers to take their wives with them to sea. But the second mate soon came up to me and told me all about it. The captain had been engaged to her, it seems, a goodish while, but her mother had all along been dead agen the match: first, because Langlands had the character for being wild, and then he was a sailor, and she had been a sailor's wife herself. However, it happened that he had a stroke of luck: a good bit of money was left him, and the old lady, thinking that now he'd be sure to give

up the sea (which likewise he promised to do), gev him the girl. But before three months were gone, Langlands was taken with that feeling which all sailors know. It ain't often a man can shake off the sea while he's young. She's a hard missus; but, even when we do get a chance to get away from her, we're bound to go back to her agen. We say the sailor's life is the roughest there is, and yet we wonder how people can live ashore; though it's lucky as some do, else how would vessels be built, and goods stored?

Well, to make it short, Langlands felt sea-wards; and one fine morning his mother-in-law found out that he'd invested a good part of his money in the Saucy Sal, with the agreement with his partners that he was to sail her and have captain's wages for the same. To make matters worse, she found he was bound for the West Coast of Africa, and that her daughter was bent on going with him.

All that she could say or do did n't shake 'em. Langlands was determined that he would go: his wife was determined that she would n't be left behind. People think the Coast is worse than it really is, and the old lady took on badly. Langlands assured her that his vessel should never lay inside a river bar, and that his wife should never go ashore. But no: she had made up her mind that she was not to see her girl agen. That was why she'd come all the way to the mouth of the river, though she knew it meant passing the night in rough waters in an open boat.

Well, I felt in bad spirits over this. I was sorry for the girl; her face had wrought on me somehow, and I knew that the Coast was no place for a woman, let alone a weakly thing like her. Her husband would have to go ashore if she didn't, and if we were going to lay outside Lagos Bar, why he'd have to cross it pretty often, which is a thing few men like to do. There are plenty of bad bars along that Coast, and I suppose Lagos is the worst. It's so dangerous that companies won't insure goods across it,—or would n't

then; now I believe they have a steamer there. Sometimes it can't be passed for days and days. I've heard of the packet being obliged to sail off without the mails. Hundreds of canoes have been capsized there, and it's seldom anybody's saved. That's owing to the sharks. They crowd round the bar; some people say it's because the river brings down so many bodies from Dahomey, where they're killed for their big fetish, thousands at a time. Others say it's because they are on the lookout for a capsized, and that when the bar's high there's double as many there. I don't know which is right; but sartinly there's no place for sharks like it anywhere along the coast; and you may try 'em with fat pork, or anything else in the way of bait, but they only smell at it, and go off with a lazy swing of their long tails.

No, Lagos was not the place for a white woman, I thought; and, besides, it worn't ship-shape anyhow, take it as you will. Sailors would as soon have a black cat or a parson on board as a woman, I do believe. "I s'pose the skipper's going to make a yachting party of this here v'yage," says the second mate to me. "It's begun nicely, ain't it? Here we are in this blessed channel, with a brown fog coming on, and the skipper below a doctoring his wife's hysterics."

But the words were not out of his mouth when up came Langlands in pea-coat and nor'wester, ran his eye over everything at once, gave a little nod with his head, as much as to say, "That will do," and took a few turns as jaunty as a bran-new post-captain on his quarter-deck. I had n't seen him till the day before we sailed, when, his first mate falling ill, one of his partners offered me the berth. But it did n't take long to find out that he was a good sailor and loved the sea; he seemed reg'lar to snuff it up as a young girl would a nosegay, and his eye glittered like a hawk's. He bent over the vessel's side, then turned round to me with a bit of a smile. "She steps along nicely,—don't she, Mr. Andrews?"

said he. "What should you say it was,—six and a half?" "About that, sir," said I, looking at the bubbles floating by,—“about that, sir, as near as can be,” said I. "Well," said he, "that's very good indeed with a light breeze. I wish it would freshen and blow away the fog." He took another turn or two, and said: "Mr. Andrews, I shall stay here now, and if the weather thickens, I shall be up all night. Would you mind saying a cheerful word to my wife before you turn in?" "I sha'n't turn in to-night, sir, afore my watch," said I. "Well," said he, "if it's not troubling you too much, do put her in better spirits about the Coast. Show her the bright side of it." "Ay, ay, sir," said I. He squeezed my hand, and gave a smile and said, "You're doing me a great favor, Mr. Andrews."

No wonder his wife had refused to leave him. He was the best-looking man I ever saw. His face was tanned brown, but there was a beautiful red with it, and his eyes were as blue as the deep sea, and he had light curly brown hair, which tossed on his shoulders like a child's. And then he had such a way with him! When he said them last words, and lighted 'em up with his smile, I felt as if I could have laid my life down for him on the deck. There was something noble about Langlands; and perhaps there was truth in the story as went about Liverpool, that he was a gentleman's child, and that the money had been left to him in that way.

When I went below, Mrs. Langlands was lying on the after-lockers. She gave a weak smile when I came in, and raised herself up a bit. "James has told me," said she, holding out her hand, "that you saved me from falling just now. Thank you, Mr. Andrews."

Then she said something more, but what it was I never heard, for all the while that she was talking her little hand was lying in mine, as cold and transparent as a mosel of Wenham ice; and I kept looking at it, and looking at it, and forgetting myself, all dreamy like, just as I did when she went into the faint, till she drew her

hand gently away; and then, I don't know why, but my face flamed up hot, and I felt awkward and strange, and if she had n't ha' spoke, I do believe I should have rushed up on deck.

"Has my mother reached home yet, should you think?" she asked.

Now I knew that her mother could be no more than half-way to Liverpool, wet and cold, and in danger every moment of being run down by a vessel in the fog. But how could I tell that to her, with her poor anxious face and big soft eyes? I said her mother was sartin safe at home, which seemed to make her real happy for a little while. Then she clouded over agen, and began talking about the Coast. "Is it such a *very* unhealthy place?" said she.

"Well, ma'am," says I, bracing myself up for it, "I'm forty years old, and I've been back'ards and for'ards to the Coast ever since I was a little cabin-boy, and I don't look any the worse for it as I knows on."

"But how is it that it has such a bad name?" said she.

"Why, you see, ma'am," says I, "it's a dull kind o' place, and there ain't much discipline kept out there, and the sailors gets to drinking Coast o' Guinea rum what's made in Liverpool, and palm-wine what has stood out in the snow, and sleeping all night on the ground what is all wet with the dews, and then they wonder they're taken ill, and put it on to the fault of the climate, when it's all their own. Let a man keep from drink and night air, eat moderate, always take something in the morning before going ashore, put a plantain-leaf in his cap to ward off the sun, wear flannel next to his skin, and worsted stockings on his feet, and he may come back from the Coast without knowing what fever is. I've heerd say the American squadron was out there three years and did n't lose a man."

"O yes; I understand now," said she. "I know that the sailors are very foolish, poor fellows! but we will make them take care of themselves,—won't we, Mr. Andrews?" Then her eyes seemed

to brighten at the thoughts of doing good, and we sat talking ever so long. I told her stories about the niggers of the Coast; the king of Ashantee and his throne of real red gold; and the king of Dahomey, who has an army of women soldiers, which he calls them Amazons;—picking out the most comical ones I knew, for Coast stories are not always comical, worse luck! And afore eight bells struck she got that merry that once or twice she burst out laughing,—such a clear, running laugh, it was like a peal of bells!—and the skipper put his head down the skylight and called out, "Why, Polly, my girl, Mr. Andrews has bewitched you, I think."

At eight bells it was my watch; so I told her I must go, and she thanked me kindly for keeping her company so long. When I got on deck I found that the full moon had cut the fog, and that we were scudding gayly along over a bright sea. "I will leave her in your hands now, Mr. Andrews," said the skipper. "If there's any change, let me know; indeed, do so always when you have this watch." "Ay, ay, sir," said I, touching my cap; and having wished me good night, he went below.

I walked up and down the deck, sometimes casting an eye into the binnacle, watching the vessel's course, or aloft to notice the trim of the sails, or wind'ard for clouds, or for'ard for lights; and when I saw that all was quiet above and below, and that the man on the lookout was wide awake, I braced myself agen the bulwarks with my hand on the main-swifter, and took a quid o' 'bacca, which always helps me when I want to think, and looked out afore me into the wide and peaceful night.

We've got a beautiful little craft, thinks I, that'll walk along well with a light breeze; and that's just what we want where winds are light and little of them. We've got a skipper who's a sailor every inch of him, and a gentleman, that's more. And then I begun to think about his wife. Somehow it did n't seem to be altogether such a bad thing for her now; there's times

when we can only see the dark side of things, and there's times when we can only see the bright side of things. After all, thinks I, we shall lay outside the Bar; there won't be no danger for *her*; she may find it a bit dull; but, after all, ain't she better off than other sailors' wives as sit crying in their cold, lone homes, and listen sadly to the blowing of the winds? And then I remembered how often and often when I'd been down with the fever I had thirsted for a woman's care. I wonder if she'd nurse me, thought I; but I did n't think long over that. Where is the woman that would let a man lie sick and helpless within reach of her, whoever he might be, and she not nurse him? I never met her yet.

As soon as we had cleared the Chops of the Channel, the captain's lady became regular one of us, as you may say. She took the foot of the table at meals, and spent 'most the whole day on deck. It was n't long afore she 'd quite transmogrified the Saucy Sal. She got hold the sailors off duty, one by one, and talked to 'em so that she soon won all their hearts. Sometimes she'd go for'ard, and help 'em mend their clothes; and she'd go into the caboose, and larn black Sambo no end of cunning things, till he'd come up to us, and show his white grinders, and say, "Ya! ya! me French cook now, massa!"

She had n't been aboard very long before the skipper had larnt her the name of every sheet and sail from stem to stern, and she soon knew whether work was done clean or not, too. She soon began to understand the working of the vessel; and when the captain saw what a pet she was with the men, he'd let her give an order now and then. O Lord! how she used to ring it out! Supposing we was going to tack; well, she'd stand agen the wheel, and cry, in her clear voice, "Stand by for stays! Hard down your helm! Ease up the jib-sheet!" [Here the old sailor jumped to his feet, intensely excited.] "Bear a hand there, boys! Trim down your jib-sheet! Haul aft the mainsail! Trim the foresail! Bouse

up the peak! Lay aft now, and sway up the mainsail, boys!" And they did go at it with a will! You'd have thought you was on board a man-of-war. Langlands declared he never knew what men *could* do till then.

When he saw that she was taking kindly to the sea, he began to larn her navigation, and settled it that she should have two lessons a day, and that we was each to give her one. Ah, they were happy hours! and what a quick scholar she was to be sure! though for that matter she picked up twice as much when her husband was larning her to what she did with me. She never lost a word he said to her; but sometimes, when I was laying down the law, I could see her eyes wandering to get a glance at him as he passed the skylight, or listening more to his footsteps than she did to me. Once, I recollect, when he came down for something in the cabin, in the middle of his watch, which was when I used to give her the lesson, she jumped up to run to him and give him a kiss, leaving me in the middle of a problem, with my tongue clapping away at nothing at all. Then he scolded her, and told her she was very rude to me; and she hung her pretty head, and begged my pardon; and he said to me, "You'll forgive her, Mr. Andrews,—won't you?" "God bless you both!" said I; "it makes my heart warm to see you love each other so." And so it did, so it did. There never was such a pretty sight as to see them two together then,—to see him coming down below, after his watch, on a breezy day, the picture of health and strength, with his ruddy brown cheeks and sparkling eyes, and broad, laughing mouth; and she with her tiny white hands pulling off his tarpaulins, and rubbing his hands, if they were cold, or combing out his long, wet hair. And sometimes, when they sat together, she on his lap, maybe, with her arms round his neck, and her head cuddled on his broad breast, whispering in his ear,—sometimes a little of their love would fall on me in a kind look or word. It was n't mine, I

knew; it was n't only reflected like; but it used to make me happy all the same.

All her fears and forebodings seemed to be past and gone. She said that she should like to live always at sea with him; and they used to talk of the voyages they'd make in the Saucy Sal. They'd trade and travel, too, said the skipper. They'd sail to Calcutta one time, and Pekin another, and Sidney, and Rio, and New York, till she'd seen the whole world,—that is, if rough weather didn't frighten her. "I shall see what you're made of, Poll, before we're out of the Bay of Biscay," said the captain. And sure enough we had a gale of wind there; but Mrs. Langlands stood it well. I remember her now as she stood lashed to the halliards, with her face all pale and wonder-stricken, but quite calm, looking at the great waves, which looked like moving hills. The skipper was delighted with her; and as for the sailors, they seemed to talk of nothing else. "She's a good-plucked one, the Commodore,—ain't she, Tom?" I heard one of 'em say. It seems that she went among them by the name of the Pretty Commodore. But they always spoke of her with the greatest respect; and if e'er a one let out a bad word, they used to say, "Hush! Jack" (or whoever it might be), or the Commodore will hear you." So that we went days without hearing an oath,—which is saying a good deal; for swearing seems like second nature to a sailor, somehow.

When we got into the warm latitudes, she used to spend the whole day on deck, looking at the flying-fish, or the white frigate-birds which sailed around, or the beautiful things which sparkled by in the waters underneath. All seemed different to her, she said,—the sky, the sun, the sea; it was like another world. "Ah, Polly," said Langlands, "wait till you see Africa, which will be to-morrow, I think, and then talk about another world."

"To-morrow!" said she; "I had not expected it so soon"; and I fancied her lips turned pale. But he noticed

nothing, and the next minute she was laughing and chatting as gayly as before.

Sure enough at daybreak the next morning (it was November the 10th) we caught the loom of the land, and at one P.M. we were anchored off Cape Palmas. We put in there for Kroomen, the black sailors of the Coast,—strong, healthy fellows, who stand the climate very well, though they get sick at times, and who can do any amount of work under a hot sun. Skippers always ship half a dozen or a dozen or so, to lade and unlade,—do boat-work; and often enough they're wanted to work the vessel home, when all the hands are *down*, or have died off. They let themselves out by the year, or perhaps three years at a time, at so much,—generally five dollars a month, with their clothes, and a pint and a half of rice a day for each man as rations, on the agreement that they shall be landed on their own coast again.

Cape Palmas, next to Sierra Leone, is about the prettiest place along the Coast. Them woody hills that stand back against the sky; that bold, big headland, with the Yankee mission-house perched upon it, like a big white bird; that brown clustering heap of huts, and the belt of golden sand upon the shore,—might well make one think that Africa was a paradise instead of—well, instead of what it is.

I can see Mary's face now as she stood agen the bulwarks, straining her eyes upon the land. "O James! is not this charming?" she cried. "And is this really Africa? Why, I thought that it was all flat and fenny as it is in Cambridgeshire! Please take me on shore, James; there must be beautiful flowers there. But oh! oh! what are those black things coming toward us?"

The black things she talked of was the Kroomen in their canoes, and in a quarter of an hour there was fifty of them round us. A rope was chucked over the for'c'stle; and up they came, one after the other, till the vessel was quite full of them. "O James!" she cried, when she saw these huge naked

men swarming aft, and did n't seem to know whether to laugh or cry, when she saw her husband shoving in and out among them, and turning 'em round, and running his eye over 'em, as if they was horses, and every now and then taking some clumsy fellow that did n't get out of his way a smartish cut with a rope's end. He had a rare eye for muscle, and soon picked out a boat's crew of as clean-limbed men as you could wish to clap your eyes on,—every one of 'em over six foot high.

"What is James doing, Mr. Andrews?" said she. "O tell me what those men are for!"

"They're only the Krooboys, ma'am," said I. "They hire themselves aboard vessels, you know; so that in case our hands"—get the fever, I was going to say; but I stopped short.

"When our hands what?" she asked.

"Why, you see, ma'am," said I, "sailors in a hot country can't work like they do at home; so we get these Kroos, who're the only hard-working niggers on the Coast, to do some of their work for them."

"But India, and China, and Australia are hot countries," said she, "and they do without Kroomen there." And with that she looked at me right in the face, and I felt it a-twitching awful. And never a word more said she, but turned her back, and walked away towards the wheel.

Just then a big canoe came alongside, and in the stern sat old King George. He was a character on the Coast then. He used to lend the Krooboys gunpowder and cotton cloth, for which they pawned themselves to him. Then, when a vessel came in, he used to hire 'em out, and take the first month's wages (which, I forgot to say, is always paid in advance), and a good slice more after they came home.

"Hollo, King George!" shouted the skipper, "how are you?"

"Hallo, Cap'n! how you lib, eh? lib well?"

"All right, George. Got any nice boys? I think I'll take one more for a

head-man. Got an old hand, have you?"

"Yes, sar; yes, sar; all my boys very good,—too much. Whar you go this time,—eh?"

"Going to Lagos, King."

"Ah! why for you go Lagos? Go inside bar?"

"No, outside."

"Denn my boy no go Lagos."

"Why not?"

"Too much bar lib Lagos. Water no good."

"O, that's all right. Don't be so foolish."

"Too much shark lib."

"Come on board, King, and bring your boy, and don't talk nonsense."

"I tell you Lagos bad place, massa Cap'n. Too much sick lib there too. What good for me, my boy die Lagos? I get no dash. Heigh! heigh! me no fit."

Well, they talked it over; and the more the captain tried to persuade him the more obstinate he was, and the more he talked about Lagos, and its bar, and its sickness, and so on. Then came the long job of measuring out fathoms of cloth, and bringing up guns and powder and tobacco from the hold; and as soon as all was done, we set sail. That same night when we were sitting together in the cabin, a-reading Blunt's Navigation by the light of the swinging lamp, Mrs. Langlands shut up the book, and said, "That is enough."

"Tired of it, ma'am?" said I.

"I am not tired of it, Mr. Andrews; but it is of no use my studying it any more."

I did n't well know what she meant by this; so I never said a word. Then she laid her hand softly on to mine, just like my poor mother used to do. "Mr. Andrews," said she, "why did you deceive me?"

"Me, ma'am?" said I.

"Yes, you," she said, smiling, but in a strange, sad way. "You have treated me like a coward; instead of telling me the truth about this country, you have wished to make me believe that it is better than it really is. O, why did you do that? You must have known

that, sooner or later, I should have found it out."

"I thought, ma'am," said I, "that you wanted a little cheering up at the first start of it."

"O, indeed!" she said, her face flushing up. And then she said quickly, "Did James tell you to do so?"

"No, ma'am," said I, as bold as brass.

"No," she said, curling her lip, "I am sure that *he* would not tell an untruth." Here she got up and made me a low bow. "I am deeply grateful to you, Mr. Andrews, for your kind consideration on my behalf."

With that she walked out of the cabin, and stayed in her berth the whole of the next day.

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE PYRENEES.

THERE are remote, forgotten corners of history, as there are of geography. When Halévy brought out his opera, *Le Val d'Andorre*, the name meant no more to the most of those who heard it than the Valley of Rasselas to our ears, — a sound, locating a fiction. But the critic, who must seem to know everything, opened one of his lexicons, and discovered that Andorra was an actual valley, buried in the heart of the Pyrenees. Furthermore, he learned, for the first time, that its territory was an independent republic, preserved intact since the days of Charlemagne; that both France and Spain, incredible as the fact may appear, have always scrupulously respected the rights granted to its inhabitants more than a thousand years ago. While the existence of every other state has in turn been menaced, while hundreds of treaties have been made only to be broken, here is a place where, like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, time has stood still, and History shut up her annals.

Napoleon, when a deputation from the little republic visited him in Paris, said: "I have heard of this Andorra, and have purposely abstained from touching it, because I think it ought to be preserved as a political curiosity." Louis Philippe, thirty years later, ex-

claimed: "What! Is it possible that I have a neighbor whose name I never heard before?" I suspect that the name of Andorra on the excellent German maps, which overlook nothing, was the first indication of the existence of the state to the most of those who are now acquainted with it. It was so in my case. From noting its position, and seeing its contracted boundaries, so carefully marked out, I went further, and picked up what fragments of information could be found in French and German geographical works. These were sufficiently curious to inspire me with the design of visiting the valley.

On reaching Urgel, in the Spanish Pyrenees, I was within a league of the Andorran frontier. My way thither lay through the deep gorge out of which the river Valira issues, on its way to the Segre. The bald, snow-streaked summits in the north belonged to the territory of the republic, but whatever of life and labor it contained was buried out of sight in their breast. Nevertheless, the vague and sometimes threatening reports of the people which had reached me at a distance here vanished. Everybody knew Andorra, and spoke well of it. I had some difficulty in finding a horse, which the landlord declared was on account of

the unpractical shape and weight of my valise; but, when I proposed going on foot, an animal was instantly produced. The *arrieros* could not let a good bargain slip out of their hands.

It was a wonderful morning in mid-June. The shadow of the Pyrenees still lay cool upon the broad basin of Urgel; but the brown ramparts of Castel Ciudad on the rocks, and all the western heights, sparkled in sunshine. I found a nimble mountain pony waiting for me at the door of the inn, and Julian, my guide, a handsome fellow of twenty, in rusty velvet jacket and breeches, and scarlet Phrygian cap. A skin as brown as an Arab's; an eye full of inexpressible melancholy; a grave, silent, but not gloomy nature,—all these had Julian; yet he was the very companion for such a journey. He strode from the gate of Urgel with a firm, elastic step, and I followed through the gray olive orchards across the plain. The lower terraces of the mountain were silvery with the olive; but when the path turned into the gorge of the Valira, the landscape instantly changed. On one side rose a rocky wall; on the other, meadows of blossoming grass, divided by thickets of alder and willow, slanted down to the rapid stream, the noise of which could scarcely be heard for the songs of the nightingales. Features like these, simple as they may seem, sometimes have a singular power to warm one's anticipations of what lies beyond. There is a *promise* in certain scenery; wherein it exists I cannot tell, but I have felt it frequently, and have never yet been disappointed.

After I had threaded the gorge for two miles, it expanded into a narrow valley, where the little Spanish village of Arcacel lay huddled among the meadows. Beyond it, the mountains closed together again, forming an almost impassable cañon, along the sides of which the path was laboriously notched. There were a great many people abroad, and Julian was obliged to go in advance, and select spots where my horse could pass their mules with-

out one or the other being pushed into the abyss below. Some of those I met were probably Andorrans, but I found as yet no peculiarities of face or costume. This is the only road from Spain into the republic, and is very rarely, if ever, traversed by a foreign tourist. The few persons who have visited Andorra, made their way into the valley from the side of France.

As I rode forward, looking out, from time to time, for some mark which would indicate the frontier, I recalled what little I had learned of the origin of the republic. There is not much which the most patient historian could establish as positive fact; but the traditions of the people and the few records which they have allowed to be published run nearly parallel, and are probably as exact as most of the history of the ninth century. On one point all the accounts agree,—that the independence of the valley sprang indirectly from the struggle between the Franks and Saracens. When the latter possessed themselves of the Peninsula, in the beginning of the eighth century, a remnant of the Visigoths took refuge in this valley, whence, later, they sent to Charlemagne, imploring assistance. After Catalonia had been reconquered, the Emperor—so runs the popular tradition—gave them the valley as a reward for their bravery in battle. The more probable account is, that Charlemagne sent his son, Louis le Débonnaire, who followed the last remnants of the Saracen army up the gorge of the Valira, and defeated them on the spot where the town of Andorra now stands. After the victory, he gave the valley to certain of his soldiers, releasing them from all allegiance except to himself. This was in the year 805. What is called the "Charter of Charlemagne," by some of the French writers, is evidently this grant of his son.

Within the following century; however, certain difficulties arose, which disturbed the inhabitants of the little state less than their powerful neighbors. Charlemagne had previously given, it appears, the tithes of all

the region to Possidonius, Bishop of Urgel, and the latter insisted on retaining his right. Moreover, Charles the Bald, in 843, presented to Siegfried, Count of Urgel, the right of sovereignty over Andorra, which Louis le Débonnaire had reserved for himself and his successors. Thus the spiritual and temporal lords of Urgel came in direct conflict, and the question remained undecided for two centuries; the Andorrans, meanwhile, quietly attending to their own affairs, and consolidating the simple framework of their government. Finally, at the consecration of the Cathedral of Urgel, in the year 1040, the widowed Countess Constance publicly placed the sovereignty claimed by her house in the hands of Bishop *Heribald*. (How curious it seems, to find the name of Garibaldi occurring in this obscure history!) But this gift of Constance was not respected by her successors, and the trouble broke out anew in the following century. We have but a meagre chain of detached incidents, yet what passion, what intrigue, what priestly thirst of power and jealous resistance on the part of the nobles are suggested, as we follow the scanty record! The Bishop of Urgel triumphs to this day, as he reads the inscription over his palace-door: "Princeps soberan del Valle de Andorra."

At the end of the twelfth century, Arnald, Count of Castelbo, purchased certain privileges in the valley from Ermengol, Count of Urgel. The sale was resisted by the bishop, and a war ensued, in which the latter was defeated. Raymond-Roger, Count of Foix, was then called to aid the Episcopal cause; his promised reward being a share in the sovereignty of Andorra, the territory of which bordered his own. Notwithstanding he was victorious, having taken and sacked the city of Urgel, he seems to have considered his claim to the reward still insecure. In the year 1202 he married his son and successor, Roger-Bernard II., to the daughter and only child of the Count of Castelbo. Thus the Bishop of Urgel saw the assumption of sovereignty

which he had resisted transferred to the powerful house of Foix. It is stated, however, that, in all the wars which followed, both parties refrained from touching the disputed territory, in order that the value of the revenue expected from it might not be diminished. The Andorrans themselves, though certainly not unconcerned, remained perfectly passive. The fastnesses of the Pyrenees on all sides of them resounded with the noise of war, while they, one generation after another, tended their flocks and cultivated their fields.

The quarrel (and it is almost the end of all history relating to Andorra) came to a close in the year 1278. Roger-Bernard III. of Foix, before the gates of Urgel, which must soon have yielded to him, accepted the proposal for an arbitration; Don Pedro of Aragon having offered his name as security for the fulfilment of the terms which might be agreed upon. Two priests and four knights were the arbitrators; and the *Pariatges* (Partitions) which they declared on the 7th of September of the year already mentioned settled the question of the sovereignty of Andorra from that day to this. Its principal features were, that a slight tribute should be paid by the people, on alternate years, to the Counts of Foix and the Bishops of Urgel; and that certain officials of the Valley should, in like manner, be named alternately by the two parties. In all other respects, the people were left free. The neutrality of their territory, which had been so marvellously preserved for four centuries and a half, was reaffirmed; and it has never since been violated. During the wars of Napoleon, a French army appeared on the frontiers of the republic with the intention of marching through it into Spain; but on the judges and consuls representing to the commanding general the sacred neutrality of their valley, he turned about and chose another route.

The house of Foix became merged in that of Béarn, and the inheritance of the latter, in turn, passed into the hands of the Bourbons. Thus the

crown of France succeeded to the right reserved by Louis le Débonnaire, and presented by Charles the Bald to Siegfried, Count of Urgel. The Andorrans, who look upon their original charter as did the Hebrews on their Ark of the Covenant, consider that the *Pariatges* are equally sanctioned by time and the favor of God; and, so far from feeling that the tribute is a sign of subjection, they consider that it really secures their independence. They therefore do not allow the revolutions, the change of dynasties which France has undergone, to change their relation to the governing power. They were filled with dismay, when, in 1793, the representative of the French Republic in Foix refused to accept the tribute, on the ground that it was a relic of the feudal system. For six or seven years thereafter they feared that the end of things was at hand; but the establishment of the Empire, paradoxical as it may appear, secured to them their republic. They seem never to have considered that the refusal of the French authorities gave them a valid pretext to cease the further payment of the tribute.

This is the sum and substance of the history of Andorra. No one can help feeling that a wholly exceptional fortune has followed this handful of people. All other rights given by Charlemagne and his successors became waste paper long since: the Counts of Urgel, the houses of Foix and Bearn, have disappeared, and the Bourbons have ceased to reign in France, — yet the government of the little Republic preserves the same forms which were established in the ninth century, and the only relations which at present connect it with the outer world date from the year 1278. I endeavored to impress these facts upon my mind, as the gorge opened into a narrow green valley, blocked up in front by the Andorran mountains. I recalled that picturesque legend of the knight of the Middle Ages, who, penetrating into some remote nook of the Apennines, found a forgotten Roman city, where

the people still kept their temples and laid their offerings on the altars of the gods. The day was exquisitely clear and sunny; the breezes of the Pyrenees blew away every speck of vapor from the mountains, but I saw everything softly through that veil which the imagination weaves for us.

Presently we came upon two or three low houses. At the door of the farthest two Spanish soldiers were standing, one of whom stepped forward when he saw me. A picture of delay, examination, bribery, rose in my mind. I assumed a condescending politeness, saluted the man gravely, and rode forward. To my great surprise no summons followed. I kept on my way without looking back, and in two minutes was out of Spain. Few travellers have ever left the kingdom so easily.

The features of the scenery remained the same, — narrow, slanting shelves of grass and grain, the Valira foaming below, and the great mountains of gray rock towering into the sky. In another half-hour I saw the little town of San Julian de Loria, one of the six municipalities of Andorra. As old and brown as Urgel or the villages along the Rio Segre, it was in no wise to be distinguished from them. The massive stone walls of the houses were nearly black; the roofs of huge leaves of slate were covered with a red rust; and there were no signs that anything had been added or taken away from the place for centuries. As my horse clattered over the dirty paving-stones, mounting the one narrow, twisted street, the people came to the doors, and looked upon me with a grave curiosity. I imagined at once that they were different from the Catalans, notwithstanding they spoke the same dialect, and wore very nearly the same costume. The expression of their faces was more open and fearless; a cheerful gravity marked their demeanor. I saw that they were both self-reliant and contented.

While Julian stopped to greet some of his friends, I rode into a very diminutive plaza, where some thirty or

forty of the inhabitants were gossiping together. An old man, dressed in pale blue jacket and knee-breeches, with a red scarf around his waist, advanced to meet me, lifting his scarlet cap in salutation. "This is no longer Spain?" I asked.

"It is neither France nor Spain," said he; "it is Andorra."

"The Republic of Andorra?"

"They call it so."

"I also am a citizen of a Republic," I then said; but, although his interest was evidently excited, he asked me no questions. The Andorran reserve is proverbial throughout Catalonia; and as I had already heard of it, I voluntarily gave as much information respecting myself as was necessary. A number of men, young and old, had by this time collected, and listened attentively. Those who spoke Spanish mingled in the conversation, which, on my part, was purposely guarded. Some degree of confidence, however, seemed to be already established. They told me that they were entirely satisfied with their form of government and their secluded life; that they were poor, but much wealth would be of no service to them, and, moreover (which was true), that they were free because they were poor. When Julian appeared, he looked with surprise upon the friendly circle around me, but said nothing. It was still two hours to *Andorra la Vella* (Old Andorra), the capital, which I had decided to make my first resting-place; so I said, "Adios!"—all the men responding, "Dios guarda!"

Beyond the village I entered upon green meadow-land, shaded by grand walnut-trees, mounds of the richest foliage. The torrent of *Aviña* came down through a wild glen on the left, to join the *Valira*, and all the air vibrated with the sound of waters and the incessant songs of the nightingales. People from the high, unseen mountain farms and pasture-grounds met me on their way to San Julian; and their greeting was always "God guard you!"—hinting of the days when travel was more insecure than now. When the moun-

tains again contracted, and the path clung to the sides of upright mountain walls, Julian went in advance, and warned the coming muleteers. Vegetation ceased, except the stubborn clumps of box, which had fastened themselves in every crevice of the precipices; and the nightingales, if any had ventured into the gloomy gorge, were silent. For an hour I followed its windings, steadily mounting all the while; then the rocks began to lean away, the smell of flowering grass came back to the air, and I saw, by the breadth of blue sky opening ahead, that we were approaching the Valley of Andorra.

The first thing that met my eyes was a pretty pastoral picture. Some rills from the melting snows had been caught and turned into an irrigating canal, the banks of which were so overgrown with brambles and wild-flowers that it had become a natural stream. Under a gnarled, wide-armed ilex sat a father, with his two youngest children; two older ones gathered flowers in the sun; and the mother, with a basket in her hand, paused to look at me in the meadow below. The little ones laughed and shouted; the father watched them with bright, happy eyes, and over and around them the birds sang without fear. And this is the land of smugglers and robbers! I thought. Turning in the saddle, I watched the group as long as it was visible.

When I set my face forward again, it was with a sudden catch of the breath and a cry of delight. The promise of the morning was fulfilled; beautiful beyond anticipation was the landscape expanded before me. It was a valley six miles in length, completely walled in by immense mountains, the bases of which, withdrawn in the centre, left a level bed of meadows, nearly a mile broad, watered by the winding *Valira*. Terraces of grain, golden below, but still green above, climbed far up the slopes; then forest and rock succeeded; and finally the gray pinnacles, with snow in their crevices, stood mantled in their own shadows. Near the centre of the val-

ley, on a singular rocky knoll, the old houses and square tower of Andorra were perched, as if watching over the scene. In front, where the river issued from a tremendous split between two interlocking mountains, I could barely distinguish the houses of Escaldas from the cliffs to which they clung. Nothing could be simpler and grander than the large outlines of the scene, nothing lovelier than its minuter features,—so wonderfully suggesting both the garden and the wilderness, the fresh green of the North and the hoary hues and antique forms of the South. Brimming with sunshine and steeped in delicious odors, the valley—after the long, dark gorge I had threaded—seemed to flash and sparkle with a light unknown to other lands.

Shall I ever forget the last three miles of my journey? Crystal waters rushed and murmured beside my path; great twisted ilex-trees sprang from the masses of rock; mounds of snowy eglantine or purple clematis crowned the cliffs or hung from them like folded curtains; and the dark shadows of walnut and poplar lay upon the lush fields of grass and flowers. The nightingale and thrush sang on the earth, and the lark in the air; and even the melancholy chant of the young farmer in his field seemed to be only that soft undercurrent of sadness which was needed to make the brightness and joy of the landscape complete.

Climbing the rocks to the capital, I was pleasantly surprised to see the sign "Hostal" before I had made more than two turns of the winding street. The English guides, both for France and Spain, advise the adventurous tourist who wishes to visit Andorra to take his provender with him, since nothing can be had in the valley. A friendly host came to the door, and welcomed me. Dinner, he said, would be ready in an hour and a half; but the appearance of the cheerful kitchen into which I was ushered so provoked my already ravenous hunger that an omelette was made instantly, and Julian and I shared it between us. An upper

room, containing a coarse but clean bed, which barely found room for itself in a wilderness of saddles and harness, was, given to me, and I straightway found myself at home in Andorra. So much for guide-books!

I went forth to look at the little capital before dinner. Its population is less than one thousand; the houses are built of rudely broken stones of schist or granite, and roofed with large sheets of slate. The streets seem to have been originally located where the surface of the rock rendered them possible; but there are few of them, and what the place has to show may be speedily found. I felt at once the simple, friendly, hospitable character of the people: they saluted me as naturally and genially as if I had been an old acquaintance. Before I had rambled many minutes, I found myself before the *Casa del Valls*, the House of Government. It is an ancient, cracked building, but when erected I could not ascertain. The front is simple and massive, with three irregular windows, and a large arched entrance. A tower at one corner threatens to fall from want of repair. Over the door is the inscription: "*Domus consilii, sedes justitiæ.*" There is also a marble shield, containing the arms of the Republic, and apparently inserted at a more recent date. The shield is quartered with the mitre and crosier of the Bishop of Urgel, the four crimson bars of Catalonia, the three bars on an azure field of Foix, and the cows of Béarn. Under the shield is sculptured the Latin verse:

"*Suspice : sunt vallis nostris stemmata : sunt que
Regna, quibus gaudent nobiliora tegi :
Singula si populos alios, Andorra, beabunt,
Quidni juncta ferret aurea secla tibi !*"

I suspect, although I have no authority for saying so, that this verse comes from Fiter, the only scholar Andorra ever produced, who flourished in the beginning of the last century. The ground-floor of the building consists of stables, where the members of the council lodge their horses when they meet officially. A tumbling staircase

leads to the second story, which is the council-hall, containing a table and three chairs on a raised platform, a picture of Christ between the windows, and oaken benches around the walls. The great object of interest, however, is a massive chest, built into the wall, and closed with six strong iron locks, connected by a chain. This contains the archives of Andorra, including, as the people devoutly believe, the original charters of Charlemagne and Louis le Débonnaire. Each consul of the six parishes is intrusted with the keeping of one key, and the chest can only be opened when all six are present. It would be quite impossible for a stranger to get a sight of the contents. The archives are said to be written on sheets of lead, on palm-leaves, on parchment, or on paper, according to the age from which they date. The chest also contains the "Politar," or Annals of Andorra, with a digest of the laws, compiled by the scholar Fiter. The government did not allow the work to be published, but there is another manuscript copy in the possession of the Bishop of Urgel.

I climbed the huge mass of rock behind the building, and sat down upon its crest to enjoy the grand, sunny picture of the valley. The mingled beauty and majesty of the landscape charmed me into a day-dream, in which the old, ever-recurring question was lazily pondered, whether or not this plain, secluded, ignorant life was the happiest lot of man. But the influences of the place were too sweet and soothing for earnest thought, and a clock striking noon recalled me to the fact that a meal was ready in the hostel. The host sat down to the table with Julian and myself, and the spout of the big-bellied Catalanian bottle overhung our mouths in succession. We had a rough but satisfactory dinner, during which I told the host who I was and why I came, thereby winning his confidence to such an extent that he presently brought me an old, dirty Spanish pamphlet, saying, "You may read this."

Seeing that it was a brief and curious

account of Andorra, I asked, "Cannot I buy this or another copy?"

"No," he answered; "it is not to be bought. You can read it; but you must give it to me again."

I selected a dark corner of the kitchen, lit my cigar, and read, making rapid notes when I was not observed. The author was a nephew of one of the bishops of Urgel, and professed to have seen with his own eyes the charter of Louis le Débonnaire. That king, he stated, defeated the Saracens on the plain towards Escaldas, where the western branch of the Valira comes down from the valley of Ordino. Before the battle, a passage from the Book of Kings came into his mind: "Eador, over against Mount Tabor, where the children of Israel, preparing for war against the heathen, pitched their camp"; and after the victory he gave the valley the name of Endor, whence Andorra. The resemblance, the author innocently remarks, is indeed wonderful. In both places there are high mountains; the same kinds of trees grow (!); a river flows through each; there are lions and leopards in Endor, and bears and wolves in Andorra! He then gives the following quotation from the charter, which was written in Latin: "The men who actually live in this country are Licindo, Laurentio, Obaronio, Antimirio, Guirinio, Suessionio, Barrulio, rustic laborers, and many others." Louis le Débonnaire returned to France by the present Porte de Fontargente, where, on the summit of the Pyrenees, he caused a chain to be stretched from rock to rock. The holes drilled for the staples of the rings are still to be seen, the people say.

When I had finished the book, I went out again, and in the shade of a willow in the meadow below made a rough sketch of the town and the lofty Mont Anclar (*mons clavus*) behind it. As I returned, the lower part of the valley offered such lovely breadths of light and shade that I sought a place among the tangle of houses and rocks to make a second drawing. The women, with their children around them,

sat at their doors, knitting and chatting. One cried out to another, as I took my seat on the ground, "Why don't you bring a chair for the cavalier?" The chair was brought immediately, and the children gathered around, watching my movements. The mothers kept them in good order, every now and then crying out, "Don't go too near, and don't stand in front!" Among themselves they talked freely about me; but, as they asked no questions, I finally said, "I understand you; if you will ask, I will answer,"—whereupon they laughed and were silent.

I have already said that reserve is a marked characteristic of the Andorrans. No doubt it sprang originally from their consciousness of their weakness, and their fear to lose their inherited privileges by betraying too much about themselves. When one of them is questioned upon a point concerning which he thinks it best to be silent, he assumes a stupid expression of face, and appears not to understand. That afternoon a man came to me in the inn, produced a rich specimen of galena, and said, "Do you know what that is?" "Certainly," I answered; "it is the ore of lead. Where did you get it?" He put it in his pocket, looked up at the sky, and said, "What fine weather we have!" It is known that there is much lead in the mountains, yet the mines have never been worked. The people say, "We must keep poor, as our fathers have been. If we become rich, the French will want our lead and the Spaniards our silver, and then one or the other will rob us of our independence."

So well is this peculiarity of the inhabitants understood, that in Catalonia to assume ignorance is called "to play the Andorran." A student from the frontier, on entering a Spanish theological seminary, was called upon to translate the New Testament. When he came to the words, "Jesus autem tacebat," he rendered them, in perfect good faith, "Jesus played the Andorran." For the same reason, the hospitality of the people is of a passive rather than of

an active character. The stranger may enter any house in the valley, take his seat at the family board, and sleep under the shelter of the roof; he is free to come and go; no questions are asked, although voluntary information is always gladly received. They would be scarcely human if it were not so.

The principal features of the system of government which these people have adopted may be easily described. They have no written code of laws, the *Polittar* being only a collection of precedents in certain cases, accessible to the consuls and judges, and to them alone. When we come to examine the modes in which they are governed,—procedures which, based on long custom, have all the force of law,—we find a singular mixture of the elements of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy. The sovereignty of France and the Bishop of Urgel is acknowledged in the appointment of the two *viguier* (*vicarii*), who, it is true, are natives of the valley, and devoted to its interests. In all other respects the forms are democratic; but the circumstance that the officials are unpaid, that they must be married, and that they must be members of families in good repute, has gradually concentrated the government in the hands of a small number of families, by whom it is virtually inherited. Moreover, the law of primogeniture prevails to the fullest extent, still further lessening the number of qualified persons.

The Republic consists of six communes, or parishes, each of which elects two consuls and two councillors, whose term of service is four years; one official of each class being elected every two years. There is no restriction of the right of suffrage. The twenty-four officials form the deliberative body, or Grand Council, who alone have the power of electing the Syndic, the executive head of the government. He is chosen for life; he presides over the Council, and carries its decisions into effect, yet is responsible to it for his actions. Only half the Council being chosen at one time, the disadvantage of having an entirely new set of

men suddenly placed in office is obvious. The arrangement, in fact, is the same which we have adopted in regard to the election of United States Senators.

The consuls, in addition, have their municipal duties. Each one names ten petty magistrates, called decurions, whose functions are not much more important than those of our constables. They simply preserve order, and assist in bringing offences to light. All the persons of property, or who exercise some useful mechanical art, form what is called the Parish Council, whose business it is to raise the proportionate share of the tribute, to apportion the pastures, fix the amount of wood to be sold (part of the revenue of Andorra being derived from the forests), and to regulate all ordinary local matters. These councils, of course, are self-existing; every person who is not poor and insignificant taking his place naturally in them. No one can be chosen as consul who is under thirty years of age, who has not been married, who is blind, deaf, deformed, or epileptic, who is addicted to drink, or who has committed any offence against the laws.

The functions of the parish councils and the Grand Council of the Republic are carefully separated. The former have charge of inns, forges, bakeries, weaving, and the building of dwelling-houses; the latter has control of the forests, the ways of communication, the chase, the fisheries, the finances, and the building of all edifices of a public character. It has five sessions a year. Its members are not paid, but they are lodged and fed, during these sessions, at the public expense. Each parish owns two double-beds in the upper story of the *Casa del Valls* at Andorra; in each bed sleep two consuls or two councillors. There is a kitchen, with an enormous pot, in which their frugal meals are cooked, and a dining-room in which they are served. Formerly their sessions were held in the churchyard, among the tombs, as if to render them more solemnly impressive; but this practice has long been discontinued.

The expenses of the state, one will readily guess, must be very slight. The tribute paid to France is nineteen hundred and twenty francs; that to the Bishop of Urgel, eight hundred and forty-two francs,—an average of two hundred and seventy-five dollars per annum. The direct tax is five cents annually for each person; but a moderate revenue is derived from the sale of wood and charcoal, and the rent of pastures on the northern slope of the Pyrenees. Import, export, and excise duties, licenses, and stamps are unknown, although, in civil cases, certain moderate fees are established. The right of tithes, given by Charlemagne to Possidonium, remains in force; but they are generally paid in kind; and in return the Bishop of Urgel, who appoints the priests, contributes to their support. The vicars, of whom there is one to each parish, are paid by the government. The inhabitants are without exception devout Catholics, yet it is probably ancient custom, rather than the influence of the priests, which makes them indifferent to education. The schools are so few that they hardly deserve to be mentioned. Only one man in a hundred, and one woman in five hundred, can read and write.

The two *viguers*, one of whom is named by France and the other by the Bishop of Urgel, exercise the functions of judges. They are the representatives of the two sovereign powers, and their office is therefore surrounded with every mark of respect. Although nominally of equal authority, their activity is in reality very unequally divided. Usually some prominent official of the *Département de l'Ariège* is named on the part of France, and contents himself with an annual visit to the valley. The Bishop, on the other hand, always names a native Andorran, who resides among the people, and performs the duties of both *viguers*. When a new *viguier* is appointed, he must be solemnly installed at the capital. The members of the Grand Council then appear in their official costume,—a long surtout of black cloth, with crimson facings, a red shawl

around the waist, gray knee-breeches, sky blue stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. The Syndic of the Republic wears a crimson mantle; but the viguier is dressed in black, with a sword, cocked hat, and gold-headed staff. As the tribute paid to France is much larger than that paid to the Bishop, the people have voluntarily added to the latter a Christmas offering of the twelve best hams, the twelve richest cheeses, and the twelve fattest capons to be found in the six parishes.

The sovereign powers have two other representatives in addition to the viguiers. These are the *batlles*, (*bailes*, bailiffs?) who are chosen from a list of six persons selected by the Grand Council. Their principal duty is to hear and decide, in the first instance, all civil and criminal cases, except those which the government specially reserves for its own judgment. The *batlles*, however, are called upon to prevent, rather than solve litigation. When a case occurs, they first endeavor to reconcile the parties, or substitute a private arbitration. If that fails, the case is considered; and, after the help of God is solemnly invoked, judgment is pronounced. Where the dispute involves a delicate or doubtful point, the *batlle* consults separately the three men of best character and most familiar with the laws who are to be found in the parish, and decides as the judgment of two of them may coincide. It rarely happens that any serious lawsuit occurs, or that any capital crime is committed. The morals of the people are guarded with equal care; any slip from chastity is quietly looked after by the priests and officials, and the parties, if possible, legally united.

The more important cases, or appeals from the decision of the *batlles*, come before the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, which is composed of the two viguiers, a judge of appeal (chosen to give the casting vote when there is a difference of opinion between the viguiers), a government prosecutor, and two *rahonadors* (pleaders) chosen for the defence by the Grand Council. This

tribunal has the power to pronounce a capital sentence, which is then carried out by an executioner brought either from France or Spain.

The army, if it may be called such, consists of six hundred men, or one from each family. They are divided into six companies, according to the parishes, with a captain for each; the decurions acting as subaltern officers. The only special duty imposed upon them, beyond the occasional escort and guard of prisoners, is an annual review by the viguiers and the Grand Council, which takes place on the meadow below Andorra. The officials are seated in state around a large table, upon which a muster-roll of the army is laid. When the first name is read, the soldier to whom it belongs steps forward, discharges his musket in the air, then advances to the table and exhibits his ammunition, which must consist of a pound of powder, twenty-four balls, and as many caps. Each man is called in turn, until the whole six hundred have been thus reviewed.

Such is an outline of the mode of government and the forms of judicial procedure in this little Republic. I have not thought it necessary to add the more minute details which grow naturally out of the peculiarities already described. Two things will strike the reader: first, the sufficiency of the system, quaint and singular as it may be in some respects, to the needs of the people; secondly, the skill with which they have reconciled the conditions imposed upon them by the *Pariatges*, in 1278, with the structure of government they had already erected. For a people so ignorant, so remote from the movement of the world, and so precariously situated, their course has been directed by a rare wisdom. No people value independence more; they have held it, with fear and trembling, as a precious gift; and for a thousand years they have taken no single step which did not tend to secure them in its possession.

According to the host's volume, the population of the towns is as follows:

Andorra, 850 inhabitants; San Julian de Loria, 620; Encamp, 520; Canillo, 630; Ordino, 750, and Massana, 700. The population of the smaller hamlets, and the scattered houses of the farmers and herdsmen, will probably amount to about as many more, which would give eight thousand persons as the entire population of the state. I believe this estimate to be very nearly correct. It is a singular circumstance, that the number has not materially changed for centuries. Emigration from the valley has been rare until recent times; the climate is healthy; the people an active, vigorous race; and there must be some unusual cause for this lack of increase. A young man, a native of the parish of Ordino, with whom I had a long conversation in the evening, gave me some information upon this point. The life of families in Andorra is still regulated on the old patriarchal plan. The landed property descends to the oldest son or daughter, or, in default of direct issue, to the nearest relative. This, indeed, is not the law, which gives only a third to the chief inheritor, and divides the remainder equally among the other members of the family. But it has become a custom stronger than law—a custom which is now never violated—to preserve the old possessions intact. The *caps*, or heads of families, are held in such high estimation, that all other family and even personal rights are subordinate to theirs. They are rich and respected, while the younger brothers and sisters, who, by this arrangement, may be left too poor to marry, cheerfully accept a life of celibacy. "I am a younger son," said my informant; "but I have been able to marry because I went down into Catalonia, entered into business, and made some money." When a daughter inherits, she is required to marry the nearest relative permitted by canonical law, who takes her family name and perpetuates it.

In the course of centuries, however, the principal families have become so inter-related that their interests frequently require marriages within the

prohibited degrees. In this case the Andorran undertakes a journey to Rome, to procure a special dispensation from the Pope. He is generally the representative of other parties, similarly situated, who assist in defraying the expenses of the journey. After a collective dispensation has been issued, all the marriages must be celebrated by proxy,—the Andorran and a Roman woman who is paid for the service representing, in turn, each bridal pair at home. The latter must afterwards perform public penance in church, kneeling apart from the other worshippers, with lighted tapers in their hands and ashes upon their heads.

Owing to the strictness of these domestic laws, the remarkable habit of self-control among the people, and the careful guard over their morals exercised by the officials, they have become naturally virtuous, and hence great freedom of social intercourse is permitted among the sexes. Their sports and pleasures are characterized by a pastoral simplicity and temperance. Excesses are very rare because all ages and classes of both sexes meet together, and the presence of the priests and *caps grossos* (chief men) acts as a check upon the young men. At the festival of some patron saint of the valley, mass in the chapel is followed by a festive meal in the open air, after which the priest himself gives the signal for the dances to commence. The lads and lasses then assemble on a smooth piece of turf, where the sounds of bagpipe and tambourine set their feet in motion. The old people are not always gossiping spectators, speculating on the couples that move before them in the rude, wild dances of the mountains; they often enter the lists, and hold their ground with the youngest.

Thus, in spite of acquired reserve and predetermined poverty, the life of the Andorrans has its poetical side. The Republic has produced one historian (perhaps I should say compiler), but no author; and only Love, the source and soul of Art, keeps alive a habit of im-

provision in the young, which they appear to lose as they grow older. During Carnival, a number of young men in the villages assemble under the balcony of some chosen girl, and praise, in turn, in words improvised to a familiar melody, her charms of person and of character. When this trial of the Minnesingers begins to lag for want of words or ideas, the girl makes her appearance on the balcony, and with a cord lets down to her admirers a basket containing cakes of her own baking, bottles of wine, and sausages. Before Easter, the unmarried people make bets, which are won by whoever, on Easter morning, can first catch the other and cry out, "It is Easter, the eggs are mine!" Tricks, falsehoods, and deceptions of all kinds are permitted: the young man may even surprise the maiden in bed, if he can succeed in doing so. Afterwards they all assemble in public, relate their tricks, eat their Easter eggs, and finish the day with songs and dances.

Two ruling ideas have governed the Andorrans for centuries past, and seem to have existed independent of any special tradition. One is, that they must not become rich; the other, that no feature of their government must be changed. The former condition is certainly the more difficult of fulfilment, since they have had frequent opportunities of increasing their wealth. There is one family which, on account of the land that has fallen to it by inheritance, would be considered rich in any country; half a dozen others possessing from twenty to thirty thousand dollars; and a large number who are in comfortable circumstances simply because their needs are so few. I had heard that a party opposed to the old traditional ideas was growing up among the young men, but it was not so easy to obtain information on the subject. When I asked the gentleman from Ordino about it, he "acted the Andorran,"—put on an expression of face almost idiotic, and talked of something else. He and two others with whom I conversed during the evening admitted,

however, that a recent concession of the government (of which I shall presently speak) was the entering wedge by which change would probably come upon the hitherto changeless Republic.

With the exception of this incommunicativeness,—in itself rather an interesting feature,—no people could have been more kind and friendly. When I went to bed among the saddles and harness in the little room, I no longer felt that I was a stranger in the place. All that I had heard of the hospitality of the people seemed to be verified by their demeanor. I remembered how faithfully they had asserted the neutrality of their territory in behalf of political exiles from France and Spain. General Cabrera, Armand Carrel, and Ferdinand Flocon have at different times found a refuge among them. Although the government reserves the right to prohibit residence to any person whose presence may threaten the peace of the valley, I have not heard that the right was ever exercised. Andorra has been an ark of safety to strangers, as well as an inviolate home of freedom to its own inhabitants.

Julian called me at four o'clock, to resume our journey up the valley; and the host made a cup of chocolate while my horse was being saddled. Then I rode forth into the clear, cold air, which the sun of the Pyrenees had not yet warmed. The town is between three and four thousand feet above the sea, and the limit of the olive-tree is found in one of its sheltered gardens. As I issued from the houses, and took a rugged path along the base of Mont Anclar, the village of Escaldas and the great gorge in front lay in a cold, broad mantle of shadow, while the valley was filled to its topmost brims with splendid sunshine. I looked between the stems of giant ilexes upon the battle-field of Louis le Débonnaire. Then came a yawning chasm, down which foamed the western branch of the Valira, coming from an upper valley in which lie the parishes of Ordino and Massana.

The two valleys thus form a Y, giving the territory of Andorra a rough triangular shape, about forty miles in length,—its base, some thirty miles in breadth, overlapping the Pyrenees, and its point nearly touching the Rio Segre, at Urgel.

A bridge of a single arch spanned the chasm, the bottom of which was filled with tumbling foam; while every ledge of rock, above and below, was draped with eglantine, wild fig, clematis, and ivy. Thence, onward towards Escaldas, my path lay between huge masses which had fallen from the steep, and bowers completely snowed over with white roses, wherein the nightingales were just beginning to awaken. Then, one by one, the brown houses above me clung like nests to the rocks, with little gardens hanging on seemingly inaccessible shelves. I entered the enfolding shadows, and, following the roar of waters, soon found myself at Escaldas,—a place as wonderfully picturesque as Ronda or Tivoli, directly under the tremendous perpendicular walls of the gorge; the arrowy Valira sweeping the foundations of the houses on one side, while the dark masses of rock crowded against and separated them on the other. From the edge of the river, and between the thick foliage of ilex and box behind the houses, rose thin columns of steam, marking the hot springs whence the place (*aguas caldas*) was named.

Crossing the river, I halted at the first of these springs, and took a drink. Some old people who collected informed me that there were ten in all, besides a number of cold mineral fountains, furnishing nine different kinds of water,—all of which, they said, possessed wonderful healing properties. There were both iron and sulphur in that which I tasted. A little farther, a rude fulling-mill was at work in the open air; and in a forge on the other side of the road three blacksmiths were working the native iron of the mountains. A second and third hot spring followed; then a fourth, in which a number of women were washing clothes.

All this in the midst of a chaos of rock, water, and foliage.

These springs of Escaldas have led to the concession which the Andorrans described to me as opening a new, and, I fear, not very fortunate, phase of their history. The exploiters of the gambling interest of France, on the point of being driven from Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden-Baden, ransacked Europe for a point where they might at the same time ply their business and attract the fashionable world. They detected Andorra; and by the most consummate diplomacy they have succeeded in allaying the suspicions of the government, in neutralizing the power of its ancient policy, and in acquiring privileges which, harmless as they seem, may in time wholly subvert the old order of things. It is impossible that this result could have been accomplished unless a party of progress, the existence of which has been hinted, has really grown up among the people. The French speculators, I am told, undertake to build a carriage-road across the Pyrenees; to erect bathing-establishments and hotels on a magnificent scale at Escaldas, and to conduct the latter, under the direction of the authorities of Andorra, for a period of forty years, at the end of which time the latter shall be placed in possession of the roads, buildings, and all other improvements. The expense of the undertaking is estimated at ten millions of francs. A theatre and a bank (*faro*?) are among the features of the speculation. Meanwhile, until the carriage-road shall be built, temporary hotels and gaming-houses are to be erected in the valley of the Ariège, on the French side of the Pyrenees, but within the territory belonging to Andorra.

I do not consider it as by any means certain that the plan will be carried out; but if it should be, the first step towards the annexation of Andorra to France will have been taken. In any case, I am glad to have visited the Republic while it is yet shut from the world.

Behind Escaldas an affluent of the Valira dashed down the mountain on the right, breaking the rich masses of foliage with silver gleams. I halted on the summit of the first rocky rampart, and turned to take a last view of the valley. What a picture! I stood in the deep shadow of the mountains, in the heart of a wilderness of rocks which towered out of evergreen verdure, and seemed to vibrate amidst the rush, the foam, and the thunder of streams. The houses of the village, clinging to and climbing the sides of the opening pass, made a dark frame, through which the green and gold of the splendid valley, drowned in sunshine, became, by the force of contrast, limpid and luminous as a picture of the air. The rocks and houses of Old Andorra and the tower of the house of government made the central point of the view; dazzling meadows below and mountain terraces above basked in the faint prismatic lustre of the morning air. High up, in the rear of the crowning cliffs, I caught glimpses of Alpine pastures; and on the right, far away, streaks of snow. It was a vision never to be forgotten: it was one of the few perfect landscapes of the world.

As the path rose in rapid zigzags beside the split through which the river pours, I came upon another busy village. In an open space among the rocks there were at least a hundred beehives, formed of segments of the hollowed trunks of trees. They stood in rows, eight or ten feet apart; and the swarms that continually came and went seemed to have their separate paths marked out in the air. They moved softly and swiftly through each other without entanglement. After passing the gateway of the Valira, the path still mounted, and finally crept along the side of a deep trough, curving eastward. There were fields on both slopes, wherever it was possible to create them. Here I encountered a body of road-makers, whom the French speculators had set to work. They were engaged in widening the bridle-path, so that carts might pass to

Escaldas from the upper valleys of Encamp and Canillo. The rock was blasted on the upper side; while, on the lower, workmen were basing the walls on projecting points of the precipice. In some places they hung over deep gulfs, adjusting the great masses of stone with equal skill and coolness.

In an hour the gorge opened upon the valley of Encamp, which is smaller, but quite as wild and grand in its features as that of Andorra. Here the fields of rye and barley were only beginning to grow yellow, the flowers were those of an earlier season, and the ilex and box alone remained of the southern trees and shrubs. Great thickets of the latter fringed the crags. A high rock on the left served as a pedestal for a church, with a tall, square belfry, which leaned so much from the perpendicular that it was not pleasant to ride under it. The village of Encamp occupied a position similar to that of Escaldas, at the farther end of the valley, and in the opening of another gorge, the sides of which are so closely interfolded that the river appears to issue out of the very heart of the mountain. It is a queer, dirty, mouldy old place. Even the immemorial rocks of the Pyrenees look new and fresh beside the dark rust of its walls. The people had mostly gone away to their fields and pastures; only a few old men and women, and the youngest children, sunned themselves at the doors. The main street had been paved once, but the stones were now displaced, leaving pits of mud and filth. In one place the houses were built over it, forming dark, badly smelling arches, under which I was forced to ride.

The path beyond was terribly rough and difficult, climbing the precipices with many windings, until it reached a narrow ledge far above the bed of the gorge. There were frequent shrines along the way, at the most dangerous points; and Julian, who walked ahead, always lifted his cap and muttered a prayer as he passed them. After three or four miles of such travel, I reached the church of Merichel, on

an artificial platform, cut out of the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. This is the shrine of most repute in Andorra, and the goal of many a summer pilgrimage. Here the mass, the rustic banquet, and the dance draw old and young together from all parts of the Republic.

I climbed another height, following the eastern curve of the gorge, and finally saw the village of Canillo, the capital of one of the six parishes, lying below me, in the lap of a third valley. It had a brighter and fresher air than Encamp; the houses were larger and cleaner, and there were garden-plots about them. In this valley the grain was quite green; the ilex had disappeared, making way for the poplar and willow, but the stubborn box still held its ground. In every bush on the banks of the Valira sat a nightingale; the little brown bird sings most lustily where the noise of water accompanies his song. I never saw him so fearless; I could have touched many of the minstrels with my hand as I passed.

At Canillo I crossed the Valira, and thenceforward the path followed its western bank. This valley was closed, like all the others, by a pass cloven through the mountains. Upon one of the natural bastions guarding it there is an ancient tower, which the people say was built by the Saracens before the Frank conquest. The passage of the gorge which followed was less rugged than the preceding ones, — an indication of my approach to the summit of the Pyrenees. In following the Rio Segre and the Valira, I had traversed eight of those tremendous defiles, varying from one to six miles in length; and the heart of the mountain region, where the signs of force and convulsion always diminish, was now attained. One picture on the way was so lovely that I stopped and drew it. In the centre of the valley, on a solitary rock, stood an ancient church and tower, golden-brown in the sun. On the right were mountains clothed with forests of pine and fir; in the distance, fields of snow. All the cleared slopes

were crimson with the Alpine-rose, a dwarf variety of rhododendron. Perfect sunshine covered the scene, and the purest of breezes blew over it. Here and there a grain-field clung to the crags, or found a place among their tumbled fragments, but no living being was to be seen.

The landscapes were now wholly northern, except the sun and sky. Aspens appeared on the heights, shivering among the steady pines. After a time I came to a point where there were two valleys, two streams, and two paths. Julian took the left, piloting me over grassy meadows, where the perfume from beds of daffodil was almost too powerful to breathe. On one side, all the mountain was golden with broom-flowers; on the other, a mass of fiery crimson, from the Alpine-rose. The valley was dotted with scattered cottages of the herdsmen, as in Switzerland. In front there were two snowy peaks, with a "saddle" between, — evidently one of the *portes* of the Pyrenees; yet I saw no indications of the hamlet of Soldeu, which we must pass. Julian shouted to a herdsman, who told us we had taken the wrong valley. The porte before us was that of Fontargente, across which Louis le Débonnaire stretched his chain on leaving Andorra.

We retraced our steps, and in half an hour reached Soldeu, in a high, bleak pasture-valley, where cultivation ceases. It is at least six thousand feet above the sea, and the vegetation is that of the high Alps. We were nearly famished, and, as there was no sign of a "hostal," entered the first house. The occupant, a woman, offered to give us what she had, but said that there was another family who made a business of entertaining travellers, and we would there be better served. We found the house, and truly, after waiting an hour, were refreshed by a surprising dinner of five courses. There was another guest, in the person of a French butcher from the little town of Hospitalet, in the valley of the Ariège. It was so cold that we all crowded

about the kitchen fire. Two Andorrans came in, and sat down to the table with us. I have dined at stately entertainments where there was less grace and refinement among the company than the butcher and the two peasants exhibited. There was a dessert of roasted almonds and coffee (with a *chasse*); and after the meal we found the temperature of the air very mild and balmy.

Hospitalet being also my destination, I accepted the butcher's company, and at one o'clock we set forth for the passage of the Pyrenees. On leaving Soldeu I saw the last willow, in which sat and sang the last nightingale. The path rose rapidly along the steep slopes of grass, with an amphitheatre of the highest summits around us. The forests sank out of sight in the glens; snow-fields multiplied far and near, sparkling in the thin air, and the scenery assumed a bleak, monotonous grandeur. I traced the Valira, now a mere thread, to its source in seven icy lakes, fed by the snow: in those lakes, said the butcher, are the finest trout of the Pyrenees. The *Porte de Valira* was immediately above us, on the left; a last hard pull up the steep, between beds of snow, and we stood on the summit.

The elevation of the pass is nearly eight thousand feet above the sea. On either hand you descry nothing but the irregular lines of the French and Spanish Pyrenees, rising and falling in receding planes of distance. Rocks, grass, and snow make up the scenery, which, nevertheless, impresses by its very simplicity and severity.

The descent into France is toilsome,

but not dangerous. A mile or two below the crest we saw the fountain of the Aridege, at the base of a grand escarpment of rock. Thence for two hours we followed the descending trough of the river through bleak, grassy solitudes, uncheered by a single tree, or any sign of human life except the well-worn path. Finally the cottage of a grazing-farm came into view, but it was tenantless,—all the inhabitants having been overwhelmed by an avalanche three years ago. Then I discovered signs of a road high up on the opposite mountain, saw workmen scattered along it, and heard a volley of explosions. This was the new highway to *Porte St. Louis* and *Puigcerdá*. On a green meadow beside the river walked two gentlemen and two ladies in round hats and scarlet petticoats.

"They are picking out a spot to build their gaming-houses upon," said the butcher; "this is still Andorra."

A mile farther there was a little bridge,—the *Pont de Cerdà*. A hut, serving as a guard-house, leaned against the rocks, but the *gens d'armes* were asleep or absent, and I rode unquestioned into France. It was already sunset in the valley, and the houses of Hospitalet, glimmering through the shadows, were a welcome sight. Here was the beginning of highways and mail-coaches, the movement of the living world again. I supped and slept (not very comfortably, I must confess) in the house of my friend the butcher, said good by to Julian in the morning, and by noon was resting from my many fatigues in the best inn of Foix.

But henceforth the Valley of Andorra will be one of my enthusiasms.

ONCE MORE.

CLASS OF '29.

Condiscipulis, Coetaneis, Harvardianis, Amicis.

"*WILL I come?*" That *is* pleasant! I beg to inquire
 If the gun that I carry has ever missed fire?
 And which was the muster-roll — mention but one —
 That missed your old comrade who carries the gun?

You see me as always, my hand on the lock,
 The cap on the nipple, the hammer full cock.
 It is rusty, some tell me; I heed not the scoff;
 It is battered and bruised, but it always goes off!

— "Is it loaded?" I'll bet you! what does n't it hold?
 Rammed full to the muzzle with memories untold;
 Why, it scares me to fire, lest the pieces should fly
 Like the cannons that burst on the Fourth of July!

One charge is a remnant of College-day dreams
 (Its wadding is made of forensics and themes);
 Ah, visions of fame! what a flash in the pan
 As the trigger was pulled by each clever young man!

And Love! Bless my stars, what a cartridge is there!
 With a wadding of rose-leaves and ribbons and hair, —
 All crammed in one verse to go off at a shot!
 — Were there ever such sweethearts? Of course there were not!

And next, — what a load! it will split the old gun, —
 Three fingers, — four fingers, — five fingers of fun!
 Come tell me, gray sages, for mischief and noise
 Was there ever a lot like us fellows, The Boys?

Bump! bump! down the staircase the cannon-ball goes, —
 Aha, Old Professor! Look out for your toes!
 Don't think, my poor Tutor, to *sleep* in your bed! —
 Two "Boys" — 'twenty-niners — room over your head!

Remember the nights when the tar-barrel blazed!
 From red "Massachusetts" the war-cry was raised;
 And "Hollis" and "Stoughton" re-echoed the call,
 Till P — poked his head out of Holworthy Hall!

Old P —, as we called him, — at fifty or so, —
 Not exactly a bud, but not quite in full blow;
 In ripening manhood, suppose we should say,
 Just nearing his prime, as we Boys are to-day!

O, say, can you look through the vista of age
 To the time when old Morse drove the regular stage?

When Lyon told tales of the long-vanished years,
And Lenox crept round with the rings in his ears?

And dost thou, my brother, remember indeed
The days of our dealings with Willard and Read?
When "Dolly" was kicking and running away,
And punch came up smoking on Fillebrown's tray?

But where are the Tutors, my brother, O, tell!—
And where the Professors, remembered so well?
The sturdy old Grecian of Holworthy Hall,
And Latin and Logic, and Hebrew and all?

"—They are dead, the old fellows" (we called them so then,
Though we since have found out they were lusty young men).
—They are *dead*, do you tell me?—but how do you know?
You've filled once too often. I doubt if it's so.

I'm thinking. I'm thinking. Is this 'sixty-eight?
It's not quite so clear. It admits of debate.
I *may* have been dreaming. I rather incline
To think—yes, I'm certain—it is 'twenty-nine!

"By George!"—as friend Sales is accustomed to cry,—
You tell me they're dead, but I know it's a lie!
Is Jackson not President? ——— What was't you said?
It can't be; you're joking; what,—all of 'em dead?

Jim,—Harry,—Fred,—Isaac,—all gone from our side?—
They could n't have left us,—no, not if they tried.
—Look,—there's our old Prases,—he can't find his text;
—See,—P—— rubs his leg, as he growls out, "*The Next!*"

I told you 't was nonsense. Joe, give us a song!
Go harness up "Dolly," and fetch her along!—
Dead! Dead! You false graybeard, I swear they are not!
Hurrah for Old Hickory! ——— O, I forgot!

Well, *one* we have with us (how could he contrive
To deal with us youngsters and still to survive?)
Who wore for our guidance authority's robe,—
No wonder he took to the study of Job!

—And now as my load was uncommonly large,
Let me taper it off with a classical charge;
When that has gone off, I shall drop my old gun,
And then stand at ease, for my service is done.

Bibamus ad Classem vocatam "The Boys"
Et eorum Tutorem cui nomen est "Noyes";
Et floreant, valeant, vigeant tam,
Non Peircius ipse enumeret quam!

OUR ROMAN CATHOLIC BRETHREN.

ONE thing can be said of our Roman Catholic brethren, and especially of our Roman Catholic sisters, without exciting controversy,—they begin early in the morning. St. Stephen's, the largest Catholic church in New York, which will hold five thousand persons and seat four thousand, was filled to overflowing every morning of last November at five o'clock. That, however, was an extraordinary occasion. The first mass, as housekeepers are well aware, usually takes place at six o'clock, summer and winter; and it was this that I attended on Sunday morning, December 8, 1867, one of the coldest mornings of that remarkably cold month.

It is not so easy a matter to wake at a certain hour before the dawn of day. One half, perhaps, of all the inhabitants of the earth, and two thirds of the grown people of the United States, get up in the winter months before daylight; and yet a person unaccustomed to the feat will be utterly at a loss how to set about it. At five o'clock of a December morning it is as dark as it ever is. The most reckless milkman has not then begun his matutinal whoop, and the noise of the bakers' carts is not heard in the streets. And if there should be a family in the middle of the block who keep chickens, there is no dependence to be placed upon the crowing of the cocks; for they crow at all odd, irrational times both of night and day. Neither in the heavens above nor in the yards beneath, neither in the house nor in the street, is there any sign or sound by which a wakeful expectant can distinguish five o'clock from four, or three, or one. It is true, madam, as you remark, that there *is* such a thing as an alarm-clock. But who ever has one when it is wanted? People who get up at five every morning can do without; and those who get up at five once in five years, even if by any chance

they should possess an alarm-clock, forget in the five years of disuse how the little fury is set so as to hold in all night and burst forth in frenzy at the moment required. This was my case. The alarm went off admirably an hour too late, and woke up the wrong person. It was only a most vociferous crowing of the cocks just now reviled as unreliable that caused me to suspect that possibly it might be time for me to strike a light and see how the alarm-clock was getting on. Our Roman Catholic brethren, in some way or ways unknown, habitually overcome this difficulty; for fifty thousand of them, in New York alone, are frequently at church and on their knees before there are any audible or visible indications of the coming day.

It was a very cold and brilliant morning,—stars glittering, moon resplendent, pavement icy, roofs snowy, wind north-northwest, and, of course, cutting right into the faces of people bound up the Third Avenue. An empty car went rattling over the frozen-in rails with an astonishing noise, the conductor trotting alongside, and the miserable driver beating his breast with one hand and pounding the floor with one foot. The highly ornamental policeman on the first corner was singing to keep himself warm; but, seeing a solitary wayfarer in a cloak scudding along on the ice, he conceived a suspicion of that untimely seeker after knowledge; he paused in his song; he stooped and eyed him closely, evidently unable to settle upon a rational explanation of his presence; and only resumed his song when the suspected person was five houses off. There was scarcely any one astir to keep an adventurer in countenance, and I began to think it was all a delusion about the six-o'clock mass. At ten minutes to six, when I stood in front of the spacious St. Stephen's Church in Twenty-

Eighth Street, there seemed to be no one going in; and, the vestibule being unlighted, I was confirmed in the impression that early mass did not take place on such cold mornings. To be quite sure of the fact, however, I did just go up the steps and push at the door. It yielded to pressure, and its opening disclosed a vast interior, dimly lighted at the altar end, where knelt or sat, scattered about one or two in a pew, about a hundred women and ten men, all well muffled up in hoods, shawls, and overcoats, and breathing visibly. There was just light enough to see the new blue ceiling and its silver stars; but the sexton was busy lighting the gas, and got on with his work about as fast as the church filled. That church extends through the block, and has two fronts. As six o'clock approached, female figures in increasing numbers crept silently in by several doors, all making the usual courtesy, and all kneeling as soon as they reached a pew. At last the lower part of the church was pretty well filled, and there were some people in the galleries; in all, about one thousand women and about one hundred men. Nearly all the women were servant-girls, and all of them were dressed properly and abundantly for such a morning. There was not a squalid or miserable-looking person present. Most of the men appeared to be grooms and coachmen. Among these occupants of the kitchen, the nursery, and the stable there were a few persons from the parlor, evidently of the class whom Voltaire speaks of with so much wrath and contempt as *d'écarts et dévotes*. There were two or three men near me who might or might not have been ecclesiastics or theological students; upon the pale and luminous face of each was most legibly written, This man prays continually, and enjoys it.

There is a difference between Catholics and Protestants in this matter of praying. When a Protestant prays in public, he is apt to hide his face, and bend low in an awkward, uncomfortable attitude; and, when he would pray in

private, he retires into some secret place, where, if any one should catch him at it, he would blush like a guilty thing. It is not so with our Roman Catholic brethren. They kneel, it is true, but the body above the knees is bolt upright, and the face is never hidden; and, as if this were not enough, they make certain movements of the hand which distinctly announce their purpose to every beholder. The same freedom and boldness are observable in Catholic children when they say their nightly prayers. Your little Protestant buries its face in the bed, and whispers its prayer to the counterpane; but our small Catholic brethren and sisters kneel upright, make the sign of the cross, and are not in the least ashamed or disturbed if any one sees them. Another thing strikes a Protestant spectator of Catholic worship,—the whole congregation, without exception, observe the etiquette of the occasion. When kneeling is in order, all kneel; when it is the etiquette to stand, all stand; when the prayer-book says bow, every head is low. These two peculiarities are cause and effect. A Protestant child often has some reason to doubt whether saying its prayers is, after all, "the thing," since it is aware that some of its most valued friends and relations do not say theirs. But among Catholics there is not the distinction (so familiar to us) between those who "belong to the church" and those who do not; still less the distinction (nearly as familiar in some communities) between believers and unbelievers. From the hour of baptism, every Catholic is a member of the church, and he is expected to behave as such. This is evidently one reason for that open, matter-of-course manner in which all the requirements of their religion are fulfilled. No one is ashamed of doing what is done by every one in the world whom he respects, and what he has himself been in the habit of doing from the time of his earliest recollection. A Catholic appears to be no more ashamed of saying his prayers than he is of eating his dinner, and he

appears to think one quite as natural an action as the other.

On this cold morning the priest was not as punctual as the people. The congregation continued to increase till ten minutes past six; after which no sound was heard but the coughing of the chilled worshippers. It was not till seventeen minutes past six that the priest entered, accompanied by two slender, graceful boys, clad in long red robes, and walked to his place, and knelt before the altar. All present, except one poor heathen in the middle aisle, shuffled to their knees with a pleasant noise, and remained kneeling for some time. The silence was complete, and I waited to hear it broken by the sound of the priest's voice. But not a sound came from his lips. He rose, he knelt, he ascended the steps of the altar, he came down again, he turned his back to the people, he turned his face to them, he changed from one side of the altar to the other, he made various gestures with his hands, — but he uttered not an audible word. The two graceful lads in crimson garb moved about him, and performed the usual services, and the people sat, stood, knelt, bowed, and crossed themselves in accordance with the ritual. But still not a word was spoken. At the usual time the collection was taken, to which few gave more than a cent, but to which *every one* gave a cent. A little later, the priest uttered the only words that were audible during the whole service. Standing on the left side of the altar, he said, in an agreeable, educated voice: "The Society of the Holy Rosary will meet this afternoon after vespers. Prayers are requested for the repose of the souls of—"; then followed the names of three persons. The service was continued, and the silence was only broken again by the gong-like bell, which announced by a single stroke the most solemn acts of the mass, and which, toward the close of the service, summoned those to the altar who wished to commune. During the intense stillness which usually followed

the sound of the bell, a low, eager whisper of prayer could occasionally be heard, and the whole assembly was lost in devotion. About twenty women and five men knelt round the altar to receive the communion. Soon after this had been administered some of the women began to hurry away, as if fearing the family at home might be ready for breakfast before breakfast would be ready for them. At ten minutes to seven the priest put on his black cap, and withdrew; and soon the congregation was in full retreat. But by this time another congregation was assembling for the seven-o'clock mass; the people were pouring in at every door, and hurrying along all the adjacent streets towards the church. Seven o'clock being a much more convenient time than six, the church is usually filled at that hour; as it is, also, at the nine-o'clock mass. At half past ten the grand mass of the day occurs, and no one who is in the habit of passing a Catholic church on Sunday mornings at that hour needs to be informed that the kneeling suppliants who cannot get in would make a tolerable congregation of themselves.

What an economy is this! The parish of St. Stephen's contains a Catholic population of twenty-five thousand, of whom twenty thousand, perhaps, are old enough and well enough to go to church. As the church will seat four thousand persons, all this multitude can hear mass every Sunday morning. As many as usually desire it can attend the vespers in the afternoon. The church, too, in the intervals of service, and during the week, stands hospitably open, and is usually fulfilling in some way the end of its erection. How different with our churches! There is St. George's, for example, the twin steeples of which are visible to the home-returning son of Gotham as soon as the Sound steamer has brought him past Blackwell's Island. In that stately edifice half a million dollars have been invested, and it is in use only four hours a week. No more; for the smaller occasional meetings are held

in another building, — a chapel in the rear. Half a million dollars is a large sum of money, even in Wall Street, where it figures merely as part of the working capital of the country; but think what a sum it is when viewed as a portion of the small, sacred treasure set apart for the higher purposes of human nature! And yet the building which has cost so much money stands there a dead and empty thing, except for four hours on Sunday! Our Roman Catholic brethren manage these things better. When *they* have invested half a million in a building, they put that building to a use which justifies and returns the expenditure. Even their grand cathedrals are good investments; since, besides being always open, always in use, always cheering and comforting their people, they are splendid illustrations of their religion to every passer-by, to every reader of books, and to every collector of engravings. Such edifices as St. Peter's, the cathedrals of Milan and of Cologne, do actually cheer and exalt the solitary priest toiling on the outskirts of civilization. Lonely as he is, insignificant, perhaps despised and shunned, he feels that he has a property in those grandeurs, and that an indissoluble tie connects him with the system which created them, and which will one day erect a gorgeous temple upon the site of the shanty in which now he celebrates the rites of his church in the presence of a few railroad laborers.

While these successive multitudes have been gathering and dispersing something has been going on in the basement of St. Stephen's, — a long, low room, extending from street to street, and fitted up for a children's chapel and Sunday-school room. The Protestant reader, it is safe to say, has never attended a Catholic Sunday school, but he shall now have the pleasure of doing so. It ought to be a pleasure only to see two or three thousand children gathered together; but there is a particular reason why a Protestant should be pleased at a Catholic Sunday school.

Imitation is the sincerest homage. The notion of the Sunday school is one of several which our Roman Catholic brethren have borrowed from us. This church, hoary and wrinkled with age, does not disdain to learn from the young and bustling churches to which it has given all they have. The Catholic Church, however, claims a share in the invention, since for many ages it has employed boys in the celebration of its worship, and has given those boys a certain training to enable them to fulfil their vocation. Still, the Sunday school, as now constituted, is essentially of Protestant origin. Indeed, the energetic and truly catholic superintendent of St. Stephen's school, Mr. Thomas E. S. Dwyer, informed me, that, before beginning this school, he visited all the noted Sunday schools in New York, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish, and endeavored to get from each whatever he found in it suitable to his purpose.

The basement of St. Stephen's, being three hundred feet long, fifty or sixty feet wide, and only about *ten* feet high, looks more like a section of an underground railroad than a room. It is so very low that, although abundantly provided with windows on both sides, it is necessary always to light many jets of gas. In the ceiling is fixed part of the heating apparatus of the church, — a circumstance that does not tend to the purification of the atmosphere. At one end of this exceedingly long room is a small, plain altar, with the usual candles and other appurtenances; and on one side of the room, about midway, is a large cabinet organ, with an enclosure about it for the choir of children who chant the responses and psalms of the mass. On the walls between each window are the showy pictures usually found in Catholic institutions. At nine o'clock, when I took my seat in one of the pews of this long, low apartment, children with the reddest cheeks and the warmest comforters were thundering in, and diffusing themselves over the floor, — the girls taking one side of the room and the boys the other.

When Mr. Dwyer began this school a few years ago, only two hundred children attended, — a mere handful in a Catholic parish, — but every teacher bound himself to visit each of his pupils once a month, and so endeavor to interest the people in the school. The effect was magical. Children came pouring in, until now the average attendance is two thousand, and there have been in the school at one session three thousand three hundred and forty.

The noise continued to increase till ten minutes past nine, when nearly every pew was filled, and the side extensions following the cruciform plan of the church were also crowded with the younger children seated upon benches, each bench having a teacher at one end. Meanwhile, the candles of the altar had been lighted, the choir had assembled, and the organ had been opened. A bell tinkles. A priest is at the altar, attended by two boys, who had come in unobserved amid the confusion. The bell rings again. Every child gets upon its knees, and every adult also, except the lonely heathen before mentioned. It was a truly affecting spectacle, — the rows of little boys, with a tall teacher at the head of each row, all kneeling in the candid, upright manner in which our Roman Catholic brethren always do kneel. There was still, however, a great noise of boys coming in and kneeling, and it was some minutes before there was any general approach to silence.

This mass, like the early one in the church, was performed without the priest's uttering one audible word. The responses and the psalm-like portions of the mass were sung by the choir, which consisted of one man, one woman, and about twenty children, who sang very well, and very appropriate music. But in that low, crowded, noisy room the music had as much effect as if performed in a tunnel, or at the bottom of a large, deep well. Thus, as the priest said nothing, and the choir could not be understood, the children were thrown, as it were, upon

their own resources; and those resources, it must be owned, were insufficient. Many of the boys followed the service in their little prayer-books, and most of them refrained from conversation. There were always some, however, who kept up a sly whispering in the ears of their neighbors, and the countenances of a very large number were expressive of — nothing.

But what strains are these? Old Hundred introduced into the mass! Slightly altered, it is true, but unmistakably Old Hundred. And again: the children of the choir break into one of our most joyful tunes, which is sung in every Protestant church, on an average, once every Sunday the year round. Later in the mass the choir sang one of the regular Sunday-school airs, such as Mr. Root of Chicago composes, — similar in character to "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." To think of Catholic children presuming to express their joyful emotions by the aid of Protestant music! Congress, perhaps, will be petitioned next winter for an Inter-Denominational Copyright Law.

The supreme moment of the mass, announced by the ringing of the bell, is at the elevation of the host. Now, for the first time during the service, there was silence in the room; and every head was bowed, while the priest said inaudibly, in Latin: "Accept, O Hóly Father, almighty, eternal God, this immaculate Host, which I, thy unworthy servant, offer unto thee, my living and true God, for my innumerable sins, offences, and negligences, and for all here present; as also for all faithful Christians, both living and dead, that it may be profitable for my own and for their salvation unto life eternal. Amen." Soon after this solemnity, ten or fifteen children, from nine to eleven years of age, went to the altar and communed. All this army of children, except a very few under seven years of age, have been confirmed, and consequently are communicants. Many hundreds of them had been recently confirmed, — clad in white garments, adorned with

flowers, accompanied by parents and friends, and surrounded by whatever is most expressive of joy and hope. In this easy and pleasant way our Roman Catholic brethren "join the church." As we have already observed, there is not, among Catholics, anything of that distinction between those who "belong to the church" and those who do not, which is so painful, and, as some of us think, so deeply demoralizing, a circumstance of American life. There are good Catholics and bad Catholics, devout Catholics and neglectful Catholics; but all are Catholics; all are members of the church; all can at any moment resume neglected obligations without taking the public into their confidence. The attitude and condition of each soul is a secret known only to itself and to one other. Hence there is no such thing as a roll of members in a Catholic parish, and there are no formalities attending the transfer of a member to another parish. The poor emigrant is at home in the first church he comes to, and every priest is his father. This is one of the most important differences between our Roman Catholic brethren and ourselves; and it is one which gives them a most telling advantage in this country among educated persons who love virtue and loathe the profession of it.

This Sunday-school mass lasted thirty-five minutes, at the end of which the priest put on his black cap and retired. A curtain was then drawn across the altar, which exempted all from the obligation of bending the knee on passing it. A furious uproar arose when the mass ended, caused by the gathering of the classes around the teachers and getting ready for the next exercise, which was catechism. For about half an hour the whole body of children were engaged in saying their lesson, and in hearing the comments of the teachers upon it; and as there were two thousand of them the noise was great. Nevertheless, there was very little intentional disorder, although the air was so agonizingly impure as to enhance tenfold

the difficulty of keeping order, and of keeping in order. Windows were opened, but it was of no use; the air never can be even tolerable in that basement when there are five hundred persons in it. After the catechism the superintendent mounted a platform in the midst of his flock, and reduced them to silence by the sound of his bell. Then he crossed himself, and said, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen," while all the children rose to their feet. He then said, "The Gospel for the day is,"—and read it to the children, all standing. He next said, "Kneel"; and all knelt on both knees, with the body upright. He said a very short prayer (five or six short sentences), which the children repeated after him. The school was then dismissed.

Usually, however, they spend the last fifteen minutes in singing a few simple songs, set to easy, lively music. Dr. Cummings, who was the late pastor of this church, and was venerated in it, composed a Sunday-school hymn-book in the last years of his life. The reader, perhaps, may be curious to know what kind of hymns our Roman Catholic brethren teach their children to sing. Well, cut out of this book one tenth of its contents, in which the saints are invoked and a few Catholic peculiarities are referred to, and it would be found suitable to any Protestant Sunday-school. There is, for example, a "Song of the Union," which might very properly be sung in Faneuil Hall on the Fourth of July:—

"Ere Peace and Freedom, hand in hand,
Went forth to bless this happy land,
And make it their abode,
It was the footstool of a throne;
But now no sceptre here is known,
No King is feared but God.

"Americans uprose in might,
And triumphed in th' unequal fight,
For Union made them strong:—
Union! the magic battle-cry,
That hurled the tyrant from on high,
And crushed his hireling throng!

"That word since then hath shone on high
In starry letters to the sky,—
It is our country's name!
What impious hand shall rashly dare

Down from its lofty peak to tear
The banner of her fame?"

The same strain of patriotism is continued in the three other stanzas. There are many hymns such as the following, called "A Child's Hymn to his Guardian Angel," which hovers over the line that divides poetry and superstition:—

"How kied it is of you to come,
Bright angel, from your starry home,
And watch by night and watch by day
Beside a sinful child of clay!
How good and pure I ought to be,
Who always live so near to thee.
Beneath thine eyes the whole day round,
Where'er I tread is holy ground.

"And if I had my wish I would,
Dear angel mine! be always good;
This minute I would rather die
Than say bad words or tell a lie.
I always feel disposed this way,
Where'er I kneel me down to pray;
But I forget when church is o'er,
And am as naughty as before.

"But I would love to fear the Lord,
And shun each sinful deed and word,
Not do the sin, then feel the force
Of bitter shame and keen remorse.
I wish to think of God and thee
Whenever pretty things I see,
Till every flower that gems the sod
Shall make me think of thee and God."

Interspersed among such simple and innocent songs as this there are a few which Protestants disapprove:—

"O Mary! Mother Mary!
We place our trust in thee;
Our faith shall never vary,
Though weak the flesh may be.
Too oft, with steps unwary,
From duty we have bent:
O Mary! Mother Mary!
Thou teach us to repent."

But, on the other hand, there are no appeals to base terror, no horrid pictures of future hopeless torment. The only thing in the book that even calls to mind the fearful threats of eternal vengeance with which all children used to be terrified, degraded, and corrupted is a hopeful and sympathetic little hymn entitled "Purgatory":—

"When gentle showers
Cool the parched sods,
Languishing flowers
Lift up their heads,
Christ's precious merits,
Like gentle rain,
Soothe the good spirits
In their great pain.

"To the dim regions,
Where dear ones mourn,
Love and religion
Bid us oft turn.
Prayer hath the power
To give them peace,
Speeding the hour
Of their release."

Such are the exercises of a Catholic Sunday school: mass, thirty-five minutes; catechism, about the same time; singing, fifteen minutes; the Gospel of the day read; a prayer of five lines; to which is occasionally added a short address by the pastor. The following summary of the Annual Report of this school for 1867 will interest some readers. The word "Mission," which occurs in it, signifies "revival," or "protracted meeting," concerning which something further may be said:—

Number of children on Register	336
Average attendance of children	1,607
Average number of children late	57
Number of teachers on Register	230
Average attendance of teachers	176
Average number of teachers late	9
Number of classes in Sunday school	220
Increase in the number of children on Register over 1866	76
Increase in the average attendance of children over 1866	427
Increase in the number of teachers on Register over 1866	60
Increase in the average attendance of teachers over 1866	31
Increase in the number of classes over 1866	54
Number of children at Festival, Jan. 12, 1867	3,000
Number of children at Festival, Oct. 27, 1867	3,434
Number of children to confession during Mission	2,000
Number of children who received communion during Mission	1,000
Number of children confirmed during Mission	1,530
Total number of visits to children during the year	4,973
Increase in the number of visits to children over 1866	436

THOS. E. S. DWYER, S.S.F.

JOHN J. WELDON, }
FRANCIS A. REILLY, } *Secretaries.*

It is a beautiful thought, to gather the children of a community, for a short time—an hour and a half, no more—on Sunday morning, in some very inviting and perfectly salutary place, where they shall enjoy themselves in singing songs and hymns, and hear something cheering and beneficial, and to join in any other exercises which the

affectionate ingenuity of their elders may be able to devise. It is a lovely idea, and one which civilization, having once possessed, can never again let go. So far, the idea has been carried out imperfectly; and it will perhaps never be made the most of until the churches all give up the attempt to expound the universe, and settle down to their final grand vocation, — that of inculcating virtue, instructing ignorance, and cheering human life. This Sunday school of our Roman Catholic brethren will doubtless improve when its zealous and amiable teachers have better facilities and a better school-room. It has already an excellent feature: this one session of an hour and a half is, at once, church and Sunday school; and nothing more is required of the children during all the rest of the day. There is no afternoon school, and the children are not expected nor advised to hear a second mass. Our Roman Catholic brethren never compel young children, over-schooled during the week, to attend Sunday school from nine to half past ten; to remain in church, understanding nothing of what is said and done there, until past twelve; and then, after dinner, to endure both school and church again, happy if they escape them in the evening. Of all the contrivances for making children sicken at the thought of everything high and serious this is the masterpiece. Fortunately, it is now scarcely known, except in a few very remote and benighted places. The time is near at hand, when the great joy of the week to the children of the United States will be the hour and a half of the Sunday school. Often, when hearing Mr. Dickens read, the thought occurred to us: What a splendid exercise some such reading as this for a Sunday school! Among a dozen teachers, surely there would always be one with a little natural aptitude for reading and personating, who would consent to go into training for a year or two, and then give all the children, every Sunday, half an hour of rapture, and an endless benefit, by reading something suitable.

Protestants who visit Catholic institutions for the first time, and converse with those who have charge of them, are surprised to find how little good Catholics differ from other good people. These teachers of the St. Stephen's Sunday school, for example, their *tone*, manner, feeling, cast of countenance, remind you continually of Protestant persons engaged in the same calling. They are as candid and open as the day. They are as truly and entirely convinced of the truth of their religion as any Protestant ever was of his, and their habitual feeling towards Protestants is — compassion. They think their religion is altogether sweet and engaging, full of comfort and hope; and they yearn to see all the world partaking of its joys and consolations. Just as we in our ignorance pity them, so do they in their ignorance pity us. The habitual feeling of good Catholics, with regard to their church and the rest of the world, was well and truly expressed by the late pastor of St. Stephen's, Dr. Cummings: —

"World of Grace! mysterious Temple!
Holy, Apostolic, One!
Never changing, ever blessing
Every age and every zone;
Church, sweet Mother! may all nations
Know thee, love thee as of yore;
May thy children learn to prize thee,
Daily, hourly, more and more."

Ignorant Catholics, of course, like ignorant Protestants, sometimes despise or hate those who differ from them on subjects which are far beyond all human comprehension. But the general feeling of our Roman Catholic brethren towards us is a tender and warm desire that we should immediately abandon our gloomy and abortive religion, and come back to the true fold, where all is cheerfulness, certainty, and love, — especially, *certainty*! There is nothing they pity us so much for as the doubt and uncertainty in which they suppose many of us are living concerning fundamental articles of faith. A Catholic cannot doubt; for the instant he doubts he ceases to be a Catholic. His church is "infallible"; hence his doctrine must be right. His priest is the director of

his soul; he has but to obey his direction. Thus a good Catholic has intellectual satisfaction and peace of conscience both within his reach; and he truly pities those who grope in mental darkness, and carry the burden of their sins, without the possibility of ever being *quite* sure they are forgiven. The priest says: "I absolve thee"; but it is on certain conditions named, with which a person can comply, and with which he can *know* he has complied.

There is an impression among Protestants that the Catholic priests are not believers in their own creed; but that, being convinced of the necessity which exists in unformed minds of believing something absurd and fictitious, they recognize that necessity, and have organized superstition without sharing it. We sometimes hear Protestants parodying the ancient remark concerning the Roman augurs, and wondering whether two priests can ever look one another in the face without laughing. That there are Catholic statesmen and monarchs who take this view of the religion they profess is probable enough. Voltaire himself admitted, when his house had been robbed, that hell was an excellent thing to frighten thieves with, and he consigned to it the particular thieves in question most heartily. His friend, Frederick of Prussia, who was as thoroughgoing an unbeliever as himself, was in the habit of laughing at Voltaire's zeal against the faith of Christendom; and used to tell him, that, even if he could succeed in destroying that faith, which he could not, every ignorant mind would immediately attach itself to falsehoods still more extravagant and pernicious. At that day, too, there were not wanting in France abbés and bishops who passed their lives in deriding the church from which they derived their subsistence. But even then and there the vast majority of the working clergy were perfectly sincere and very laborious pastors, and gave the hungry peasant the greater part of the little comfort he enjoyed.

No candid person can associate much with the Catholic priests of the United States without becoming aware of the entireness and strength of their faith in the doctrines they teach, — without being convinced of their fidelity to the vows they have taken. Why remain priests if they have ceased to believe? It is not the life a false man would choose in *this* country. What with the early masses, the great number of services, the daily and nightly calls to the bedside of the dying, the labor and anxiety of hearing confessions, the deprivation of domestic enjoyments, the poverty (the Archbishop of New York has but four thousand dollars a year and his house), and what with the social stigma which in some communities the very name of Catholic carries with it, — there are few vocations in which a fervent believer would find more joy, and in which a hypocrite would suffer so much weariness and disgust. In one sickly time, two years ago, an assistant priest of a populous New York parish was summoned sixty-five times in eight days to administer the communion to dying persons, and forty-five of those times were between sunset and sunrise. The salary of an assistant priest, in these dear times, is four hundred dollars a year, a room, and a portion of the fees he receives for marriages, baptisms, and masses for the dead, — the whole being a bare subsistence, averaging about eight hundred dollars a year. The pastor of a church receives six hundred dollars a year, a house, and a portion of the fees just mentioned. In a few very extensive city parishes the priest may get a little more money than he really needs; but the great majority receive just enough for the three necessities, — food, clothes, and charity.

The manner in which our Roman Catholic brethren select and train their priests insures at least sincerity. It is a training which, in favorable cases, develops every noble trait of human nature except one, — the sceptical, question-asking faculty, to which all improvement, all progress, is due. Some of the sweetest, purest, and loveliest

human beings on this earth are Roman Catholic priests. I have had the pleasure, once in my life, of conversing with an absolute gentleman: one in whom all the little vanities, all the little greedinesses, all the paltry fuss, worry, affection, haste, and anxiety springing from imperfectly disciplined self-love,—all had been consumed; and the whole man was kind, serene, urbane, and utterly sincere. This perfect gentleman was a Roman Catholic bishop, who had spent thirty years of his life in the woods near Lake Superior, trying (and failing, as he frankly owned) to convert rascally Chippeways into tolerable human beings. "I make pretty good Christians of some of them," said he; "but *men*? No: it is impossible." But while I so highly rate this exquisite human being, I must remember that his task in life had been far easier than ours. The two grand difficulties of human life he never encountered,—the difficulty of earning his subsistence, and the difficulty of rearing a family. "Thirteen year of temper in a palace," says Doctor Marigold, "would try the worst of you; but thirteen year of temper in a cart would try the best of you." The Catholic priest *ought* to be far gentler and sweeter than other men, since he has neither a cart to drive nor a temper to live with. It is also much easier to live in a grand, lofty, contemplative way, in the forest, than in New York or Chicago. A Catholic priest, indeed, would be much to blame if he failed to attain a high degree of serenity, moral refinement, and paternal dignity.

The training of priests is severe and long. They come to the altar to be ordained, with faces pallid and wasted by long fasting and late watching. Years before, when they were little boys in the Sunday school, they were noted for their docility, and their interest in all that related to the Church. The pastor marked them, observed them. As soon as they were old enough, they aspired to serve the priest at the altar; and this ambition was, at length, after due trial and preparation, gratified, to the great delight and pride of parents and rela-

tions. A Protestant can hardly imagine the joy of Catholic parents at seeing their son ministering to the priest at the altar. Besides being a conspicuous reward for his good behavior, and a kind of guaranty of his future good conduct, it is also something done toward his eternal salvation. Our Roman Catholic brethren, abounding in faith as they are, scoff at the idea of being "justified by faith alone," and feel themselves bound "to work out their salvation." The zealous lad, impelled partly by this motive, but chiefly by natural love of the self-denying and devoted, soon belongs to the select band of altar boys, who glory in assisting at the earliest mass, and in masses performed at midnight. The pastor converses with the parents, and if they consent, but cannot afford the expense of educating the boy for the priesthood, ways are found of aiding him through the preliminary studies. Those studies,—what are they? Latin, Greek, theology, and whatever else cultivates the imagination and assists faith, without giving play to that best something in the best human minds which will not take things for granted,—which inquires, doubts, denies, reasons, and presses on to better ways of thinking. That most powerful instinct, too, which urges the young man, like the spring bird, to seek his mate, has to be extinguished or controlled; and to this end fasting, watching, and other painful mortifications are enjoined, increasing in intensity as the time draws near for the final and irrevocable act of renunciation. With pinched cheeks and sunken eyes, and souls on fire, the young men kneel to receive ordination, while all good Catholics who look upon the scene are filled with a feeling that would be compassion if it were not triumphant joy. "We believe," says a convert, who witnessed the ceremony lately, "there were few dry eyes in that basement chapel when the long ceremony came to its close, when the last words of benediction had been given to the newly consecrated priests by the uplifted hands of the bishop; and cold and self-

ish must have been the heart which did not linger to send up a fervent petition that God would give perseverance to those youthful and self-devoted laborers in his vineyard. But never shall we forget the zeal and eagerness with which the first mass of each new priest was attended, or how the crowd, men, women, children, pressed forward at its close to receive the benediction from those innocent and now sanctified palms. So precious is this first blessing from a newly ordained priest, that old priests and even bishops come eagerly forward, and bow their heads under the freshly anointed hands."

Sincere! The sincerest believers in the world are our Roman Catholic brethren. Faith, like every other faculty or habit, grows strong by exercise. Every time a Catholic attends mass, he is required to perform the most tremendous act of faith ever attempted by the human mind since its creation. Whatever may be weak or wanting in Catholics, they abound in faith.

Our Roman Catholic brethren are acquiring so great an estate in the United States, and acquiring it so rapidly, that it becomes a matter of public concern how they get it, what they do with it, and, especially, what they *will* do with it by and by, when it shall have become the largest property held in the country by or for an organization. Other organizations usually live from hand to mouth; but, somehow, the Catholics always contrive to have a little money ahead, to invest for the future. The Catholic Church, seven tenths of whose members are exempt from the income tax because their income is under a thousand dollars a year, is a capitalist, and has the advantage over other organizations which a man has over his fellows who, besides earning his livelihood, has a thousand dollars to operate with. There are spots in the Western country, over which the prairie winds now sweep without obstruction, that will one day be the sites of great cities. Our Roman Catholic brethren mark those spots, and construct maps upon which, not exist-

ing towns alone are indicated, but probable towns also. A professor of one of our Western colleges saw, two years ago at Rome, a better map of the country west of the Mississippi than he ever saw at home; upon which the line of the Pacific Railroad was traced, and every spot was dotted where a settlement would naturally gather, and a conjecture recorded as to its probable importance. Five hundred dollars judiciously invested in certain localities now will buy land which, in fifty years, or in twenty, may be worth one hundred millions. Thirty-seven years ago the best thousand acres of the site of Chicago could have been bought for a dollar and a quarter an acre; and there is one man now in Chicago who owns a lot worth twenty thousand dollars which he bought of the government for fifteen cents and five eighths. Now, there are in the Roman Catholic Church men whose business it is to turn such facts to the advantage of the church, and there is also a systematic provision of money for them to expend for the purpose.

Look at our island of Manhattan! Sixty-seven years ago there were but one or two small Catholic churches upon it. It was not until 1808 that there was such a personage as a Roman Catholic bishop of New York. Run over the diocese now, and what do we find? Churches, 83; chapels attached to institutions, 29; colleges and theological seminaries, 4; academies and select schools, 23; parochial schools, one to nearly every church; charitable asylums and hospitals, 11; religious communities of men, 6; of women, 10. But this enumeration, as every New-Yorker knows, conveys no idea of the facts. Everything which our Roman Catholic brethren buy or build is bought or built with two objects in view,—duration and growth. Hence massive structures, and plenty of land! Wherever on this island, or on the lovely waters near it, you observe a spot upon which nature and circumstances have assembled every charm and every advantage, there the fore-

sight and enterprise of this wonderful organization have placed, or are placing, something enormous and solid with a cross over it. The marble cathedral which is to contain ten thousand persons is going up on the precise spot on the Fifth Avenue which will be the very best for the purpose as long as the city stands. Yet, when that site was selected, several years ago, in the rocky wilds beyond the cattle-market, no one would have felt its value except a John Jacob Astor or a Roman Catholic Archbishop. This marvellous church so possesses itself of its members, that Catholic priests are as wise and acute and pushing for the church as the consummate man of business is for his own estate. Our excellent and zealous friends, the Paulist Fathers, when they planted themselves on the Ninth Avenue opposite Weehawken, bought a whole block; and thus, for less money than one house-lot will be worth in five years, secured room enough for the expansion of their community and its operations for ten centuries! And there is the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in the upper part of the island, — the old Lorillard country-seat; and the great establishments of the Sisters of Charity on the Hudson, where Edwin Forrest built his toy-castle, — were ever sites better chosen? Mark, too, the extent of the grounds, the solidity of the buildings, and the forethought and good sense which have presided over all the arrangements.

All these things cost money, though bought and built with most admirable economy. Fifty million dollars' worth of land and buildings the church probably owns in the diocese of New York; one half of which, perhaps, it acquired by buying land when land was cheap, and keeping it till it has become dear. Protestants will not fail to note the wisdom of this, and to reflect upon the weakness and distracted inefficiency of *our* mode of doing business. But the question remains: How was the other half of this great estate accumulated in half a century by an organization drawing its revenues chiefly

from mechanics, small store-keepers, laborers, and servant-girls? Why, in the simplest way possible, and without laying a heavy burden on any one. The glory of the Catholic Church, as we all know, is, that it is the church of the poor; and in this fact consists its strength, as well as its glory.

The unit of the Catholic Church is the parish. A certain number of parishes constitute the diocese, and a certain number of dioceses form an arch-diocese; but the beginning of everything is the parish. Just as a company of troops is at once a whole and a part, small in itself, but imaging in its organization the whole army, independent and yet subordinate, such is a parish to the Church Universal. It so happens that a new parish is now organizing in the city of New York, which includes the house in which this article is forming out of chaos; and I can read from the front windows, stuck upon a lamp-post (in violation of an ordinance), a handbill which explains how it is done: —



"NOTICE TO CATHOLICS.

"A NEW PARISH.

"The Most Reverend Archbishop McCloskey has appointed the undersigned to take charge of a new parish, which will extend from the east side of Fourth Avenue to the East River, and from the north side of Eighteenth Street to the south side of Twenty-Fourth Street.

DEMILT HALL,

Northwest corner of Second Avenue and Twenty-Ninth Street, will be opened on and after Sunday, Jan. 5th, 1868, for divine service.

"On Sundays, at Eight o'clock.

"High Mass, Nine o'clock.

"On Holy Days of Obligation, Mass at Seven and at Nine.

"On other days, Mass at Seven.

"Sunday school will meet at the Hall on Sundays at Eight o'clock, A. M., and will continue one hour after Mass.

"At the Eight-o'clock Mass on Sundays, and at the Nine-o'clock Mass on Holy Days, a portion of the Hall will be reserved for children.

"Confessions will be heard every Saturday, commencing at Four o'clock, P. M.

"R. L. BURSELL, D. D., *Pastor.*

"CHRISTMAS DAY, 1867."

Observe now the simplicity and efficiency of the system. St. Stephen's parish, containing twenty-five thousand Catholic souls, had become too populous to be adequately served by one church; and therefore this slice (a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, containing, perhaps, ten thousand Catholics) is cut off from it to form a new parish. The archbishop looks about among his clergy for a priest fitted by nature and circumstances to organize a parish and provide for it suitable buildings. The priest selected feels himself honored by the appointment; it is promotion to him; it is reward and stimulus. He comes to his new field unshackled, except by the general laws and usages of the Church. The same Church which tries and tests with such unrelenting severity the candidates for the priesthood trusts her priests with great freedom, great power, great responsibility, while supplying them with the most powerful motives to exertion. She supplies both kinds of motives, the noble and the commonplace. This priest has a church to build, schools to form, a parish to create. He has no wife: the Church is his spouse. He has no child: the Church is his HEIR! Professional pride, *esprit du corps*, human ambition, and all the other ordinary motives to exertion, conspire in this man with benevolence and religion: since he firmly and entirely believes that the Roman Catholic Church is the sweetest, holiest, sublimest thing known to man,—his best consolation here, and his surest passport to happiness yonder.

In union there is strength; and yet when a thing is to be done, one man must do it. Our Roman Catholic brethren contrive to work at once, with the power of a union of two hundred millions of members, and with the efficient force which only an individual can wield. This priest of the unformed parish is as independent as the captain of a frigate on his own quarter-deck, who must ever keep an eye on the signals of the admiral's ship, but who when the signal says *Go in*, lays his ship alongside, and carries on the action in his own way, subject only to the rules of the service. This priest, too, is not required to waste his force and the best of his time in writing brilliant sermons for the entertainment of a cloyed, fastidious congregation. His is healthier, manlier work. He has to do, at times, with contractors, masons, carpenters, architects. He is out of doors a good deal, watching the progress of buildings, upon the erection of which his heart is set, and the completion of which will gratify his pride as well as his benevolence, besides entitling him to consideration elsewhere. Seeing what a healthy and full life these Catholic priests lead, I no longer wonder to find them so round, contented, cheerful, and merry.

Our priest, as we see in the hand-bill, hires a hall, and begins. The enterprise is self-sustaining from the first day. His three masses on Sunday, his daily mass, his vespers services, his pew-rents, his fees, bring in money enough for all expenses, and a surplus for the church which is to be erected. At every mass there is a collection. A building committee is formed; subscription-books are opened; fairs are held. In seven years, come to this new parish, and you shall see: 1. A large and handsome church; 2. A good parsonage, next door to it; 3. A five or six story building adjoining for a parochial school, with two thousand children in it under the instruction of the Sisters of Charity and the Christian Brothers. This is no exaggeration; for I am only stating here what has actually occurred in the next par-

ish,—that of the Immaculate Conception, in East Fourteenth Street. Seven years ago, when Dr. Morrogh was appointed pastor of this parish, there was neither church, parsonage, nor school. He now has an excellent church, which he is about to enlarge, a sufficient parsonage, and an exceedingly spacious and handsome school-house, wherein, by the time these lines are read, he will have twenty-five hundred children. It is true that Dr. Morrogh possesses unusual executive ability; but, on the other hand, his church is in the heart of one of the tenement-house regions, and he probably has not a hundred men in his parish who ever have a hundred dollars all at once. Probably he can boast—and a proud boast it is for a Christian minister—that nine tenths of his flock are laboring men and domestic servants. And it is these poor people who have solaced themselves by paying for these buildings, which cannot have cost less than two hundred thousand dollars. Nor has it been a heavy burden to any one but the pastor. “Many a night I have lain awake,” said he, “wondering where the money was to come from to go on with.” But for the people of the parish it was easy enough. Are there not fifteen thousand of them? If each contributes ten cents a week, does it not come to seventy-eight thousand dollars a year?

The regular revenues of a Catholic church in a city are numerous and large. Here is the Church of St. Stephen's, for example; let us endeavor to estimate its income:—

Six-o'clock mass on Sunday morning . . .	\$10.00
Seven-o'clock mass . . .	25.00
Nine-o'clock . . .	25.00
Sunday-school collection . . .	10.00
High mass at half past ten . . .	40.00
Vespers . . .	20.00
Six week-day masses, in all . . .	25.00
Total weekly income . . .	\$155.00

This is equal to \$8,060 for a year. Add to this the rent of 600 pews, at an average of \$75 each, and we have an annual revenue of \$53,060. The pew-rent, I believe, averages more than this; although the pews stand open to every

comer, except at high mass and vespers.

Such is the income. The expenses are not great:—

Pastor's salary . . .	\$600
Three assistant priests, in all . . .	1,200
Sexton, not more than . . .	1,000
Organist, probably . . .	1,000
Choir, about . . .	4,000
Fire and gas, possibly . . .	1,000
Total expenses . . .	\$8,800

This leaves an excess of income over expenditure of \$42,260. This excess, except a small annual tax for the archbishop and the general interests of the diocese, is all expended in the parish. Upon most of these new city churches there is a debt which has to be provided for. If the parish is old enough to be out of debt, you may be sure it needs a new or an enlarged church, for which a fund is forming. If its church is sufficient, and the parsonage adequate, then you may expect to see the pastor directing the construction of a parochial school-house, large enough to draw off from the over-crowded public schools of the neighborhood the two thousand too many children on their rolls. Or, perhaps, there is connected with the church a religious community whose operations are expensive. Thus, by the unstimulated, quiet operation of the system, all our cities will be covered with costly Catholic structures, which will constantly increase in splendor and number. In some New England villages, and in several New England towns, the Catholic Church is already much the most solid, spacious, and ornate ecclesiastical edifice in the place. It must be so; for the poor, besides being more generous than the rich, are hundreds of times more numerous, and their pennies flow in a continuous stream. Nor do they confine their gifts to copper coin. “An Irish housemaid,” says a paragraph just afloat, “has given a stained-glass window to the Catholic Church at Concord, New Hampshire.” Nothing more credible. Two servant-girls, in this very house where I am now writing, educated their brother for the priest-

hood,—keeping on, year after year, spending nothing for their personal gratification, literally nothing, but sustaining him respectably, until one ecstatic day they went off in their Sunday clothes, their two faces radiant with joy, to see him ordained. Having accomplished this work, they next saved the sum requisite (\$ 250 each) for their honorable admission into a laborious religious order, in which they now are. And yet the self-indulgent Parlor has the insolence to think itself morally superior to the self-denying Kitchen. The Recording Angel, if there is such a book-keeper, has something to enter to the credit of the Kitchen much oftener, probably, than he has to that of the apartments above it.

But we are talking of the financial system of the church. The archbishop, as before observed, draws a small sum annually from each parish; he also derives something from the revenues of the cathedral; and he controls the large fund arising from the sale of lots in the Catholic cemeteries,—all of which are the property of the diocese. Our Roman Catholic brethren decidedly prefer to be buried in cemeteries of their own. No strict Catholic will bury a member of his family in Greenwood or Mount Auburn, for he does not feel that God Almighty's ground is quite good enough for his bones to moulder in until a bishop has said a few words over it. We must pardon him this harmless foible, in consideration of our own similar weaknesses. The fact remains, however, that the income of the cemeteries adds something considerable to the central fund of the diocese, which is applied to objects of diocesan importance. We may illustrate the working of this part of the system by showing how the new cathedral in the city of New York was started, how it has been continued, and how it is to be carried on to completion. This edifice will probably cost two millions of dollars. It would cost ten millions if it were to be built by the city government.

When Archbishop Hughes made up

his mind, about ten years ago, that the time had come for beginning a cathedral that would be worthy of the chief city of the Union, the debt upon the old cathedral had not been extinguished, the cemetery fund was almost consumed in enlarging and improving the cemeteries themselves, and the archbishop was dependent for his mere maintenance upon the product of the tax upon the parishes. No matter; the time had come for beginning; and every New-Yorker now sees how perfectly the commencement of the enterprise was timed. But there was no money. If it had been a Protestant enterprise, this fact would have presented a slight impediment. It is only our Roman Catholic brethren who can undertake two-million-dollar cathedrals without having any money. The archbishop caused a circular letter to be written, announcing his design, and requesting the person addressed to contribute toward it one thousand dollars. A copy of this letter, signed by the archbishop, was sent to every Catholic in the diocese known to be rich enough to afford himself the luxury of giving away a thousand dollars. A similar letter, also signed by the archbishop, was addressed to every Catholic who could be supposed capable of giving five hundred dollars; and another letter to many who could be rationally expected to give two hundred and fifty dollars; each of whom was invited to confer upon himself the pleasure and advantage of giving the sum mentioned in the epistle addressed to him. Such requests are never made without due consideration, and they are seldom refused. Nor is the church too particular as to *whose* money it shall accept. I have before me a Catholic subscription paper, on which may be read:—

Charles O'Connor	\$ 250.00
John Morrissey	500.00

All is fish that comes to the church's net. By this expedient the archbishop raised three hundred thousand dollars,—enough to buy the land, lay the foundation, and carry up the walls a few feet. About the time the war broke

out the money was gone, and it was highly convenient to stop. The orphans and the widows of the war were a heavy charge upon all the city parishes. The ordinary collections at Christmas and Easter (sacred to the orphan in all Catholic churches) were utterly insufficient, and the people were called upon for further aid, which of course they gave most liberally. It was obviously not a time to be building marble cathedrals for posterity, and so the walls were carefully boarded over. The war being ended, the new archbishop issued a requisition, calling upon each pastor of a parish for a contribution to the cathedral fund, and allowing him a certain time in which to collect it. Work upon the building has been resumed, and will probably go on until it is completed; for the old cathedral is out of debt, and the cemetery fund is now productive.

The archbishop, be it observed, is the almost absolute ruler of the priests of his province. He places them, removes them, suspends them, according to his own good will and pleasure, subject to the laws and usages of the church. There is no appeal against his decisions, except to Rome; and this resource is seldom within the compass of a priest. Rome is far away, and a priest appealing against the judgment of his superior must have a very good case or a very good friend, in order to obtain a favorable judgment. But, on the other hand, a dignitary of the church is severely and long tested before promotion, and he is practically elected by the very men whom he is afterwards to govern. Soon after the death of an archbishop, the higher clergy of the province assemble to express their preferences with regard to his successor. They send three names to Rome. Opposite the first name is written, *Dignus*, worthy. Opposite the second, *Dignior*, worthier. Opposite the third name is written, *Dignissimus*, most worthy. The office is almost invariably assigned to the person whom his brethren thus indicate as their choice. The instances are rare in

which an American prelate has abused his power over the clergy, and I believe no priest has yet applied to Rome for the redress of a grievance.

Among our Roman Catholic brethren the instinct of organizing and co-operating is wonderfully developed. I have before me a list, not complete, of the Catholic orders, which contains the names of two hundred and fifty-one varieties, each of which is an expression and a permanent gratification of the desire of some benevolent soul. One example: Two hundred and fifty years ago, a French priest, named Vincent de Paul, was requested by a lady of his flock to call the attention of the congregation to the case of a destitute family lying sick a mile from the town. He did so, and with such effect that the poor people were supplied with food in profusion, so that much of it was spoiled before they could consume it. This priest, being one of those men whom every event instructs, was led to reflect upon the need there was in every large town of having the benign impulses regulated, and the gifts of the benevolent husbanded, so that none of them should be wasted, and the supply should never be exhausted. The result of his meditations we behold in the order of the Sisters of Charity, which all the world approves, and will ever approve. But this was not all the good arising from Father Vincent's reflections. To-day nearly every Catholic parish in large towns, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, has within it a society called a "Conference of St. Vincent de Paul," the object of which is the systematic and judicious relief of the poor of the parish. These societies form one vast system of charity; each conference reporting to a diocesan centre, each diocese reporting to a national centre, and each nation to the Head Centre of the organization,—a cardinal residing at Paris. From him again, as the blood pulses back from the heart to the extremities, a quarterly report is sent to every corner of Christendom, which reaches every individual member of each conference. Any reader curious

to know the practical working of the system can gratify his desire by expending ten cents at any Catholic bookstore, where he can buy the "Rules of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul."

Then there is the "Propaganda," or, as we should term it, the missionary system. This, too, is an organization which embraces the whole world, and to the funds of which tens of millions of Catholics contribute. Each member of the organization gives one cent a week toward the extension of the domain of the Church. In every ten members there is one person who is authorized to receive the weekly coppers, and pay the dime over to an individual who is the centre of ten tens. By the time the money reaches *his* hands it has become a dollar, and he hands the dollar to one who receives for ten of these ten tens. We have now rolled up the sum to ten dollars, which is paid to the head of ten of the hundred tens; and so it goes on swelling until it reaches the chief of the propaganda, another cardinal, who lives at Lyons. He, in turn, sends to the societies a report of the grand result, which, by a system of handing from one ten to another, is made to reach every giver of a weekly cent. Thus is the money raised which sustains the Church beyond the bounds of Christendom, and buys the sites of churches where as yet there is no human habitation.

There is no end to the charities of our Roman Catholic brethren and sisters, and all that they do in this way is done with the efficiency and power of a disciplined organization. An admirable case in point is that of a community in Paris, which consists of an equal number of blind and seeing sisters. In each cell there is one of each; and it is part of the occupation of the sister who can see to aid, wait upon, and read to the sister who is blind. It does the heart good merely to know that such a sweet device as this has ever been conceived. There is a little book published in Paris (and we ought to have such in our cities) which contains a catalogue and brief

account of all the charitable organizations there, — *Manuel des Œuvres et Institutions de Charité. Publié par Ordre de M^{re} l'Archevêque, &c.* It contains a description of one hundred and ninety-two benevolent societies and systems. Any one would be puzzled to think of a malady, misfortune, deprivation, or peril for which there does not exist in Catholic Paris some organized remedy, mitigation, or prevention. The mere enumeration would exhaust all my remaining space, and I can only mention a few. There are societies for aiding mothers before, during, and after confinement; some of which give indoor, others out-door aid; some bearing the whole charge, others part; some aiding mothers themselves to form a fund against the time, and others insuring the required aid, whenever needed, in return for the payment of a small sum periodically. There are societies for the preservation and assistance of every conceivable description of needy children, — lost children, abandoned children, neglected children, destitute children, bad children, blind, deaf and dumb, and crippled children; children subject to fits, convalescent children, children whose mothers have to go out to work, children who want to be apprenticed and cannot pay the required premium, children who have no one to teach them their catechism; orphan children in asylums, orphan children living with relatives, orphan children in places, orphan children adopted, Polish orphans, Jewish orphans. Besides special hospitals for almost every kind of curable and incurable maladies, there are asylums for every description of disabled persons, — the blind, the deaf and dumb, the crippled, the aged, the imbecile, the incompetent of all kinds and degrees. And this vast system of charity is carried on by our Roman Catholic brethren and sisters, and most of the work is done by persons dedicated for life to the service of the afflicted, and trained to discharge their vocation in the best manner.

It is interesting to observe how each

part of the Catholic system, besides promoting the general object, works in special harmony with special aims. Example: it is the wish, it is the fixed intention, of our Roman Catholic brethren, to have a free school in every parish in the United States sufficient for the accommodation of all the Catholic children resident in the parish. In the diocese of New York there are sixty-one of these parochial schools, in which about twenty-five thousand pupils are taught, greatly to the relief of the cruelly crowded public schools. The religious instruction given in these schools consists of a lesson in the catechism, the saying of a few short Catholic prayers, the reading of the Gospel for the day, and an occasional exhortation; the whole occupying, on an average, twenty minutes a day. But it is not for the sake of the direct religious instruction that the pastors are so desirous of having parochial schools. There are several orders in the church which are devoted to the work of instruction, — the Christian Brothers, some of the Sisters of Charity, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and many more. It is from these orders that the teachers of the parochial schools are drawn; and it is the *Catholicizing* effect, upon the minds of the children, of these still, self-contained, cheerful persons that the pastors chiefly value. There is a marvellous economy, too, in the system; for these pious sisters and devoted brothers only require the necessities of life. Dr. Morrogh pays into the treasury of the Sisters of Charity two hundred dollars per annum for each sister employed in his school! The sisters live at the house of their order in Fifteenth Street, and go forth every morning to the schools to spend a laborious day in instructing ignorance, returning at noon and at night to their religious home. It will cost Dr. Morrogh about eight thousand dollars to sustain his school, possibly ten thousand. It would cost the city of New York eighteen thousand dollars. It happened to be a snowy day on which I visited this school, and no one went home to dinner. But when

dinner time came, an apparatus containing a hot dinner for the sisters was brought round to them from their home near by, and they all sat down together in a nice little room to enjoy it, with the musical accompaniment of twelve hundred romping girls.

Surely there is something admirable and imitable in all this.

Of course there is shadow to be put into the picture. This amazing organization, or system of organizations, is the accumulated practical wisdom of many thousand years; but it is the work of imperfect human beings, and partakes of their imperfection. "There is a provision in nature," says Goethe, "to prevent trees from growing up into the sky." Else, Commodore Vanderbilt would own all the railroads, and we should all turn Catholics immediately. Every Protestant knows, or thinks he knows, precisely what the defect is which prevents this interesting tree from growing up into the sky, and spreading its branches over the whole earth. I think I know. I think it is because there is not a sufficient provision in it for adapting its doctrine to the advancing mind of the race. Perhaps, however, it is the modernized mind that is in fault.

Our Roman Catholic brethren, for example, firmly believe that miracles are daily wrought among them. They inform me, that the most noted miracle yet performed in the United States occurred in the city of Washington on the 10th of March, 1824. Bishop England, of Charleston, who ranked very high in the estimation of his brethren, investigated this miracle, published an account of it, and appended to his narrative the affidavits of thirty-seven persons, all of whom testified to the miraculous nature of the event. Mrs. Ann Mattingly, widow, aged thirty-four, residing with her brother, the Mayor of Washington, had been afflicted for six years with a hard and painful tumor in the lower part of the left breast, which four of the leading physicians of the city pronounced incurable, and for which they prescribed only palliative applica-

tions and medicines. She suffered all that a woman could suffer and live, — vomitings of blood, intense chills, pain almost insupportable, a most distressing cough, until she was reduced to a skeleton, and lay at death's door. From long lying in bed, her shoulders and back were ulcerated to such a degree that it was torture to her to have her linen changed or to move in bed. In the fifth year of her illness the tidings began to be spread abroad in America of the wonderful cures wrought in Europe through the prayers of a certain Prince Hohenlohe, a venerated priest of the Catholic Church; and some of the friends of the afflicted lady besought her to make known her sufferings to this holy man, and beg his intercession in her behalf. The pastor of her church, with the consent of the Archbishop of Baltimore, wrote to the princely priest, — as many others did in all parts of the world, — asking his prayers for this lady's recovery. The priest ascertained, however, that the Prince Hohenlohe had already made known his intentions with regard to all sick persons out of Europe who desired his prayers. He would pray for such on the tenth day of every month at nine o'clock in the morning, and he called upon all who wished to enjoy the benefit of his intercession to fulfil certain conditions. They must have faith in the efficacy of prayers; they must repent anew and deeply of their sins; they must form an immovable purpose to lead an exemplary life; they must perform a Novena, or nine days' devotion, in honor of the Holy Name of Jesus; they must confess, do penance, and receive the sacrament; and, finally, on the appointed day, the tenth of any month, at nine A. M., they must unite in prayers with the prince, far away on the other side of the ocean.

With all these conditions Mrs. Ann Mattingly complied. The priest of her church, two hundred of her friends and fellow-Catholics, as well as some other sick persons, shared in the Novena, and the archbishop of the province "graciously promised to join in prayer with them on the appointed day, 10th of

March instant." The Novena was begun on the first day of March, 1824, so that it might end on the tenth. As there is a difference of six hours between the time at Washington and at the place in Germany where the prince lived, the priest appointed the hour of three in the morning for the last solemn act of supplication, and so notified all the families and persons concerned. At nine in the evening before, Mrs. Mattingly, who apparently had not many hours to live, confessed, and received absolution. At two in the morning, the priest who was in special charge of the Novena said mass in the church, and carried thence the sacrament to the afflicted lady's room, where he arrived about half past two. She was then so low and so incessantly tormented by a cough, that the priest was apprehensive she would die before she had communed. The sacrament, however, was administered, and it cost the lady a painful effort of six minutes to swallow it. The solemn ceremony being ended, the priest wrapped up the sacred vessels and implements, gave the usual blessing to the kneeling family (five in number, all of whom swear to these and the following statements), and was making his last adoration of the host before leaving, when he heard a deep sigh issuing from the direction of the bed. He turned, and behold, — a miracle! Mrs. Mattingly sat up, stretched her arms forward, clasped her hands, and said, in a clear, though weak voice, "Lord Jesus, what have I done to deserve so great a favor?" Sobs and shrieks burst from the persons present. The priest rose from his knees, and hastened to the bedside. She raised his hand. "Ghostly father," she cried, "what can I do to acknowledge such a blessing?" "Glory be to God!" he exclaimed; "we may say so. O, what a day for us!" On being asked to tell what she felt, she said, "Not the least pain left."

She went on to say, that, being overcome by her sufferings, and in expectation of immediate death, she had said to herself, "Lord Jesus, thy will be

done!" and at that instant she was completely relieved from all her pains. "I wish to get up," she cried joyfully, "and give thanks to God on my knees"; and so she did, and remained kneeling for fifteen minutes without fatigue. She walked; she dressed herself; she came down to breakfast; she ate heartily, and remained up all day, receiving the visits of friends and strangers, who came in crowds to see her. Every trace of the tumor was gone! *The ulcers upon her back had vanished, and left no scar*; and, what was strangest of all, the matter which those ulcers had discharged had all disappeared, both from the bed-clothes and from her own night-dress!! Upon this last point Bishop England is emphatic. "I am perfectly convinced," he says, "that, were I disposed to collect the testimony relating thereto, it would appear to the satisfaction of every unbiased, impartial, and judicious reader, unquestionable, that as miraculous a change took place in the state of the clothing of the bed and of the body as there did in the state of the body itself."

This assertion of the excellent Bishop is safe, because upon such subjects *no* reader is unbiased, *no* reader is impartial.

This narrative illustrates a very important difference between our Roman Catholic brethren and ourselves. A good Catholic, no matter what his rank or culture, believes in such things without an effort. It was not necessary for the faith of Catholics that Bishop England should gather such a mass of testimony. Three good witnesses would have sufficed quite as well as three dozen. But no amount or quality of testimony could convince a Protestant mind that Mrs. Mattingly's tumor was cured miraculously, and her linen miraculously cleansed. For my part, if the President and Vice-President, if the whole Cabinet, both houses of Congress, and the judges of

the Supreme Court, had all sworn that they saw this thing done, and I myself had seen it,—nay, if the tumor had been on my own body, and had seemed to myself to be suddenly healed,—still I should think it more probable that all those witnesses, including myself, were mistaken, than that such a miracle had been performed. Such is the incredulity of a modernized mind, especially if that modernized mind has occasionally served on a jury, and so learned the value of human testimony.

How different with Catholics! "Why!" says Father Hecker, "we do not worship a dead God! Where is the improbability? No one doubts God's ability to heal his faithful servants; why should we find it so hard to believe that he does so? Protestants usually admit that miracles were once performed, and they still use language in their prayers which implies an expectation of miraculous aid. We Catholics have a living practical *faith* in Providence, which you Protestants think you have, and have not. And where is your authority for saying that, during a certain period of the world's history, miracles were wrought, but that there came a moment when they ceased to be wrought? Why is it rational to believe in a miracle which occurred Anno Domini 32, but wholly irrational to believe in one wrought Anno Domini 1868?"

These are not the precise words of the able and devoted Superior of the Paulists, but such are some of his ideas. I did not, do not, cannot answer his questions. My office is merely that of reporter, and, with the permission of the gentle reader, I will continue my report in a future number of this magazine. I have yet to relate the special measures now on foot for the conversion of us all, and the grounds upon which our Roman Catholic brethren rest their confident expectation of being in another generation or two the dominant church of the United States.

THE POISON OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

THE animal kingdom adds but two active poisons to the numberless fatal agents which form in bark and seed, or get new birth by annual dozens from the chemist's laboratory.

These two animal poisons are furnished by the race of venomous serpents and by the toad, whose ancient and evil reputation modern toxicology has finally justified by discovering in the mucus of his skin a deadly and rapid poison. The other animal substances which injure we may pass over here, because the venom of the centipede or the scorpion is rarely fatal, and at all events is not to be compared to the potent material which the rattlesnake, cobra, or viper deals out to its victim:

The venom of the serpent is certainly one of the most powerful of all the poisons; and it therefore strikes us as strange, that, for devilish devices to kill, men have plundered vegetable and mine, but have left to the serpent untouched his death-giving juices. So far is this from the popular belief, that venom has been for ages supposed to form part of certain famous poisons, and within a few years it was thought to be the chief ingredient in the well-known arrow poison of South America. The symptoms of venom-toxication are, however, distinct. It only injures when placed under the skin or deep in the tissues, and it is absolutely as harmless as bread when swallowed. To have been used by the poisoner it must, therefore, have been lodged in the tissues, — a difficult task; and we should have then found related a certain set of symptoms which would be unmistakable as evidence of the character of the poison. No such histories exist; and the doubtful case of the Queen of Egypt is the only one where the venom of the serpent figures upon the pages of historic poisonings.

The savage has been equally unwill-

ing or unable to employ venom; and the various poisons with which he arms his spear or dart — such as the upas of the east and the various wooraras of South America and the Isthmus — are all found to be of vegetable origin, and to act differently from the poisons yielded by the snakes of the various countries in question.

It is to be presumed that the non-employment of a poison so fatal and so widely diffused has been due to the difficulty of securing it in quantity, and to the world-wide dread of serpents, rather than to any other cause. Such sentiments may have had something to do with the scientific neglect which so long left these poisons to be the subjects of a hundred fabulous tales, while other and far less interesting poisons have been studied over and over with never-ending care and patience. Not, however, that this has been the only reason. Science is fearless, and carries untrembling her all-revealing torch, with little regard to the fears and prejudices which check the steps of those who are not her followers and priests. But in Europe, where investigators are abundant, poisonous serpents are small and rare; whilst in lands where the snake exists in hideous plenty, the experimental toxicologist is rarely found, or lacks the means to carry on his pursuits. In Europe, also, the added interest which once belonged to the subject on account of the number of serpents has lessened with their gradual extinction; and, as man has not himself employed this poison, it has also wanted the fascination belonging to agents which, having once figured in some famous poisoning case, never again fail of interesting the chemist and toxicologist, who set about at once to discover antidotes and detective tests for each rare poison, as in turn it makes good this horrible claim to be

so considered. In this way the great Palmer case brought about the most careful study of both strychnia and tartar emetic; while the equally infamous Boccarmé poisoning in Belgium led to a thorough investigation of nicotine, which for the first time made its appearance upon the annals of crime.

Lacking this kind of interest, but surrounded by a haze of the strangest popular beliefs, the serpent venom got no fair examination until the researches of Francesco Redi, whose essay, originally in Italian, 1669, is now before me in Latin form, Amsterdam, 1675; a small volume of "*Experimenta circa res diversas naturales, speciatim illas, quæ ex Indiis adferuntur.*" On the title-page, a buxom figure of Science receives gifts from a plumed Indian with a crocodile comfortably bestowed under his arm. Charas, a better observer, wrote soon after Redi. His work, entitled "*New Experiments upon Vipers, with Exquisite Remedies, etc., now rendered English,*" London, 1673, set at rest many popular fallacies, and prepared the way for the more elaborate research made by the well-known Felix Fontana, and first published at Lucca in 1767. Of this remarkable toxicological study it is difficult to speak too highly. Resting upon at least three thousand experiments on all classes of animals, it displays an amount of industry and scientific sagacity which have been rarely equalled. A short chemical paper by Lucien Bonaparte, and scattered records of cases of poisoning, comprise nearly all that has been added to the subject, so far as concerns the viper. In the East Indies, Russell and Davy have since experimented with the venom of the cobra, and Dr. Ruz has given us an excellent account of the dreaded *vipère fer de lance* of Martinique, while in our own country the toxicology of the rattlesnake and copperhead have been studied of late with every advantage which the most modern methods could give. From these researches collectively we are able to offer a sketch of the toxicology of snake poisons which

will at least approach in completeness that which can be given of any of the best-known and more accessible poisons.

The United States possess but three kinds of poisonous serpents, known in popular language as rattlesnake, copperhead, and moccasin. The first of these having been the chief subject of study, we premise by stating that nearly all of our statements refer to this serpent. As a poisoner it ranks side by side with the cobra and viper *fer de lance*, and probably above the copperhead and the moccasin. In fact, all that we know at present leads us to believe that the venom of all serpents is alike in toxic character, and only differs in degree of virulence and in amount; so that what we gather as to the chemical and other qualities of the venom of any one serpent may, as a rule, be said to apply alike to all of this terrible family.

The rattlesnake, as every one knows, gets his name from the curious jointed appendix to the tail by which the hunter becomes aware of his neighborhood. We have seen one of these sets of rattles numbering eighteen joints, another thirty-six; which, if the vulgar notion be correct, would allot to the owner just so many years of life. We have known, however, three of these joints to form in forty summer days; so that it is probable the larger snakes might carry them by dozens, if they were not so brittle as constantly to be broken off and lost.

The attitude of a large rattlesnake when you come suddenly upon him is certainly one of the finest things to be seen in our forests. The vibrating tail projects from coils formed by about half the length of the snake, while the neck, lifted a few inches, is held in curves, the head perfectly steady, the eyes dull and leaden, the whole posture bold and defiant, and expressive of alertness and inborn courage.

Let us tease this gallant-looking reptile with a switch. He has power to throw his head forward only about one third to one half the length of his whole body, so that our game is safe enough.

Sometimes he will strike at the stick; usually he reserves his forces, judging wisely as to his own powers. At last, when he finds that he is getting nothing by pluck and endurance, he turns his head, and, unrolling coil from coil, glides away, not very swiftly, ready at a moment to coil anew, as a regiment forms square to receive a charge. If, as he glides along, you can seize his tail, and quickly enough lift him from the earth, holding him at arm's length, he will be utterly unable to return on your hand or to reach your body, having none of the great physical force of his cousins the constrictors. If, while on the ground, in any posture, coiled or not, you seize his tail, that deadly head will return upon you with a swiftness which seems as though you had touched some releasing spring in a quick machinery; so that there is no truth in the notion that the snake can strike only when coiled. The awful celerity of this movement is in odd contrast to the sluggish pace of most of his actions, which are sadly deceptive, and have cost more than one man his life. Hundreds of times have we seen this swift motion, and as often marvelled at the simplicity and certainty of the means which drove the relentless, death-laden head to its mark. Let us look a moment at the rest of the apparatus, and then we shall the easier understand how all the parts unite in functional activity so as to give to this horrible instrument the same efficiency which Nature has secured for her other and more seemingly useful purposes.

The laboratory in which the serpent makes his potent medicine is an almond-shaped gland behind the eye, on either side of the upper jaw. It looks like the ordinary salivary glands, and is merely a mass of minute tubes surrounded by little sacs or cells, only to be seen by a microscope. Here the venom forms, and thence reaches a larger tube at the lower side of the gland. This is the only poison-sac. It communicates with a tube or duct about the size of a steel knitting-

needle, which runs forward under the eye, and then around the front of the upper jaw, where it has a slight enlargement made up of muscular fibres, so arranged as to keep the duct shut and to cork up the poison until a greater power overcomes the resistance. The anterior bone of the serpent's upper jaw is double, — one for each side. It is an irregular truncated pyramid; apex down, and hollowed, so that in it rests the stout base of the fang. This exquisite instrument is merely a hollow tooth, curved backwards like the bend of a sabre, with a little forward turn at the tip, which is itself solid, for strength's sake, and as sharp as the finest needle. About a line below this point, on the front aspect, there is a minute opening. If we run into this a bristle, it will appear at the base of the tooth, just where the tube leading from the gland lies against the fang, and is held to it by the folds of tissue which lie in the gums. When unused, the two fangs, with their supporting bone, in which they are rigidly fixed, are drawn backwards, and lie, covered by a cloak of mucous tissue, one on each side upon the roof of the snake's mouth. A second muscle is so attached to the maxillary bone as to be able to erect it, together with the fang, which, when thus ready for use, projects downwards into the open mouth, its convexity forwards.

Thus placed, it is at the utmost disadvantage; and this is only in part overcome by the backward bending of the head and the extreme opening of the mouth at the moment of the bite. Lastly, let us understand that two powerful muscles fastened to the upper bones of the head run over the venom gland, and then are attached, one on each side, to the lower jaw. Let these muscles shorten and two things result, — the jaws close on the body bitten, and, the gland being abruptly squeezed, the venom flies along the tube of exit, through the basal opening of the fang, and out at the orifice near its tip.

It will be easy now to understand how this wonderful machinery moves

in sequence to its deadly result. You have come a little too near this coiled death. Instantly the curves of the projecting neck are straightened, half a ring of the coil flashes out with it, and the head is thrust at the opposing flesh, the bulk of the body serving as an anchor. As it moves, the neck bends back, the mouth opens wide, the fangs are unsheathed and held stiffly, and you have a sharp pang as the points enter the skin. Quick as thought the lower jaw shuts on the part, deeper go the fangs, and, the same muscle which closes the jaw compressing the glands, the venom is injected among the tissues which the fangs have pierced. Of late the doctors have taken to administering medicines by a very similar process, which has been found to combine economy in the amount of medicine needed with the utmost efficiency as to results. This instrument is merely a hollow needle, through which the medicine is forced by a syringe. I wish I could say that the hint was taken from the snake, so much of a plea might have been put forward for his abused race.

It sometimes chanced that, despite all this exquisite machinery, some little failure occurs, which may be taken as a desirable piece of good luck for the person aimed at. For instance, the teeth may strike at a disadvantage and be suddenly doubled backwards, whereupon the venom occasionally goes down the snake's throat, and, as we shall see, does him no such harm as drugs usually do the apothecary; or it chances that, the sequence of actions failing as to their due order, the venom is ejected before the fang enters, or escapes at the base of the tooth on account of the duct not being drawn neatly upon the aperture of the tooth.

Let these incidents occur, and at the same time let the sharp and hooked teeth of the lower jaw wound the skin, and we shall have all the material for a case of rattlesnake bite, in which we may administer an antidote with great surety of success. A snake strikes you, the skin is wounded, and the conclusion

is naturally drawn that you are also poisoned; whereas both in man and animals, as we have seen many times, the victim may drag the snake some distance, hung to the tissues by the harmless little hooked teeth of the lower jaw.

It is also a matter of moment whether, being bitten, you have received two fang-wounds or only one, because the two glands are as independent of one another as two rival drug-shops; and, if you get both fangs in you, the dose of the venom is twice what it would be if only one of them entered. Luckily, it often chanced that, in small members like the fingers, one tooth goes aside of the mark, and so fails of its purpose, thus lessening the risk exactly one half.

These keenly tempered fangs are liable to be lost by accidents, and also to fall by natural decay. When the former occurs, the snake is unarmed for the time; but in a few days a reserve fang—which always lies behind or to one side of the active tooth—becomes firmly set in its socket, and comes into apposition with the opening of the duct. It is therefore not enough to pull out the active fang, since numerous others lie ready for use in the gum behind it. A young friend once showed me a small rattlesnake, from which he had taken the active fangs three months before, supposing the reptile thus disarmed for life. He was accustomed to handle it freely, and had never been bitten. On opening the mouth, I pointed out to him the new and efficient teeth which had taken the place of those he had removed. How much danger he thus ran it were hard to say, since the snake may be handled with impunity, if care be taken not to hurt it or to use abrupt motions.

A very startling incident illustrative of this occurred some years ago in Philadelphia. A tavern-keeper had in a box two large rattlesnakes, perfectly wild, and not long captives. Coming into his bar-room early one morning, he found his little daughter, about six years old, seated beside the open snake-

box, with both serpents lying in her lap. He was wise enough, seeing her unhurt, to ask how they got out, and hearing in reply that she herself had lifted them from the box, he ordered her to replace them, which she did without harm, finally closing upon them the lid of their cage. Snakes long confined very often become so tame that, as we have found, they will allow mice, reed-birds, or pigeons in their cage without attempting to injure them. If any still doubt that the rattlesnake may be handled with impunity, the experience of the naturalist Waterton may end his doubt. His biographer describes him as seizing and holding poisonous serpents with an indifference which is only credible to those who have studied their habits with care. We are persuaded, however, that certain snakes are more likely to strike than others, some requiring the utmost provocation. This is very apt to be the case after the serpent has bitten a few times vainly upon a stick or other hard body; so that it seems probable, not only that the snake has memory, but that individuality may exist in forms of life even as low as this one. Where in the descending scale does this cease? Are there clever earthworms and stupid earthworms, — no two things anywhere precisely the same?

Let us now pursue our inquiry, — see how we may get the venom for study, and what physically and chemically this marvellous liquid may be.

Many ways of handling the serpent were tried before one was found simple and safe enough. While the complicated methods were used some narrow escapes were made, until at last we hit on a plan which answered every purpose. A stick five feet long, cut square at the end, was fitted with a thin leather strap two inches wide, tacked on to one side of the end, and then carried over it and through a staple on the other side, where it was attached to a stout cord. Pulling this leather out into a loop, and leaning over the snake cage, which is five feet deep and now open above, we try to noose one of the

snakes. This has been done so often as to be difficult. At first, when it was slipped over their heads, they crawled forward through it; now always they have learned to draw back on its approach. At last one is taken, the leathern strap is drawn tight around his neck by pulling the cord, and is kept so near to the head that he cannot turn to bite the stick, if the pressure should provoke his wrath. Thus secured, we lift him from his dozen of friends, and, holding the noose firm, so as to keep him well squeezed against the end of the stick, we put him on a table. Next, resigning the staff and string to an assistant, we open the snake's mouth, and, with the edge of a little saucer, catch and elevate the two fangs. This is an old snake, milked often before, and now declining to bite unless compelled. Holding the saucer in one hand, we seize the snake's head over the venom gland, and with a thumb and forefinger press the venom forward through the duct. Suddenly a clear yellow fluid flows out of the fangs. This is the venom. The snake is four feet long, untouched for two weeks, and has given us about twenty drops of poison. The assistant replaces him in his cage, and we turn to look at the famous poison which a living animal carries unharmed in his tissues for the deadly hurting of whom it may concern. There is some of this fluid in a phial on the table before me, and here some of it dried for three years, — a scaly, yellow, shining matter like dried white of egg, and as good to kill as ever it was. No smell, if fresh; no taste; faintly acid, and chemically a substance which is so nearly like this very white of egg that no chemical difference may be made between them. Two things so alike and so unlike! Indeed, it seems hardly fair of Nature to set us such problems. We fall back upon an imagined difference in the molecular composition of the two, — very consoling, no doubt; but, after all, the thing is bewildering, explain it as we may. We would like not to believe it. We think of poisons as unlike what they hurt.

Let us take from a dog's veins a little blood, keep it a few hours in the open air, and throw it back into his circulation, and very surely you have given him his death. Ugly facts of disease where the body gets up its own poisons for home use make the wonder less to the doctor; but even now to him it must still seem wonderful, this little bit of white of egg to nourish, and this, to no human test, differing in composition, good for destroying alone.

It was once thought that the poison ceased to be such when not injected by the maker. Fontana disproved this, and so we may safely use it in our researches as we get it from the snake, with the great advantage of knowing what dose we administer. Let us now study the symptoms which this poison produces, and then learn, if possible, how it acts, and on what organs; because, as modern science has shown, all poisons have their especial organs, or sets of organs, upon which chiefly their destructive influence falls. This sort of analytic separation of the effects of poisons is always difficult, and never more so than as regards venom.

Rattlesnake poison is not fatal to all life. You cannot kill a crotalus with its own venom, nor with that of another. Neither can you poison a plant with venom. And, in fact, if you manage the experiment cleverly, canary-seed may be made to sprout from a mixture of venom and water.

We have seen, too, that the serpent often swallows his own poison. As for him, if it will not hurt being put under his skin, the wonder of its not injuring him when swallowed is little enough. It only excites amazement when we learn that it poisons no creature if ingested. We have fed pigeons with it, day after day, in doses each enough to have killed forty had it been put within the tissues. Placed in the stomach, it lies within some thousandths of an inch of the blood-vessels, only a thinnest mucous membrane between; and here it is harmless, and there it means death. Let us follow this problem, as has lately been done.

Why does it not poison? We give a pigeon fifty drops of venom, which, otherwise used, would kill a hundred, and that surely. For three days we collect all the excreta, and then, killing the bird, remove with care the contents of the intestinal canal. Knowing well what fluids dissolve the venom, we separate by this means whatever poison may be present from all the rest of the substances passed by or taken from the bird. Then, with the fluid thus obtained, we inject the tissues of pigeons. No injury follows; our poison has gone. But where, and how? Let us mix a little of it with gastric juice, and keep it at body-heat for an hour. It still poisons; but we learn at length, after many essays, that very long digesting of it in constantly added quantities of gastric juice does change it somewhat; and so, as we do not find it in the excreta, we come to think that, being what we call an albuminoid, it is very likely to be altered during digestion, and so rendered innocent enough, it may be. Here, at last, we must rest, having learned first that venom will not pass through the mucous surfaces; and, second, that it undergoes such change in digestion as to make it harmless. In these peculiarities it stands alone, if we except certain putrefying substances which may usually be swallowed without injury, but slowly kill if placed under the skin.

As regards also the mode in which venom is hurtful to animal life, this potent agent is altogether peculiar. Let us examine a single case. We inject through a hollow needle two drops of venom under the skin of a pigeon. On a sudden, within a minute, it is dead, without pang or struggle; and the tissues, when examined, reveal no cause of death. The fatal result is rarely so speedy; but here, as with all poisons, personal peculiarities count for a good deal, and one animal will die in a minute from a dose which another may resist for hours. We repeat the experiment, using only half a drop. In a few minutes the bird staggers, and at last crouches, too fee-

ble to walk. The feebleness increases, vomiting occurs, the breathing becomes labored, the head falls, a slight convulsion follows, and the pigeon is dead. This is all we see, — merely a strange intense weakness. Before trying to explain it, we shall do well to watch that which takes place when a larger animal, surviving the first effects, perishes after a few hours or days. Here is a record of such a case. A large dog, poisoned with five drops of venom, lives over the first few hours of feebleness, and then begins to show a new set of symptoms. Some horrible malady of the blood and tissues has come upon him, so that the vital fluid leaks from the kidneys or the bowels, and oozes from the gums. The fang-wounds bleed, and a prick of a needle will drip blood for hours. Thus exhausted, he dies, or slowly recovers. Meanwhile, the wound made by the injecting needle or the fang has undergone a series of changes, which, rightly studied, gave the first clew to the true explanation of how this hideous agent acts.

A large and growing tumor marks where the needle entered. We cut into it. There is no inflammation at first; the whole mass is fluid blood, which by and by soaks every tissue in the neighborhood, and even stains the bones themselves. If, for the sake of contrast, we wound any healthy part with a common needle, without venom, we open thus a few small blood-vessels, which presently cease to bleed, because the escaped blood quickly clots, and so corks their open mouths by a rarely failing providence of all-thoughtful Nature. The conclusion seems easy, that the venom destroys the power of the blood to clot, and so deprives the animal of this exquisite protection against hemorrhage. If the creature live long and the dose be heavy, the collected blood putrefies, abscesses form, and more or less of the tissue becomes gangrenous. Nor is this evil only local. The venom absorbed from the wound enters the circulation, and soon the whole mass of

the blood has lost power to clot when drawn. We are not willing to assert that this is a putrefactive change; but it is certainly in that direction, because this blood, if drawn, will now decay faster than other blood. By and by it begins to leak through the various tissues, and we find blood escaped out of the vessels and into the brain, lungs, or intestinal walls, giving in each case specific symptoms, according to the part injured and the function disturbed.

A further step has of late been gained towards comprehending this intricate problem. A young rabbit was made senseless and motionless with chloroform. Then its abdomen was opened, and a piece of the delicate membrane which holds the intestines was laid under a microscope, and kept moist by an assistant. The observer's eye looked down upon a wild racing of myriad blood-disks through the tiny vessels of the transparent membrane. Presently the assistant puts a drop of venom upon the tissue we are studying. For thirty seconds there is no change. Then suddenly a small vessel, giving way, is hidden by a rush of blood-disks. A little way off another vessel breaks, then a third, and a fourth, until within five minutes the field of view is obscured by blood, which at last causes a rupture in the delicate membrane, between whose double folds the vessels run to and from the intestine. We are now as near to the centre of the maze as we are likely to come, nearer than we have come with most poisons. We have learned that this bland, tasteless venom has the subtle power to forbid the blood to clot, and in some strange way to pass through the tissues, and to soften and destroy the little blood-vessels, so that they break under the continuing force of the heart pump.

The same phenomena may be seen on the surface of an open wound treated with venom; and that which happens in the wound, and, in the experiment just described, goes on at last everywhere in the body; so that in dozens of places vessels break down,

while the blood is powerless to check its own wasteful outflow, as it would have done in health.

We have dwelt so long upon the symptoms of the protracted cases of snake-bite as to have lost sight for a time of the smaller class of sufferers, who perish so suddenly as to forbid us to explain their deaths by the facts which seem so well to cover the chronic cases. These speedily fatal results are uncommon in man, but in small animals are very frequent.

It is common to see pigeons die within ten minutes, and in these instances no trace of alteration can be found in the blood or the solid tissues. Upon considering, therefore, the two sets of cases, it seems pretty clear that the venom has, besides its ability to alter the blood and enfeeble the vessels, some direct power to injure the great nerve centres which preside over locomotion, respiration, and the heart's actions.

To describe the experimental method by which these conclusions were reached would demand the space of another article, and involve a full explanation of the modern means of studying the effects of poisons; so that for this reason we must beg the reader to accept the proposition without being troubled with the proof.

It were well if the record of horrors ended with the death or the recovery; but in countries where poisonous snakes are abundant and cases of bite numerous, it is not uncommon to find that persons who survive become the victims of blindness, skin disorders, and various forms of palsy.

Fortunately the average snake-bite, even in India or Martinique, is far less fatal than was once believed; so that even dogs, when bitten, are by no means sure to die. Thus, of nine so treated on one occasion, only three perished; while among the eighty cases of venom poisoning in man recorded in our own medical journals up to 1861 we have but four deaths. This unlooked-for result is due chiefly to the fact, that the danger is directly as the amount of

venom, and that the serpent, unless very large and long at rest, or in captivity, can rarely command enough to kill a man. Once aware of these facts, it is easy to see why so many remedies got credit as antidotes in a disease supposed to be fatal, and in reality not at all so.

Among the most absurd of the tales which rest on the common belief that a mere prick of a venomous fang may kill is that of the farmer who was stung by a snake, which not only slew him, but left its fang in the fatal boots; which falling to his descendants, proved fatal to two of them also. This story is to be traced to its original in the Letters of an American Farmer, by St. John (de Crèveœur), where it loses none of the piquancy of the later versions.

The reader will by this time understand that it is impossible the mere wound of the dry fangs could destroy three persons in succession, so that we may confidently dismiss this tale to the limbo of other snake stories.

A few words must suffice to tell all we know as to the proper treatment. There are in this country at least a hundred supposed antidotes, and in Martinique about as many. It is an old saying of a wise doctor, that diseases for which there are numerous remedies are either very mild or very fatal. Taking the mass of cases of snake-bite in this country, few die; and this is why, as we said before, all means seem good alike. Tested fairly, where the dose of venom has been large, they are all alike worthless,—a beautiful subject for the medical statistician.

Looked at with an eye to symptoms, we see in the first effects of venom a dangerous depression of all functions, exactly like what follows an over-dose of tartar emetic. The obvious treatment is to stimulate the man, and this is the meaning of whiskey for snake-bite,—a remedy, by the way, which enormously increased the number of snake-bites in the army on our frontier. The intensity of the depression is shown best by the amount of whiskey which may

then be taken with impunity. In one case, a well-known physician of Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, gave to a child aged two years a pint of whiskey in two hours. A little girl of nine years old in South Carolina received thus a pint and a half of whiskey in four hours. Neither patient was made drunk by these doses, and both recovered.

It is likely that too much whiskey is often given in such cases, since all that is desirable is to keep the person gently stimulated, and not to make him drunk. Nor does stimulus destroy the venom,—it only antagonizes its activity, as is best shown by mixing venom with alcohol, and then injecting the mixture under the skin, when the subject of the experiment will die, just as if no alcohol had been used.

As to local treatment, whatever gets the venom out of the tissues is good. Cross-cut the wound through the fang-marks, and suck at it with cups or with the mouth, if you like the bitten person well enough. Cut the piece out, if the situation allows of that, or burn it with a red-hot iron,—milder caustics being mostly valueless. One other measure has real utility. Tie a broad band around the limb above the bite, so as to stop the pulse. Now give whiskey enough to strengthen the heart. Let us then relax the band, and so connect again the circulation of the bitten part with the general system. The poison, before in quarantine, is let loose; the pulse becomes fast and feeble. We tighten the band, and give more liquor. The principle is this: You have ten men to fight, and you open the door wide enough just to let in one at a time. So much of the venom as your local treatment leaves in the tissues has to be admitted to the general system soon or late; we so arrange as to let it in a little at a time, and are thus able to fight it in detail.

Stripped utterly of its popular surroundings, and told in the plainest language, the mere scientific story of the venom of the rattlesnake is full of a horrible fascination, such as to some degree envelops the history of all poi-

sons. One would like to know who first among the early settlers encountered the reptile, and what that emigrant thought of the original inhabitant. What they wrote of him soon after is told in the following quotations, with which we shall close. They have a peculiar interest, as the first printed statements about the rattlesnake, and as giving the earliest expression to certain fallacies which still retain their hold upon the popular mind.

(From *New English Canaan*, or *New Canaan*. Written by THOMAS MORTON, of Clifford's Inn, Gent. Printed at Amsterdam, 1637.)

"There is one creeping beast or longee creeple (as the name is in Devonshire) that hath a rattle at his tayle, that does discover his age; for so many yeares as hee hath lived, so many joynts are in that rattle, which soundeth (when it is in motion) like pease in a bladder, & this beast is called a rattlesnake; but the Salvages give him the name of Sesick; which some take to be the Adder; & it may well be so (for the Salvages are significant in their denomination of anything) & is no lesse hurtfull than the Adder of England & no more. I have had my dogge venomed with troubling one of these, & so swelled that I had thought it would have bin his death; but with one saucer full of salet oyle poured downe his throate he recovered & the swelling assuaged by the next day. The like experiment hath bin made upon a boy, that hath by chauce trod upon one of these, & the boy never the worse. Therefore it is simplicity in any one that shall tell a bugbeare tale of horror, or terrible serpents that are in that land." (p. 82.)

(From *New England's Prospect*. By WILLIAM WOOD. London, 1636.)

"That which is most injurious to the person & life of man is a Rattlesnake, which is generally a yard & a halfe long, as thick in the middle as the small of a man's legge; she hath a yellow belly, her backe being spotted with blacke, russet yellow & greene colours placed like scales; at her taile is a rattle with which shee makes a noyse when shee is molested, or when shee seeth any approach neere her; her neck seemes to be no thicker than a mans thumbe, yet can shee swallow a Squerrill, having a great

wide mouth, with teeth as sharpe as needles, wherewith shee biteth such as tread upon her; her poyson lyeth in her teeth, for shee hath no sting. When any man is bitten by any one of these creatures, the poyson spreads so suddenly through the veines, & so runs to the heart, that in one hour it causeth death, unlesse he hath the Antidote to expell the poyson, which is a root called Snakeweede, which must be champed, the spittle swallowed & the roote applied to the sore; this is present cure against that which would be present death without it; this weede is ranke poyson, if it be taken by any man that is not bitten, unlesse it be physically compounded; whosoever is bitten by these snakes his flesh becomes spotted like a leaper untill he be perfectly cured. It is reported that if the party live that is bitten, the snake will dye, & if the party dye the snake will live. This is the most poysonous and dangerous creature, yet nothing so bad as the report goes of him in England. For whereas hee is said to kill a man with his breath, & that hee can flie, there is no such matter, for he is naturally the most sleepeie & unnimble creature that lives, never offering to leape or bite any man if he be not trodden on first; & it is their desire in hot weather to lie in pathes, where the sun may shine on them, where they will

sleepe so soundly that I have known foure men stride over one of them & never awake her; five or six men have been bitten by them, which by using snakeweede were all cured, never yet any losing his life by them. Cowes have been bitten, but being cut in divers places & this weede thrust into their flesh were cured. I never heard of any beast that was yet lost by any of them, saving one mare." (p. 38.)

(From *New England's Rarities*. Discovered by JOHN JOSSELYN, Gent. London, 1672.)

"The Rattle Snake who poysons with a vapour that comes through two crooked fanges in their mouths; the hollows of these fanges are black as ink. The Indians when weary with travelling, will take them up with their bare hands, laying hold with one hand behind their head, with the other taking hold of their tail, & with their teeth tear off the skin of their backs & feed upon them alive, which they say refresheth them." Ugh!! (p. 38.)

We are aware of no earlier accounts; so that, in the scope of this article, the readers of the Atlantic have the first and the very last words concerning the serpent in question.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

LATE in the spring of the year 1865, just as the war had come to a close, a young invalid officer lay in bed in one of the uppermost chambers of one of the great New York hotels. His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a waiter, who handed him a card superscribed *Mrs. Samuel Mason*, and bearing on its reverse the following words in pencil: "Dear Colonel Mason, I have only just heard of your being here, ill and alone. It's too dreadful. Do you remember me? Will you see me? If you do, I think you *will* remember me. I insist on coming up. M. M."

Mason was undressed, unshaven, weak, and feverish. His ugly little hotel chamber was in a state of confusion which had not even the merit of being picturesque. Mrs. Mason's card was at once a puzzle and a heavenly intimation of comfort. But all that it represented was so dim to the young man's enfeebled perception that it took him some moments to collect his thoughts.

"It's a lady, sir," said the waiter, by way of assisting him.

"Is she young or old?" asked Mason.

"Well, sir, she's a little of both."

"I can't ask a lady to come up here," groaned the invalid.

"Upon my word, sir, you look beautiful," said the waiter. "They like a sick man. And I see she's of your own name," continued Michael, in whom constant service had bred great frankness of speech; "the more shame to her for not coming before."

Colonel Mason concluded that, as the visit had been of Mrs. Mason's own seeking, he would receive her without more ado. "If she does n't mind it, I'm sure I need n't," said the poor fellow, who had n't the strength to be over-punctilious. So in a very few moments his visitor was ushered up to his bedside. He saw before him a handsome, middle-aged blond woman, stout of figure, and dressed in the height of the fashion, who displayed no other embarrassment than such as was easily explained by the loss of breath consequent on the ascent of six flights of stairs.

"Do you remember me?" she asked, taking the young man's hand.

He lay back on his pillow, and looked at her. "You used to be my aunt,—my aunt Maria," he said.

"I'm your aunt Maria, still," she answered. "It's very good of you not to have forgotten me."

"It's very good of you not to have forgotten *me*," said Mason, in a tone which betrayed a deeper feeling than the wish to return a civil speech.

"Dear me, you've had the war and a hundred dreadful things. I've been living in Europe, you know. Since my return I've been living in the country, in your uncle's old house on the river, of which the lease had just expired when I came home. I came to town yesterday on business, and accidentally heard of your condition and your whereabouts. I knew you'd gone into the army, and I had been wondering a dozen times what had become of you, and whether you would n't turn up now that the war's at last over. Of course I did n't lose a moment in coming to you. I'm so sorry for you." Mrs. Mason looked about her for a seat. The chairs were encumbered with odds

and ends belonging to her nephew's wardrobe and to his equipment, and with the remnants of his last repast. The good lady surveyed the scene with the beautiful mute irony of compassion.

The young man lay watching her comely face in delicious submission to whatever form of utterance this feeling might take. "You're the first woman—to call a woman—I've seen in I don't know how many months," he said, contrasting her appearance with that of his room, and reading her thoughts.

"I should suppose so. I mean to be as good as a dozen." She disembarassed one of the chairs, and brought it to the bed. Then, seating herself, she ungloved one of her hands, and laid it softly on the young man's wrist. "What a great full-grown young fellow you've become!" she pursued. "Now, tell me, are you very ill?"

"You must ask the doctor," said Mason. "I actually don't know. I'm extremely uncomfortable, but I suppose it's partly my circumstances."

"I've no doubt it's more than half your circumstances. I've seen the doctor. Mrs. Van Zandt is an old friend of mine; and when I come to town, I always go to see her. It was from her I learned this morning that you were here in this state. We had begun by rejoicing over the new prospects of peace; and from that, of course, we had got to lamenting the numbers of young men who are to enter upon it with lost limbs and shattered health. It happened that Mrs. Van Zandt mentioned several of her husband's patients as examples, and yourself among the number. You were an excellent young man, miserably sick, without family or friends, and with no asylum but a suffocating little closet in a noisy hotel. You may imagine that I pricked up my ears, and asked your baptismal name. Dr. Van Zandt came in, and told me. Your name is luckily an uncommon one: it's absurd to suppose that there could be two Ferdinand Masons. In short, I felt that you were my husband's brother's child, and that at last

I too might have my little turn at hero-nursing. The little that the Doctor knew of your history agreed with the little that I knew, though I confess I was sorry to hear that you had never spoken of our relationship. But why should you? At all events you've got to acknowledge it now. I regret your not having said something about it before, only because the Doctor might have brought us together a month ago, and you would now have been well."

"It will take me more than a month to get well," said Mason, feeling that, if Mrs. Mason was meaning to exert herself on his behalf, she should know the real state of the case. "I never spoke of you, because I had quite lost sight of you. I fancied you were still in Europe; and indeed," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "I heard that you had married again."

"Of course you did," said Mrs. Mason, placidly. "I used to hear it once a month myself. But I had a much better right to fancy you married. Thank Heaven, however, there's nothing of that sort between us. We can each do as we please. I promise to cure you in a month, in spite of yourself."

"What's your remedy?" asked the young man, with a smile very courteous, considering how sceptical it was.

"My first remedy is to take you out of this horrible hole. I talked it all over with Dr. Van Zandt. He says you must get into the country. Why, my dear boy, this is enough to kill you outright,—one Broadway outside of your window and another outside of your door! Listen to me. My house is directly on the river, and only two hours' journey by rail. You know I've no children. My only companion is my niece, *Caroline Hofmann*. You shall come and stay with us until you are as strong as you need be,—if it takes a dozen years. You shall have sweet, cool air, and proper food, and decent attendance, and the devotion of a sensible woman. I shall not listen to a word of objection. You shall do as you please, get up when you please,

dine when you please, go to bed when you please, and say what you please. I shall ask nothing of you but to let yourself be very dearly cared for. Do you remember how, when you were a boy at school, after your father's death, you were taken with measles, and your uncle had you brought to our own house? I helped to nurse you myself, and I remember what nice manners you had in the very midst of your measles. Your uncle was very fond of you; and if he had had any considerable property of his own, I know he would have remembered you in his will. But of course he could n't leave away his wife's money. What I wish to do for you is a very small part of what he would have done, if he had only lived, and heard of your gallantry and your sufferings. So it's settled. I shall go home this afternoon. Tomorrow morning I shall despatch my man-servant to you with instructions. He's an Englishman. He thoroughly knows his business, and he will put up your things, and save you every particle of trouble. You've only to let yourself be dressed, and driven to the train. I shall, of course, meet you at your journey's end. Now don't tell me you're not strong enough."

"I feel stronger at this moment than I've felt in a dozen weeks," said Mason. "It's useless for me to attempt to thank you."

"Quite useless. I should n't listen to you. And I suppose," added Mrs. Mason, looking over the bare walls and scanty furniture of the room, "you pay a fabulous price for this bower of bliss. Do you need money?"

The young man shook his head.

"Very well then," resumed Mrs. Mason, conclusively, "from this moment you're in my hands."

The young man lay speechless from the very fulness of his heart; but he strove by the pressure of his fingers to give her some assurance of his gratitude. His companion rose, and lingered beside him, drawing on her glove, and smiling quietly with the look of a long-baffled philanthropist who has at last

discovered a subject of infinite capacity. Poor Ferdinand's weary visage reflected her smile. Finally, after the lapse of years, he too was being cared for. He let his head sink into the pillow, and silently inhaled the perfume of her sober elegance and her cordial good-nature. He felt like taking her dress in his hand, and asking her not to leave him, — now that solitude would be bitter. His eyes, I suppose, betrayed this touching apprehension, — doubly touching in a war-wasted young officer. As she prepared to bid him farewell, Mrs. Mason stooped, and kissed his forehead. He listened to the rustle of her dress across the carpet, to the gentle closing of the door, and to her retreating footsteps. And then, giving way to his weakness, he put his hands to his face, and cried like a homesick school-boy. He had been reminded of the exquisite side of life.

Matters went forward as Mrs. Mason had arranged them. At six o'clock on the following evening Ferdinand found himself deposited at one of the way stations of the Hudson River Railroad, exhausted by his journey, and yet excited at the prospect of its drawing to a close. Mrs. Mason was in waiting in a low basket-phaeton, with a magazine of cushions and wrappings. Ferdinand transferred himself to her side, and they drove rapidly homeward. Mrs. Mason's house was a cottage of liberal make, with a circular lawn, a sinuous avenue, and a well-grown plantation of shrubbery. As the phaeton drew up before the porch, a young lady appeared in the doorway. Mason will be forgiven if he considered himself presented *ex officio*, as I may say, to this young lady. Before he really knew it, and in the absence of the servant, who, under Mrs. Mason's directions, was busy in the background with his trunk, he had availed himself of her proffered arm, and had allowed her to assist him through the porch, across the hall, and into the parlor, where she graciously consigned him to a sofa which, for his especial use, she had caused to be wheeled up before a fire kindled for his

especial comfort. He was unable, however, to take advantage of her good offices. Prudence dictated that without further delay he should betake himself to his room.

On the morning after his arrival he got up early, and made an attempt to be present at breakfast; but his strength failed him, and he was obliged to dress at his leisure, and content himself with a simple transition from his bed to his arm-chair. The chamber assigned him was designedly on the ground-floor, so that he was spared the trouble of measuring his strength with the staircase, — a charming room, brightly carpeted and upholstered, and marked by a certain fastidious freshness which betrayed the uncontested dominion of women. It had a broad high window, draped in chintz and crisp muslin and opening upon the greensward of the lawn. At this window, wrapped in his dressing-gown, and lost in the embrace of the most unresisting of arm-chairs, he slowly discussed his simple repast. Before long his hostess made her appearance on the lawn outside the window. As this quarter of the house was covered with warm sunshine, Mason ventured to open the window and talk to her, while she stood out on the grass beneath her parasol.

"It's time to think of your physician," she said. "You shall choose for yourself. The great physician here is Dr. Gregory, a gentleman of the old school. We have had him but once, for my niece and I have the health of a couple of dairy-maids. On that one occasion he — well, he made a fool of himself. His practice is among the 'old families,' and he only knows how to treat certain old-fashioned, obsolete complaints. Anything brought about by the war would be quite out of his range. And then he vacillates, and talks about his own maladies *à lui*. And, to tell the truth, we had a little repartee which makes our relations somewhat ambiguous."

"I see he would never do," said Mason, laughing. "But he's not your only physician?"

"No: there is a young man, a new-comer, a Dr. Knight, whom I don't know, but of whom I've heard very good things. I confess that I have a prejudice in favor of the young men. Dr. Knight has a position to establish, and I suppose he's likely to be especially attentive and careful. I believe, moreover, that he's been an army surgeon."

"I knew a man of his name," said Mason. "I wonder if this is he. His name was Horace Knight, — a light-haired, near-sighted man."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Mason; "perhaps Caroline knows." She retreated a few steps, and called to an upper window: "Caroline, what's Dr. Knight's first name?"

Mason listened to Miss Hofmann's answer, — "I have n't the least idea."

"Is it Horace?"

"I don't know."

"Is he light or dark?"

"I've never seen him."

"Is he near-sighted?"

"How in the world should I know?"

"I fancy he's as good as any one," said Ferdinand. "With you, my dear aunt, what does the doctor matter?"

Mrs. Mason accordingly sent for Dr. Knight, who, on arrival, turned out to be her nephew's old acquaintance. Although the young men had been united by no greater intimacy than the superficial comradeship resulting from a winter in neighboring quarters, they were very well pleased to come together again. Horace Knight was a young man of good birth, good looks, good faculties, and good intentions, who, after a three years' practice of surgery in the army, had undertaken to push his fortune in Mrs. Mason's neighborhood. His mother, a widow with a small income, had recently removed to the country for economy, and her son had been unwilling to leave her to live alone. The adjacent country, moreover, offered a promising field for a man of energy, — a field well stocked with large families of easy income and of those conservative habits which lead people to make much of the cares of a

physician. The local practitioner had survived the glory of his prime, and was not, perhaps, entirely guiltless of Mrs. Mason's charge, that he had not kept up with the progress of the "new diseases." The world, in fact, was getting too new for him, as well as for his old patients. He had had money invested in the South, — precious sources of revenue, which the war had swallowed up at a gulp; he had grown frightened and nervous and querulous; he had lost his presence of mind and his spectacles in several important conjunctures; he had been repeatedly and distinctly fallible; a vague dissatisfaction pervaded the breasts of his patrons; he was without competitors: in short, fortune was propitious to Dr. Knight. Mason remembered the young physician only as a good-humored, intelligent companion; but he soon had reason to believe that his medical skill would leave nothing to be desired. He arrived rapidly at a clear understanding of Ferdinand's case; he asked intelligent questions, and gave simple and definite instructions. The disorder was deeply seated and virulent, but there was no apparent reason why unflinching care and prudence should not subdue it.

"Your strength is very much reduced," he said, as he took his hat and gloves to go; "but I should say you had an excellent constitution. It seems to me, however, — if you will pardon me for saying so, — to be partly your own fault that you have fallen so low. You have opposed no resistance; you have n't cared to get well."

"I confess that I have n't, — particularly. But I don't see how you should know it."

"Why, it's obvious."

"Well, it was natural enough. Until Mrs. Mason discovered me, I had n't a friend in the world. I had become demoralized by solitude. I had almost forgotten the difference between sickness and health. I had nothing before my eyes to remind me in tangible form of that great mass of common human interests for the sake of which — under

whatever name he may disguise the impulse—a man continues in health and recovers from disease. I had forgotten that I ever cared for books or ideas, or anything but the preservation of my miserable carcass. My carcass had become quite too miserable to be an object worth living for. I was losing time and money at an appalling rate; I was getting worse rather than better; and I therefore gave up resistance. It seemed better to die easy than to die hard. I put it all in the past tense, because within these three days I've become quite another man."

"I wish to Heaven I could have heard of you," said Knight. "I would have made you come home with me, if I could have done nothing else. It was certainly not a rose-colored prospect; but what do you say now?" he continued, looking around the room. "I should say that at the present moment rose-color was the prevailing hue."

Mason assented with an eloquent smile.

"I congratulate you from my heart. Mrs. Mason—if you don't mind my speaking of her—is so thoroughly (and, I should suppose, incorrigibly) good-natured, that it's quite a surprise to find her extremely sensible."

"Yes; and so resolute and sensible in her better moments," said Ferdinand, "that it's quite a surprise to find her good-natured. She's a fine woman."

"But I should say that your especial blessing was your servant. He looks as if he had come out of an English novel."

"My especial blessing! You haven't seen Miss Hofmann, then?"

"Yes: I met her in the hall. She looks as if she had come out of an American novel. I don't know that that's great praise; but, at all events, I make her come out of it."

"You're bound in honor, then," said Mason, laughing, "to put her into another."

Mason's conviction of his newly made happiness needed no enforcement at the Doctor's hands. He felt that it would be his own fault if these were

not among the most delightful days of his life. He resolved to give himself up without stint to his impressions,—utterly to vegetate. His illness alone would have been a sufficient excuse for a long term of intellectual laxity; but Mason had other good reasons besides. For the past three years he had been stretched without intermission on the rack of duty. Although constantly exposed to hard service, it had been his fortune never to receive a serious wound; and, until his health broke down, he had taken fewer holidays than any officer I ever heard of. With an abundance of a certain kind of equanimity and self-control,—a faculty of ready self-adaptation to the accomplished fact, in any direction,—he was yet in his innermost soul a singularly nervous, over-scrupulous person. On the few occasions when he had been absent from the scene of his military duties, although duly authorized and warranted in the act, he had suffered so acutely from the apprehension that something was happening, or was about to happen, which not to have witnessed or to have had a hand in would be matter of eternal mortification, that he can be barely said to have enjoyed his recreation. The sense of lost time was, moreover, his perpetual bugbear,—the feeling that precious hours were now fleeting uncounted, which in more congenial labors would suffice almost for the building of a monument more lasting than brass. This feeling he strove to propitiate as much as possible by assiduous reading and study in the intervals of his actual occupations. I cite the fact merely as an evidence of the uninterrupted austerity of his life for a long time before he fell sick. I might triple this period, indeed, by a glance at his college years, and at certain busy months which intervened between this close of his youth and the opening of the war. Mason had always worked. He was fond of work to begin with; and, in addition, the complete absence of family ties had allowed him to follow his tastes without obstruction or diversion. This circumstance had been

at once a great gain to him and a serious loss. He reached his twenty-seventh year a very accomplished scholar, as scholars go, but a great dunce in certain social matters. He was quite ignorant of all those lighter and more evanescent forms of conviviality attached to being somebody's son, brother, or cousin. At last, however, as he reminded himself, he was to discover what it was to be the nephew of somebody's husband. Mrs. Mason was to teach him the meaning of the adjective *domestic*. It would have been hard to learn it in a pleasanter way. Mason felt that he was to learn something from his very idleness, and that he would leave the house a wiser as well as a better man. It became probable, thanks to that quickening of the faculties which accompanies the dawning of a sincere and rational attachment, that in this last respect he would not be disappointed. Very few days sufficed to reveal to him the many excellent qualities of his hostess,—her warm capacious heart, her fairness of mind, her good temper, her good taste, her vast fund of experience and of reminiscence, and, indeed, more than all, a certain passionate devotedness, to which fortune, in leaving her a childless widow, had done but scant justice. The two accordingly established a friendship,—a friendship that promised as well for the happiness of each as any that ever undertook to meddle with happiness. If I were telling my story from Mrs. Mason's point of view, I take it that I might make a very good thing of the statement that this lady had deliberately and solemnly conferred her affection upon my hero; but I am compelled to let it stand in this simple shape. Excellent, charming person that she was, she had every right to the rich satisfaction which belonged to a liberal—yet not too liberal—estimate of her guest. She had divined him,—so much the better for her. That it was very much the better for him is obviously one of the elementary facts of my narrative; a fact of which Mason became so rapidly and profoundly sensible, that he was soon able to dismiss

it from his thoughts to his life,—its proper sphere.

In the space of ten days, then, most of the nebulous impressions evoked by change of scene had gathered into substantial form. Others, however, were still in the nebulous state,—diffusing a gentle light upon Ferdinand's path. Chief among these was the mild radiance of which Miss Hofmann was the centre. For three days after his arrival Mason had been confined to his room by the aggravation of his condition consequent upon his journey. It was not till the fourth day, therefore, that he was able to renew the acquaintance so auspiciously commenced. When at last, at dinner-time, he reappeared in the drawing-room, Miss Hofmann greeted him almost as an old friend. Mason had already discovered that she was young and gracious; he now rapidly advanced to the conclusion that she was uncommonly pretty. Before dinner was over, he had made up his mind that she was neither more nor less than beautiful. Mrs. Mason had found time to give him a full account of her life. She had lost her mother in infancy, and had been adopted by her aunt in the early years of this lady's widowhood. Her father was a man of evil habits,—a drunkard, a gambler, and a rake, outlawed from decent society. His only dealings with his daughter were to write her every month or two a begging letter, she being in possession of her mother's property. Mrs. Mason had taken her niece to Europe, and given her every advantage. She had had an expensive education; she had travelled; she had gone into the world; she had been presented, like a good republican, to no less than three European sovereigns; she had been admired; she had had half a dozen offers of marriage to her aunt's knowledge, and others, perhaps, of which she was ignorant, and had refused them all. She was now twenty-six years of age, beautiful, accomplished, and *au mieux* with her bankers. She was an excellent girl, with a will of her own. "I'm very fond of her," Mrs.

Mason declared, with her habitual frankness; "and I suppose she's equally fond of me; but we long ago gave up all idea of playing at mother and daughter. We have never had a disagreement since she was fifteen years old; but we have never had an agreement either. Caroline is no sentimentalist. She's honest, good-tempered, and perfectly discerning. She foresaw that we were still to spend a number of years together, and she wisely declined at the outset to affect a range of feelings that would n't stand the wear and tear of time. She knew that she would make a poor daughter, and she contented herself with being a good niece. A capital niece she is. In fact we're almost sisters. There are moments when I feel as if she were ten years older than I, and as if it were absurd in me to attempt to interfere with her life. I never do. She has it quite in her own hands. My attitude is little more than a state of affectionate curiosity as to what she will do with it. Of course she'll marry, sooner or later; but I'm curious to see the man of her choice. In Europe, you know, girls have no acquaintances but such as they share with their parents and guardians; and in that way I know most of the gentlemen who have tried to make themselves acceptable to my niece. There were some excellent young men in the number; but there was not one—or, rather, there was but one—for whom Caroline cared a straw. That one she loved, I believe; but they had a quarrel, and she lost him. She's very discreet and conciliating. I'm sure no girl ever before got rid of half a dozen suitors with so little offence. Ah, she's a dear, good girl!" Mrs. Mason pursued. "She's saved me a world of trouble in my day. And when I think what she might have been, with her beauty, and what not! She has kept all her suitors as friends. There are two of them who write to her still. She does n't answer their letters; but once in a while she meets them, and thanks them for writing, and that contents them. The others are married,

and Caroline remains single. I take for granted it won't last forever. Still, although she's *not* a sentimentalist, she'll not marry a man she does n't care for, merely because she's growing old. Indeed, it's only the sentimental girls, to my belief, that do that. They covet a man for his money or his looks, and then give the feeling some fine name. But there's one thing, Mr. Ferdinand," added Mrs. Mason, at the close of these remarks, "you will be so good as not to fall in love with my niece. I can assure you that she'll not fall in love with you, and a hopeless passion will not hasten your recovery. Caroline is a charming girl. You can live with her very well without that. She's good for common daylight, and you'll have no need of wax-candles and ecstasies."

"Be reassured," said Ferdinand, laughing. "I'm quite too attentive to myself at present to think of any one else. Miss Hofmann might be dying for a glance of my eye, and I should n't hesitate to sacrifice her. It takes more than half a man to fall in love."

At the end of ten days summer had fairly set in; and Mason found it possible, and indeed profitable, to spend a large portion of his time in the open air. He was unable either to ride or to walk; and the only form of exercise which he found practicable was an occasional drive in Mrs. Mason's phaeton. On these occasions Mrs. Mason was his habitual companion. The neighborhood offered an interminable succession of beautiful drives; and poor Ferdinand took a truly exquisite pleasure in reclining idly upon a pile of cushions, warmly clad, empty-handed, silent, with only his eyes in motion, and rolling rapidly between fragrant hedges and springing crops, and beside the outskirts of woods, and along the heights which overlooked the river. Detested war was over, and all nature had ratified the peace. Mason used to gaze up into the cloudless sky until his eyes began to water, and you would have actually supposed he was shedding sentimental tears. Besides these com-

fortable drives with his hostess, Mason had adopted another method of inhaling the sunshine. He used frequently to spend several hours at a time on a veranda beside the house, sheltered from the observation of visitors. Here, with an arm-chair and a footstool, a cigar and half a dozen volumes of novels, to say nothing of the society of either of the ladies, and sometimes of both, he suffered the mornings to pass unmeasured and uncoun- ted. The chief incident of these mornings was the Doctor's visit, in which, of course, there was a strong element of prose, — and very good prose, as I may add, for the Doctor was turning out an excellent fellow. But, for the rest, time unrolled itself like a gentle strain of music. Mason knew so little, from direct observation, of the *vie intime* of elegant, intelligent women, that their habits, their manners, their household motions, their principles, possessed in his view all the charm of a spectacle, — a spectacle which he contemplated with the indolence of an invalid, the sympathy of a man of taste, and a little of the awkwardness which women gladly allow, and indeed provoke, in a soldier, for the pleasure of forgiving it. It was a very simple matter to Miss Hofmann that she should be dressed in fresh crisp muslin, that her hands should be white and her attitudes felicitous; she had long since made her peace with these things. But to Mason, who was familiar only with books and men, they were objects of constant, half-dreamy contemplation. He would sit for half an hour at once, with a book on his knees and the pages unturned, scrutinizing with ingenious indirectness the simple mass of colors and contours which made up the physical personality of Miss Hofmann. There was no question as to her beauty, or as to its being a warm, sympathetic beauty, and not the cold perfection of poetry. She was the least bit taller than most women, and neither stout nor the reverse. Her hair was of a dark and lustrous brown, turning almost to black, and lending itself readily

to those multitudinous ringlets which were then in fashion. Her forehead was broad, open, and serene; and her eyes of that deep and clear sea-green that you may observe of a summer's afternoon, when the declining sun shines through the rising of a wave. Her complexion was the color of perfect health. These, with her full, mild lips, her generous and flexible figure, her magnificent hands, were charms enough to occupy Mason's attention, and it was but seldom that he allowed it to be diverted. Mrs. Mason was frequently called away by her household cares, but Miss Hofmann's time was apparently quite her own. Nevertheless, it came into Ferdinand's head one day, that she gave him her company only from a sense of duty, and when, according to his wont, he had allowed this impression to ripen in his mind, he ventured to assure her that, much as he valued her society, he should be sorry to believe that her gracious bestowal of it interfered with more profitable occupations. "I'm no companion," he said. "I don't pretend to be one. I sit here deaf and dumb, and blind and halt, patiently waiting to be healed, — waiting till this vagabond Nature of ours strolls my way, and brushes me with the hem of her garment."

"I find you very good company," Miss Hofmann replied on this occasion. "What do you take me for? The hero of a hundred fights, a young man who has been reduced to a shadow in the service of his country, — I should be very fastidious if I asked for anything better."

"O, if it's on theory!" said Mason. And, in spite of Miss Hofmann's protest, he continued to assume that it *was* on theory that he was not intolerable. But she remained true to her post, and with a sort of placid inveteracy which seemed to the young man to betray either a great deal of indifference or a great deal of self-command. "She thinks I'm stupid," he said to himself. "Of course she thinks I'm stupid. How should she think otherwise? She and her aunt have talked

me over. Mrs. Mason has enumerated my virtues, and Miss Hofmann has added them up: total, a well-meaning bore. She has armed herself with patience. I must say it becomes her very well." Nothing was more natural, however, than that Mason should exaggerate the effect of his social incapacity. His remarks were desultory, but not infrequent; often trivial, but always good-humored and informal. The intervals of silence, indeed, which enlivened his conversation with Miss Hofmann, might easily have been taken for the confident pauses in the talk of old friends.

Once in a while Miss Hofmann would sit down at the piano and play to him. The veranda communicated with the little sitting-room by means of a long window, one side of which stood open. Mason would move his chair to this aperture, so that he might see the music as well as hear it. Seated at the instrument, at the farther end of the half-darkened room, with her figure in half-profile, and her features, her movements, the color of her dress, but half defined in the cool obscurity, Miss Hofmann would discourse infinite melody. Mason's eyes rested awhile on the vague white folds of her dress, on the heavy convolutions of her hair, and the gentle movement of her head in sympathy with the music. Then a single glance in the other direction revealed another picture, — the dazzling midday sky, the close-cropped lawn, lying almost black in its light, and the patient, round-backed gardener, in white shirt-sleeves, clipping the hedge or rolling the gravel. One morning, what with the music, the light, the heat, and the fragrance of the flowers, — from the perfect equilibrium of his senses, as it were, — Mason manfully went to sleep. On waking he found that he had slept an hour, and that the sun had invaded the veranda. The music had ceased; but on looking into the parlor he saw Miss Hofmann still at the piano. A gentleman was leaning on the instrument with his back toward the window, intercepting her face. Mason sat for some moments, hardly sensible, at first,

of his transition to consciousness, languidly guessing at her companion's identity. In a short time his observation was quickened by the fact that the picture before him was animated by no sound of voices. The silence was unnatural, or, at the least, disagreeable. Mason moved his chair, and the gentleman looked round. The gentleman was Horace Knight. The Doctor called out, "Good morning!" from his place, and finished his conversation with Miss Hofmann before coming out to his patient. When he moved away from the piano, Mason saw the reason of his friends' silence. Miss Hofmann had been trying to decipher a difficult piece of music, the Doctor had been trying to assist her, and they had both been brought to a stop.

"What a clever fellow he is!" thought Mason. "There he stands, rattling off musical terms as if he had never thought of anything else. And yet, when he talks medicine, it's impossible to talk more to the point." Mason continued to be very well satisfied with Knight's intelligence of his case, and with his treatment of it. He had been in the country now for three weeks, and he would hesitate indeed to affirm that he felt materially better; but he felt more comfortable. There were moments when he feared to push the inquiry as to his real improvement, because he had a sickening apprehension that he would discover that in one or two important particulars he was worse. In the course of time he imparted these fears to his physician. "But I may be mistaken," he added, "and for this reason. During the last fortnight I have become much more sensible of my condition than while I was in town. I then accepted each additional symptom as a matter of course. The more the better, I thought. But now I expect them to give an account of themselves. Now I have a positive wish to recover."

Dr. Knight looked at his patient for a moment curiously. "You are right," he said; "a little impatience is a very good thing."

"O, I'm not impatient. I'm patient to a most ridiculous extent. I allow myself a good six months, at the very least."

"That is certainly not unreasonable," said Knight. "And will you allow me a question? Do you intend to spend those six months in this place?"

"I'm unable to answer you. I suppose I shall finish the summer here, unless the summer finishes me. Mrs. Mason will hear of nothing else. In September I hope to be well enough to go back to town, even if I'm not well enough to think of work. What do you advise?"

"I advise you to put away all thoughts of work. That is imperative. Have n't you been at work all your life long? Can't you spare a pitiful little twelve-month to health and idleness and pleasure?"

"Ah, pleasure, pleasure!" said Mason, ironically.

"Yes, pleasure," said the Doctor. "What has she done to you that you should speak of her in that manner?"

"O, she bothers me," said Mason.

"You are very fastidious. It's better to be bothered by pleasure than by pain."

"I don't deny it. But there is a way of being indifferent to pain. I don't mean to say that I have found it out, but in the course of my illness I have caught a glimpse of it. But it's beyond my strength to be indifferent to pleasure. In two words, I'm afraid of dying of kindness."

"O, nonsense!"

"Yes, it's nonsense; and yet it's not. There would be nothing miraculous in my not getting well."

"It will be your fault if you don't. It will prove that you're fonder of sickness than health, and that you're not fit company for sensible mortals. Shall I tell you?" continued the Doctor, after a moment's hesitation. "When I knew you in the army, I always found you a step beyond my comprehension. You took things too hard. You had scruples and doubts about everything. And on top of it all you were devoured

with the mania of appearing to take things easily and to be perfectly indifferent. You played your part very well, but you must do me the justice to confess that it *was* a part."

"I hardly know whether that's a compliment or an impertinence. I hope, at least, that you don't mean to accuse me of playing a part at the present moment."

"On the contrary. I'm your physician; you're frank."

"It's not because you're my physician that I'm frank," said Mason. "I should n't think of burdening you in that capacity with my miserable caprices and fancies"; and Ferdinand paused a moment. "You're a man!" he pursued, laying his hand on his companion's arm. "There's nothing here but women, Heaven reward them! I'm saturated with whispers and perfumes and smiles, and the rustling of dresses. It takes a man to understand a man."

"It takes more than a man to understand you, my dear Mason," said Knight, with a kindly smile. "But I listen."

Mason remained silent, leaning back in his chair, with his eyes wandering slowly over the wide patch of sky disclosed by the window, and his hands languidly folded on his knees. The Doctor examined him with a look half amused, half perplexed. But at last his face grew quite sober, and he contracted his brow. He placed his hand on Mason's arm and shook it gently, while Ferdinand met his gaze. The Doctor frowned, and, as he did so, his companion's mouth expanded into a placid smile. "If you don't get well," said Knight, — "if you don't get well —" and he paused.

"What will be the consequences?" asked Ferdinand, still smiling.

"I shall hate you," said Knight, half smiling too.

Mason broke into a laugh. "What shall I care for that?"

"I shall tell people that you were a poor, spiritless fellow, — that you are no loss."

"I give you leave," said Ferdinand.

The Doctor got up. "I don't like obstinate patients," he said.

Ferdinand burst into a long loud laugh, which ended in a fit of coughing.

"I'm getting too amusing," said Knight; "I must go."

"Nay, laugh and grow fat," cried Ferdinand. "I promise to get well." But that evening, at least, he was no better, as it turned out, for his momentary exhilaration. Before turning in for the night, he went into the drawing-room to spend half an hour with the ladies. The room was empty, but the lamp was lighted, and he sat down by the table and read a chapter in a novel. He felt excited, light-headed, light-hearted, half-intoxicated, as if he had been drinking strong coffee. He put down his book, and went over to the mantelpiece, above which hung a mirror, and looked at the reflection of his face. For almost the first time in his life he examined his features, and wondered if he were good-looking. He was able to conclude only that he looked very thin and pale, and utterly unfit for the business of life. At last he heard an opening of doors overhead, and a rustling of voluminous skirts on the stairs. Mrs. Mason came in, fresh from the hands of her maid, and dressed for a party.

"And is Miss Hofmann going?" asked Mason. He felt that his heart was beating, and that he hoped Mrs. Mason would say no. His momentary sense of strength, the mellow lamplight, the open piano, and the absence, of the excellent woman before him, struck him as so many reasons for her remaining at home. But the sound of the young lady's descent upon the stairs was an affirmative to his question. She forthwith appeared upon the threshold, dressed in crape of a kind of violent blue, with desultory clusters of white roses. For some ten minutes Mason had the pleasure of being witness of that series of pretty movements and preparations with which women in full dress beguile the interval before their carriage is announced; their

glances at the mirror, their slow assumption of their gloves, their mutual revisions and felicitations.

"Is n't she lovely?" said Miss Hofmann to the young man, nodding at her aunt, who looked every inch the handsome woman that she was.

"Lovely, lovely, lovely!" said Ferdinand, so emphatically, that Miss Hofmann transferred her glance to him; while Mrs. Mason good-humoredly turned her back, and Caroline saw that Mason was engaged in a survey of her own person.

Miss Hofmann smiled discreetly. "I wish very much you might come," she said.

"I shall go to bed," answered Ferdinand, simply.

"Well, that's much better. We shall go to bed at two o'clock. Meanwhile I shall caper about the rooms to the sound of a piano and fiddle, and Aunt Maria will sit against the wall with her toes tucked under a chair. Such is life!"

"You'll dance then," said Mason.

"I shall dance. Dr. Knight has invited me."

"Does he dance well, Caroline?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"That remains to be seen. I have a strong impression that he does not."

"Why?" asked Ferdinand.

"He does so many other things well."

"That's no reason," said Mrs. Mason. "Do you dance, Ferdinand?"

Ferdinand shook his head.

"I like a man to dance," said Caroline, "and yet I like him not to dance."

"That's a very womanish speech, my dear," said Mrs. Mason.

"I suppose it is. It's inspired by my white gloves and my low dress, and my roses. When once a woman gets on such things, Colonel Mason, expect nothing but nonsense. — Aunt Maria," the young lady continued, "will you button my glove?"

"Let me do it," said Ferdinand.

"Your aunt has her gloves on."

"Thank you." And Miss Hofmann extended a long white arm, and drew

back with her other hand the bracelet from her wrist. Her glove had three buttons, and Mason performed the operation with great deliberation and neatness.

"And now," said he, gravely, "I hear the carriage. You want me to put on your shawl."

"If you please,"—Miss Hofmann passed her full white drapery into his hands, and then turned about her fair shoulders. Mason solemnly covered them, while the waiting-maid, who had come in, performed the same service for the elder lady.

"Good by," said the latter, giving him her hand. "You're not to come out into the air." And Mrs. Mason, attended by her maid, transferred herself to the carriage. Miss Hofmann gathered up her loveliness, and prepared to follow. Ferdinand stood leaning against the parlor door, watching her; and as she rustled past him she nodded farewell with a silent smile. A characteristic smile, Mason thought it, — a smile in which there was no expectation of triumph and no affectation of reluctance, but just the faintest suggestion of perfectly good-humored resignation. Mason went to the window and saw the carriage roll away with its lighted lamps, and then stood looking out into the darkness. The sky was cloudy. As he turned away the maid-servant came in, and took from the table a pair of rejected gloves. "I hope you're feeling better, sir," she said, politely.

"Thank you, I think I am."

"It's a pity you could n't have gone out with the ladies."

"I'm not well enough yet to think of such things," said Mason, trying to smile. But as he walked across the floor he felt himself attacked by a sudden sensation, which cannot be better described than as a general collapse. He felt dizzy, faint, and sick. His head swam and his knees trembled. "I'm ill," he said, sitting down on the sofa; "you must call William."

William speedily arrived, and conducted the young man to his room.

"What on earth had you been doing, sir?" asked this most irreproachable of serving-men, as he helped him to undress.

Ferdinand was silent a moment. "I had been putting on Miss Hofmann's shawl," he said.

"Is that all, sir?"

"And I had been buttoning her glove."

"Well, sir, you must be very prudent."

"So it appears," said Ferdinand.

He slept soundly, however, and the next morning was the better for it. "I'm certainly better," he said to himself, as he slowly proceeded to his toilet. "A month ago such an attack as that of last evening would have effectually banished sleep. Courage, then. The Devil is n't dead, but he's dying."

In the afternoon he received a visit from Horace Knight. "So you danced last evening at Mrs. Bradshaw's," he said to his friend.

"Yes, I danced. It's a great piece of frivolity for a man in my position; but I thought there would be no harm in doing it just once, to show them I know how. My abstinence in future will tell the better. Your ladies were there. I danced with Miss Hofmann. She was dressed in blue, and she was the most beautiful woman in the room. Every one was talking about it."

"I saw her," said Mason, "before she went off."

"You should have seen her there," said Knight. "The music, the excitement, the spectators, and all that, bring out a woman's beauty."

"So I suppose," said Ferdinand.

"What strikes me," pursued the Doctor, "is her — what shall I call it? — her vitality, her quiet buoyancy. Of course, you did n't see her when she came home? If you had, you would have noticed, unless I'm very much mistaken, that she was as fresh and elastic at two o'clock as she had been at ten. While all the other women looked tired and jaded and used up, she alone showed no signs of exhaustion. She was nei-

ther pale nor flushed, but still light-footed, rosy, and erect. She's solid. You see I can't help looking at such things as a physician. She has a magnificent organization. Among all those other poor girls she seemed to have something of the inviolable strength of a goddess"; and Knight smiled frankly as he entered the region of eloquence. "She wears her artificial roses and dew-drops as if she had gathered them on the mountain-tops, instead of buying them in Broadway. She moves with long steps, her dress rustles, and to a man of fancy it's the sound of Diana on the forest-leaves."

Ferdinand nodded assent. "So you're a man of fancy," he said.

"Of course I am," said the Doctor.

Ferdinand was not inclined to question his friend's estimate of Miss Hofmann, nor to weigh his words. They only served to confirm an impression which was already strong in his own mind. Day by day he had felt the growth of this impression. "He must be a strong man who would approach her," he said to himself. "He must be as vigorous and elastic as she herself, or in the progress of courtship she will leave him far behind. He must be able to forget his lungs and his liver and his digestion. To have broken down in his country's defence, even, will avail him nothing. What is that to her? She needs a man who has defended his country without breaking down,—a being complete, intact, well seasoned, invulnerable. Then,—then," thought Ferdinand, "perhaps she will consider him. Perhaps it will be to refuse him. Perhaps, like Diana, to whom Knight compares her, she is meant to live alone. It's certain, at least, that she is able to wait. She will be young at forty-five. Women who are young at forty-five are perhaps not the most interesting women. They are likely to have felt for nobody and for nothing. But it's often less their own fault than that of the men and women about them. This one at least *can* feel; the thing is to move her. Her soul is an instru-

ment of a hundred strings, only it takes a strong hand to draw sound. Once really touched, they will reverberate for ever and ever."

In fine, Mason was in love. It will be seen that his passion was not arrogant nor uncompromising; but, on the contrary, patient, discreet, and modest,—almost timid. For ten long days, the most memorable days of his life,—days which, if he had kept a journal, would have been left blank,—he held his tongue. He would have suffered anything rather than reveal his emotions, or allow them to come accidentally to Miss Hofmann's knowledge. He would cherish them in silence until he should feel in all his sinews that he was himself again, and then he would open his heart. Meanwhile he would be patient; he would be the most irreproachable, the most austere, the most insignificant of convalescents. He was as yet unfit to touch her, to look at her, to speak to her. A man was not to go a wooing in his dressing-gown and slippers.

There came a day, however, when, in spite of his high resolves, Ferdinand came near losing his balance. Mrs. Mason had arranged with him to drive in the phaeton after dinner. But it befell that, an hour before the appointed time, she was sent for by a neighbor who had been taken ill.

"But it's out of the question that you should lose your drive," said Miss Hofmann, who brought him her aunt's apologies. "If you are still disposed to go, I shall be happy to take the reins. I shall not be as good company as Aunt Maria, but perhaps I shall be as good company as Thomas." It was settled, accordingly, that Miss Hofmann should act as her aunt's substitute, and at five o'clock the phaeton left the door. The first half of their drive was passed in silence; and almost the first words they exchanged were as they finally drew near to a space of enclosed ground, beyond which, through the trees at its farther extremity, they caught a glimpse of a turn in the river. Miss Hofmann involuntarily pulled up.

The sun had sunk low, and the cloudless western sky glowed with rosy yellow. The trees which concealed the view flung over the grass a great screen of shadow, which reached out into the road. Between their scattered stems gleamed the broad white current of the Hudson. Our friends both knew the spot. Mason had seen it from a boat, when one morning a gentleman in the neighborhood, thinking to do him a kindness, had invited him to take a short sail; and with Miss Hofmann it had long been a frequent resort.

"How beautiful!" she said, as the phaeton stopped.

"Yes, if it was n't for those trees," said Ferdinand. "They conceal the best part of the view."

"I should rather say they indicate it," answered his companion. "From here they conceal it; but they suggest to you to make your way in, and lose yourself behind them, and enjoy the prospect in privacy."

"But you can't take a vehicle in."

"No: there is only a footpath, although I have ridden in. One of these days, when you're stronger, you must drive to this point, and get out, and walk over to the bank."

Mason was silent a moment, — a moment during which he felt in his limbs the tremor of a bold resolution. "I noticed the place the day I went out on the water with Mr. McCarthy. I immediately marked it as my own. The bank is quite high, and the trees make a little amphitheatre on its summit. I think there's a bench."

"Yes, there are two benches," said Caroline.

"Suppose, then, we try it now," said Mason, with an effort.

"But you can never walk over that meadow. You see it's broken ground. And, at all events, I can't consent to your going alone."

"That, madam," said Ferdinand, rising to his feet in the phaeton, "is a piece of folly I should never think of proposing. Yonder is a house, and in it there are people. Can't we drive

thither, and place the horse in their custody?"

"Nothing is more easy, if you insist upon it. The house is occupied by a German family with a couple of children, who are old friends of mine. When I come here on horseback they always clamor for 'coppers.' From their little garden the walk is shorter."

So Miss Hofmann turned the horse toward the cottage, which stood at the head of a lane, a few yards from the road. A little boy and girl, with bare heads and bare feet, — the former members very white and the latter very black, — came out to meet her. Caroline greeted them good-humoredly in German. The girl, who was the elder, consented to watch the horse, while the boy volunteered to show the visitors the shortest way to the river. Mason reached the point in question without great fatigue, and found a prospect which would have repaid even greater trouble. To the right and to the left, a hundred feet below them, stretched the broad channel of the seaward-shifting waters. In the distance rose the gentle masses of the Catskills with all the intervening region vague and neutral in the gathering twilight. A faint odor of coolness came up to their faces from the stream below.

"You can sit down," said the little boy, doing the honors.

"Yes, Colonel, sit down," said Caroline. "You've already been on your feet too much."

Ferdinand obediently seated himself, unable to deny that he was glad to do so. Miss Hofmann released from her grasp the skirts which she had gathered up in her passage from the phaeton, and strolled to the edge of the cliff, where she stood for some moments talking with her little guide. Mason could only hear that she was speaking German. After the lapse of a few moments Miss Hofmann turned back, still talking — or rather listening — to the child.

"He's very pretty," she said in French, as she stopped before Ferdinand.

Mason broke into a laugh. "To think," said he, "that that little youngster should forbid us the use of two languages! Do you speak French, my child?"

"No," said the boy, sturdily, "I speak German."

"Ah, there I can't follow you!"

The child stared a moment, and then replied, with pardonable irrelevancy, "I'll show you the way down to the water."

"There I can't follow you either. I hope you'll not go, Miss Hofmann," added the young man, observing a movement on Caroline's part.

"Is it hard?" she asked of the child.

"No, it's easy."

"Will I tear my dress?"

The child shook his head; and Caroline descended the bank under his guidance.

As some moments elapsed before she reappeared, Ferdinand ventured to the edge of the cliff, and looked down. She was sitting on a rock on the narrow margin of sand, with her hat in her lap, twisting the feather in her fingers. In a few moments it seemed to Ferdinand that he caught the tones of her voice, wafted upward as if she were gently singing. He listened intently, and at last succeeded in distinguishing several words; they were German. "Confound her German!" thought the young man. Suddenly Miss Hofmann rose from her seat, and, after a short interval, reappeared on the platform. "What did you find down there?" asked Ferdinand, almost savagely.

"Nothing,—a little strip of a beach and a pile of stones."

"You have torn your dress," said Mason.

Miss Hofmann surveyed her drapery. "Where, if you please?"

"There, in front." And Mason extended his walking-stick, and inserted it into the injured fold of muslin. There was a certain graceless *brusquerie* in the movement which attracted Miss Hofmann's attention.

She looked at her companion, and, seeing that his face was discomposed, fancied that he was annoyed at having been compelled to wait.

"Thank you," she said; "it's easily mended. And now suppose we go back."

"No, not yet," said Ferdinand. "We have plenty of time."

"Plenty of time to catch cold," said Miss Hofmann, kindly.

Mason had planted his stick where he had let it fall on withdrawing it from contact with his companion's skirts, and stood leaning against it, with his eyes on the young girl's face. "What if I do catch cold?" he asked abruptly.

"Come, don't talk nonsense," said Miss Hofmann.

"I never was more serious in my life." And, pausing a moment, he drew a couple of steps nearer. She had gathered her shawl closely about her, and stood with her arms lost in it, holding her elbows. "I don't mean that quite literally," Mason continued. "I wish to get well, on the whole. But there are moments when this perpetual self-coddling seems beneath the dignity of man, and I'm tempted to purchase one short hour of enjoyment, of happiness, at the cost—well, at the cost of my life if necessary!"

This was a franker speech than Ferdinand had yet made; the reader may estimate his habitual reserve. Miss Hofmann must have been somewhat surprised, and even slightly puzzled. But it was plain that he expected a rejoinder.

"I don't know what temptation you may have had," she answered, smiling; "but I confess that I can think of none in your present circumstances likely to involve the great sacrifice you speak of. What you say, Colonel Mason, is half—"

"Half what?"

"Half ungrateful. Aunt Maria flatters herself that she has made existence as easy and as peaceful for you—as stupid, if you like—as it can possibly be for a— a clever man."

And now, after all, to accuse her of introducing temptations."

"Your aunt Maria is the best of women, Miss Hofmann," said Mason. "But I'm not a clever man. I'm deplorably weak-minded. Very little things excite me. Very small pleasures are gigantic temptations. I would give a great deal, for instance, to stay here with you for half an hour."

It is a delicate question whether Miss Hofmann now ceased to be perplexed; whether she discerned in the young man's accents—it was his tone, his attitude, his eyes that were fully significant, rather than his words—an intimation of that sublime and simple truth in the presence of which a wise woman puts off coquetry and prudery, and stands invested with perfect charity. But charity is nothing if not discreet; and Miss Hofmann may very well have effected the little transaction I speak of, and yet have remained, as she did remain, gracefully wrapped in her shawl, with the same serious smile on her face. Ferdinand's heart was thumping under his waistcoat; the words in which he might tell her that he loved her were fluttering there like frightened birds in a storm-shaken cage. Whether his lips would form them or not depended on the next words she uttered. On the faintest sign of defiance or of impatience he would really give her something to coquet withal. I repeat that I do not undertake to follow Miss Hofmann's feelings; I only know that her words were those of a woman of great instincts. "My dear Colonel Mason," she said, "I wish we might remain here the whole evening. The moments are quite too pleasant to be wantonly sacrificed. I simply put you on your conscience. If you believe that you can safely do so,—that you'll not have some dreadful chill in consequence,—let us by all means stay awhile. If you do not so believe, let us go back to the carriage. There is no good reason, that I see, for our behaving like children."

If Miss Hofmann apprehended a scene,—I do not assert that she did,

—she was saved. Mason extracted from her words a delicate assurance that he could afford to wait. "You're an angel, Miss Hofmann," he said, as a sign that this kindly assurance had been taken. "I think we had better go back."

Miss Hofmann accordingly led the way along the path, and Ferdinand slowly followed. A man who has submitted to a woman's wisdom generally feels bound to persuade himself that he has surrendered at discretion. I suppose it was in this spirit that Mason said to himself as he walked along, "Well, I got what I wanted."

The next morning he was again an invalid. He woke up with symptoms which as yet he had scarcely felt at all; and he was obliged to acknowledge the bitter truth that, small as it was, his adventure had exceeded his strength. The walk, the evening air, the dampness of the spot, had combined to produce a violent attack of fever. As soon as it became plain that, in vulgar terms, he was "in for it," he took his heart in his hands and succumbed. As his condition grew worse, he was fortunately relieved from the custody of this valuable organ, with all it contained of hopes delayed and broken projects, by several intervals of prolonged unconsciousness.

For three weeks he was a very sick man. For a couple of days his recovery was doubted of. Mrs. Mason attended him with inexhaustible patience and with the solicitude of real affection. She was resolved that greedy Death should not possess himself, through any fault of hers, of a career so full of bright possibilities and of that active gratitude which a good-natured elderly woman would relish, as she felt that of her *protégé* to be. Her vigils were finally rewarded. One fine morning poor long-silent Ferdinand found words to tell her that he was better. His recovery was very slow, however, and it ceased several degrees below the level from which he had originally fallen. He was thus twice a convalescent,—a sufficiently miserable fellow. He professed to be very much

surprised to find himself still among the living. He remained silent and grave, with a newly contracted fold in his forehead, like a man honestly perplexed at the vagaries of destiny. "It must be," he said to Mrs. Mason,—"it must be that I am reserved for great things."

In order to insure absolute quiet in the house, Ferdinand learned Miss Hofmann had removed herself to the house of a friend, at a distance of some five miles. On the first day that the young man was well enough to sit in his arm-chair Mrs. Mason spoke of her niece's return, which was fixed for the morrow. "She will want very much to see you," she said. "When she comes, may I bring her into your room?"

"Good heavens, no!" said Ferdinand, to whom the idea was very disagreeable. He met her accordingly at dinner, three days later. He left his room at the dinner hour, in company with Dr. Knight, who was taking his departure. In the hall they encountered Mrs. Mason, who invited the Doctor to remain, in honor of his patient's reappearance in society. The Doctor hesitated a moment, and, as he did so, Ferdinand heard Miss Hofmann's step descending the stair. He turned towards her just in time to catch on her face the vanishing of a glance of intelligence. As Mrs. Mason's back was against the staircase, her glance was evidently meant for Knight. He excused himself on the plea of an engagement, to Mason's regret, while the latter greeted the younger lady. Mrs. Mason proposed another day,—the following Sunday; the Doctor assented, and it was not till some time later that Ferdinand found himself wondering why Miss Hofmann should have forbidden him to remain. He rapidly perceived that during the period of their separation this young lady had lost none of her charms; on the contrary, they were more irresistible than ever. It seemed to Mason, moreover, that they were bound together by a certain pensive gentleness, a tender, submissive look, which he had hitherto failed to observe. Mrs. Mason's

own remarks assured him that he was not the victim of an illusion.

"I wonder what is the matter with Caroline," she said. "If it were not that she tells me that she never was better, I should believe she is feeling unwell. I've never seen her so simple and gentle. She looks like a person who has a great fright,—a fright not altogether unpleasant."

"She has been staying in a house full of people," said Mason. "She has been excited, and amused, and preoccupied; she returns to you and me (excuse the juxtaposition,—it exists)—a kind of reaction asserts itself." Ferdinand's explanation was ingenious rather than plausible.

Mrs. Mason had a better one. "I have an impression," she said, "George Stapleton, the second of the sons, is an old admirer of Caroline's. It's hard to believe that he could have been in the house with her for a fortnight without renewing his suit, in some form or other."

Ferdinand was not made uneasy, for he had seen and talked with Mr. George Stapleton,—a young man very good-looking, very good-natured, very clever, very rich, and very unworthy, as he conceived, of Miss Hofmann. "You don't mean to say that your niece has listened to him," he answered, calmly enough.

"Listened, yes. He has made himself agreeable, and he has succeeded in making an impression,—a temporary impression," added Mrs. Mason with a business-like air.

"I can't believe it," said Ferdinand. "Why not? He's a very nice fellow."

"Yes,—yes," said Mason, "very nice indeed. He's very rich too." And here the talk was interrupted by Caroline's entrance.

On Sunday the two ladies went to church. It was not till after they had gone that Ferdinand left his room. He came into the little parlor, took up a book, and felt something of the stir of his old intellectual life. Would he ever again know what it was to work?

In the course of an hour the ladies came in, radiant with devotional millinery. Mrs. Mason soon went out again, leaving the others together. Miss Hofmann asked Ferdinand what he had been reading; and he was thus led to declare that he really believed he should, after all, get the use of his head again. She listened with all the respect which an intelligent woman who leads an idle life necessarily feels for a clever man when he consents to make her in some degree the confidant of his intellectual purposes. Quickened by her delicious sympathy, her grave attention, and her intelligent questions, he was led to unbosom himself of several of his dearest convictions and projects. It was easy that from this point the conversation should advance to matters of belief and hope in general. Before he knew it, it had done so; and he had thus the great satisfaction of discussing with the woman on whom of all others his selfish and personal happiness was most dependent those great themes in whose expansive magnitude persons and pleasures and passions are absorbed and extinguished, and in whose austere effulgence the brightest divinities of earth remit their shining. Serious passions are a good preparation for the highest kinds of speculation. Although Ferdinand was urging no suit whatever upon his companion, and consciously, at least, making use in no degree of the emotion which accompanied her presence, it is certain that, as they formed themselves, his conceptions were the clearer for being the conceptions of a man in love. And, as for Miss Hofmann, her attention could not, to all appearances, have been more lively, nor her perception more delicate, if the atmosphere of her own intellect had been purified by the sacred fires of a responsive passion.

Knight duly made his appearance at dinner, and proved himself once more the entertaining gentleman whom our friends had long since learned to appreciate. But Mason, fresh from his contest with morals and metaphysics,

was forcibly struck with the fact that he was one of those men from whom these sturdy beggars receive more kicks than halfpence. He was nevertheless obliged to admit, that, if he was not a man of principles, he was thoroughly a man of honor. After dinner the company adjourned to the piazza, where, in the course of half an hour, the Doctor proposed to Miss Hofmann to take a turn in the grounds. All around the lawn there wound a narrow footpath, concealed from view in spots by clusters of shubbery. Ferdinand and his hostess sat watching their retreating figures as they slowly measured the sinuous strip of gravel; Miss Hofmann's light dress and the Doctor's white waistcoat gleaming at intervals through the dark verdure. At the end of twenty minutes they returned to the house. The Doctor came back only to make his bow and to take his departure; and, when he had gone, Miss Hofmann retired to her own room. The next morning she mounted her horse, and rode over to see the friend with whom she had stayed during Mason's fever. Ferdinand saw her pass his window, erect in the saddle, with her horse scattering the gravel with his nervous steps. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Mason came into the room, sat down by the young man, made her habitual inquiries as to his condition, and then paused in such a way as that he instantly felt that she had something to tell him. "You've something to tell me," he said; "what is it?"

Mrs. Mason blushed a little, and laughed. "I was first made to promise to keep it a secret," she said. "If I'm so transparent now that I have leave to tell it, what should I be if I had n't? Guess."

Ferdinand shook his head peremptorily. "I give it up."

"Caroline is engaged."

"To whom?"

"Not to Mr. Stapleton, — to Dr. Knight."

Ferdinand was silent a moment; but he neither changed color nor

dropped his eyes. Then, at last, "Did she wish you not to tell me?" he asked.

"She wished me to tell no one. But I prevailed upon her to let me tell *you*."

"Thank you," said Ferdinand with a little bow — and an immense irony.

"It's a great surprise," continued Mrs. Mason. "I never suspected it. And there I was talking about Mr. Stapleton! I don't see how they have managed it. Well, I suppose it's for the best. But it seems odd that Caroline should have refused so many superior offers, to put up at last with Dr. Knight."

Ferdinand had felt for an instant as if the power of speech was deserting him; but volition nailed it down with a great muffled hammer-blow.

"She might do worse," he said mechanically.

Mrs. Mason glanced at him as if struck by the sound of his voice. "You're not surprised, then?"

"I hardly know. I never fancied there was anything between them, and yet, now that I look back, there has been nothing against it. They have talked of each other neither too much nor too little. Upon my soul, they're an accomplished couple!" Glancing back at his friend's constant reserve and self-possession, Ferdinand — strange as it may seem — could not repress a certain impulse of sympathetic admiration. He had had no vulgar rival. "Yes," he repeated gravely, "she might do worse."

"I suppose she might. He's poor, but he's clever; and I'm sure I hope to Heaven he loves her!"

Ferdinand said nothing.

"May I ask," he resumed at length, "whether they became engaged yesterday, on that walk around the lawn?"

"No; it would be fine if they had, under our very noses! It was all done while Caroline was at the Stapletons'. It was agreed between them yesterday that she should tell me at once."

"And when are they to be married?"

"In September, if possible. Caroline told me to tell you that she counts upon your staying for the wedding."

"Staying where?" asked Mason, with a little nervous laugh.

"Staying here, of course, — in the house."

Ferdinand looked his hostess full in the eyes, taking her hand as he did so. "The funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

"Ah, hold your tongue!" cried Mrs. Mason, pressing his hand. "How can you be so horrible? When Caroline leaves me, Ferdinand, I shall be quite alone. The tie which binds us together will be very much slackened by her marriage. I can't help thinking that it was never very close, when I consider that I've had no part in the most important step of her life. I don't complain. I suppose it's natural enough. Perhaps it's the fashion, — come in with striped petticoats and pea-jackets. Only it makes me feel like an old woman. It removes me twenty years at a bound from my own engagement, and the day I burst out crying on my mother's neck because your uncle had told a young girl I knew, that he thought I had beautiful eyes. Now-a-days I suppose they tell the young ladies themselves, and have them cry on their own necks. It's a great saving of time. But I shall miss Caroline all the same; and then, Ferdinand, I shall make a great deal of you."

"The more the better," said Ferdinand, with the same laugh; and at this moment Mrs. Mason was called away.

Ferdinand had not been a soldier for nothing. He had received a heavy blow, and he resolved to bear it like a man. He refused to allow himself a single moment of self-compassion. On the contrary, he spared himself none of the hard names offered by his passionate vocabulary. For not guessing Caroline's secret, he was perhaps excusable. Women were all inscrutable, and this one especially so. But Knight was a man like himself, — a man whom he es-

teemed, but whom he was loath to credit with a deeper and more noiseless current of feeling than his own, for his own was no babbling brook, betraying its course through green leaves. Knight had loved modestly and decently, but frankly and heartily, like a man who was not ashamed of what he was doing, and if he had not found it out it was his own fault. What else had he to do? He had been a besotted day-dreamer, while his friend had simply been a genuine lover. He deserved his injury, and he would bear it in silence. He had been unable to get well on an illusion; he would now try getting well on a truth. This was stern treatment, the reader will admit, likely to kill if it did n't cure.

Miss Hofmann was absent for several hours. At dinner-time she had not returned, and Mrs. Mason and the young man accordingly sat down without her. After dinner Ferdinand went into the little parlor, quite indifferent as to how soon he met her. Seeing or not seeing her, time hung equally heavy. Shortly after her companions had risen from table, she rode up to the door, dismounted, tired and hungry, passed directly into the dining-room, and sat down to eat in her habit. In half an hour she came out, and, crossing the hall on her way up stairs, saw Mason in the parlor. She turned round, and, gathering up her long skirts with one hand, while she held a little sweet-cake to her lips with the other, stopped at the door to bid him good day. He left his chair, and went towards her. Her face wore a somewhat weary smile.

"So you're going to be married," he began abruptly.

Miss Hofmann assented with a slight movement of her head.

"I congratulate you. Excuse me if I don't do it with the last grace. I feel all I dare to feel."

"Don't be afraid," said Caroline, smiling, and taking a bite from her cake.

"I'm not sure that it's not more unexpected than even such things have

a right to be. There's no doubt about it?"

"None whatever."

"Well, Knight's a very good fellow. I have n't seen him yet," he pursued, as Caroline was silent. "I don't know that I'm in any hurry to see him. But I mean to talk to him. I mean to tell him that if he does n't do his duty by you, I shall —"

"Well?"

"I shall remind him of it."

"O, I shall do that," said Miss Hofmann.

Ferdinand looked at her gravely. "By Heaven! you know," he cried with intensity, "it must be either one thing or the other."

"I don't understand you."

"O, I understand myself. You're not a woman to be thrown away, Miss Hofmann."

Caroline made a gesture of impatience. "I don't understand you," she repeated. "You must excuse me. I'm very tired." And she went rapidly up stairs.

On the following day Ferdinand had an opportunity to make his compliments to the Doctor. "I don't congratulate you on doing it," he said, "so much as on the way you've done it."

"What do you know about the way?" asked Knight.

"Nothing whatever. That's just it. You took good care of that. And you're to be married in the autumn?"

"I hope so. Very quietly, I suppose. The parson to do it, and Mrs. Mason and my mother and you to see it's done properly." And the Doctor put his hand on Ferdinand's shoulder.

"O, I'm the last person to choose," said Mason. "If he were to omit anything, I should take good care not to cry out." It is often said, that, next to great joy, no state of mind is so frolicsome as great distress. It was in virtue of this truth, I suppose, that Ferdinand was able to be facetious. He kept his spirits. He talked and smiled and lounged about with the same deferential languor as before. During the

interval before the time appointed for the wedding it was agreed between the parties interested that Miss Hofmann should go over and spend a few days with her future mother-in-law, where she might partake more freely and privately than at home of the pleasure of her lover's company. She was absent a week; a week during which Ferdinand was thrown entirely upon his hostess for entertainment and diversion,—things he had a very keen sense of needing. There were moments when it seemed to him that he was living by mere force of will, and that, if he loosened the screws for a single instant, he would sink back upon his bed again, and never leave it. He had forbidden himself to think of Caroline, and had prescribed a course of meditation upon that other mistress, his first love, with whom he had long since exchanged pledges,—she of a hundred names,—work, letters, philosophy, fame. But, after Caroline had gone, it was supremely difficult not to think of her. Even in absence she was supremely conspicuous. The most that Ferdinand could do was to take refuge in books,—an immense number of which he now read, fiercely, passionately, voraciously,—in conversation with Mrs. Mason, and in such society as he found in his path. Mrs. Mason was a great gossip,—a gossip on a scale so magnificent as to transform the foible into a virtue. A gossip, moreover, of imagination, dealing with the future as well as the present and the past,—with a host of delightful half-possibilities, as well as with stale hyper-verities. With her, then, Ferdinand talked of his own future, into which she entered with the most outspoken and intelligent sympathy. "A man," he declared, "could n't do better; and a man certainly would do worse." Mrs. Mason arranged a European tour and residence for her nephew, in the manner of one who knew her ground. Caroline once married, she herself would go abroad, and fix herself in one of the several capitals in which an American widow with an easy income may contrive to

support existence. She would make her dwelling a base of supplies—a *pied à terre*—for Ferdinand, who should take his time to it, and visit every accessible spot in Europe and the East. She would leave him free to go and come as he pleased, and to live as he listed; and I may say that, thanks to Mrs. Mason's observation of Continental manners, this broad allowance covered in her view quite as much as it did in poor Ferdinand's, who had never been out of his own country. All that she would ask of him would be to show himself say twice a year in her drawing-room, and to tell her stories of what he had seen; that drawing-room which she already saw in her mind's eye,—a compact little *entresol* with tapestry hangings in the doorways and a coach-house in the court attached. Mrs. Mason was not a severe moralist; but she was quite too sensible a woman to wish to demoralize her nephew, and to persuade him to trifle with his future,—that future of which the war had already made light, in its own grim fashion. Nay, she loved him; she thought him the cleverest, the most promising, of young men. She looked to the day when his name would be on men's lips, and it would be a great piece of good fortune to have very innocently married his uncle. Herself a great observer of men and manners, she wished to give him advantages which had been sterile in her own case.

In the way of society, Ferdinand made calls with his hostess, went out twice to dine, and caused Mrs. Mason herself to entertain company at dinner. He presided on these occasions with distinguished good grace. It happened, moreover, that invitations had been out some days for a party at the Stapletons',—Miss Hofmann's friends,—and that, as there was to be no dancing, Ferdinand boldly announced his intention of going thither. "Who knows?" he said; "it may do me more good than harm. We can go late, and come away early." Mrs. Mason doubted of the wisdom of the act; but she finally as-

sented, and prepared herself. It was late when they left home, and when they arrived the rooms — rooms of exceptional vastness — were at their fullest. Mason received on this his first appearance in society a most flattering welcome, and in a very few moments found himself in exclusive possession of Miss Edith Stapleton, Caroline's particular friend. This young lady has had no part in our story, because our story is perforce short, and condemned to pick and choose its constituent elements. With the least bit wider compass we might long since have whispered to the reader, that Miss Stapleton — who was a charming girl — had conceived a decided preference for our Ferdinand over all other men whomsoever. That Ferdinand was utterly ignorant of the circumstance is our excuse for passing it by; and we linger upon it, therefore, only long enough to suggest that the young girl must have been very happy at this particular moment.

"Is Miss Hofmann here?" Mason asked as he accompanied her into an adjoining room.

"Do you call that being here?" said Miss Stapleton, looking across the apartment. Mason, too, looked across.

There he beheld Miss Hofmann, full-robed in white, standing fronted by a semicircle of no less than five gentlemen, — all good-looking and splendid. Her head and shoulders rose serene from the *bouillonnement* of her beautiful dress, and she looked and listened with that half-abstracted air which is pardonable in a woman beset by half a dozen admirers. When Caroline's eyes fell upon her friend, she stared a moment, surprised, and then made him the most gracious bow in the world, — a bow so gracious that her little circle half divided itself to let it pass, and looked around to see where the deuce it was going. Taking advantage of this circumstance, Miss Hofmann advanced several steps. Ferdinand went towards her, and there, in sight of a hundred men and as many women, she gave him her hand, and smiled upon

him with extraordinary sweetness. They went back together to Miss Stapleton, and Caroline made him sit down, she and her friend placing themselves on either side. For half an hour Ferdinand had the honor of engrossing the attention of the two most charming girls present, — and, thanks to this distinction, indeed the attention of the whole company. After which the two young ladies had him introduced successively to every maiden and matron in the assembly in the least remarkable for loveliness or wit. Ferdinand rose to the level of the occasion, and conducted himself with unprecedented gallantry. Upon others he made, of course, the best impression, but to himself he was an object almost of awe. I am compelled to add, however, that he was obliged to fortify himself with repeated draughts of wine; and that even with the aid of this artificial stimulant he was unable to conceal from Mrs. Mason and his physician that he was looking far too much like an invalid to be properly where he was.

"Was there ever anything like the avidity of these dreadful girls?" said Mrs. Mason to the Doctor. "They'll let a man swoon at their feet sooner than abridge a *tête-à-tête* that amuses them. Then they'll have up another. Look at little Miss McCarthy, yonder, with Ferdinand and George Stapleton before her. She's got them contradicting each other, and she looks like a Roman fast lady at the circus. What does she care so long as she makes her evening? They like a man to look as if he were going to die, — it's interesting."

Knight went over to his friend, and told him sternly that it was high time he should be at home and in bed. "You're looking horribly," he added shrewdly, as Ferdinand resisted.

"You're *not* looking horribly, Colonel Mason," said Miss McCarthy, a very audacious little person, overhearing this speech.

"It is n't a matter of taste, madam," said the Doctor, angrily; "it's a fact." And he led away his patient.

Ferdinand insisted that he had not hurt himself, that, on the contrary, he was feeling uncommonly well; but his face contradicted him. He continued for two or three days more to play at "feeling well," with a courage worthy of a better cause. Then at last he let disease have its way. He settled himself on his pillows, and fingered his watch, and began to wonder how many revolutions he would still witness of those exquisite little needles. The Doctor came, and gave him a sound rating for what he called his imprudence. Ferdinand heard him out patiently; and then assured him that prudence or imprudence had nothing to do with it; that death had taken fast hold of him, and that now his only concern was to make easy terms with his captor. In the course of the same day he sent for a lawyer and altered his will. He had no known relatives, and his modest patrimony stood bequeathed to a gentleman of his acquaintance who had no real need of it. He now divided it into two unequal portions, the smaller of which he devised to William Bowles, Mrs. Mason's man-servant and his personal attendant; and the larger—which represented a considerable sum—to Horace Knight. He informed Mrs. Mason of these arrangements, and was pleased to have her approval.

From this moment his strength began rapidly to ebb, and the shattered fragments of his long-resisting will floated down its shallow current into dissolution. It was useless to attempt to talk, to beguile the interval, to watch the signs, or to count the hours. A constant attendant was established at his side, and Mrs. Mason appeared only at infrequent moments. The poor woman felt that her heart was broken, and spent a great deal of time in weeping. Miss Hofmann remained, naturally, at Mrs. Knight's. "As far as I can judge," Horace had said, "it will be a matter of a week. But it's the most extraordinary case I ever heard of. The man was steadily getting well." On the fifth day he had driven

Miss Hofmann home, at her suggestion that it was no more than decent that she should give the young man some little sign of sympathy. Horace went up to Ferdinand's bedside, and found the poor fellow in the languid middle condition between sleeping and waking in which he had passed the last forty-eight hours. "Colonel," he asked gently, "do you think you could see Caroline?"

For all answer, Ferdinand opened his eyes. Horace went out, and led his companion back into the darkened room. She came softly up to the bedside, stood looking down for a moment at the sick man, and then stooped over him.

"I thought I'd come and make you a little visit," she said. "Does it disturb you?"

"Not in the least," said Mason, looking her steadily in the eyes. "Not half as much as it would have done a week ago. Sit down."

"Thank you. Horace won't let me. I'll come again."

"You'll not have another chance," said Ferdinand. "I'm not good for more than two days yet. Tell them to go out. I wish to see you alone. I would n't have sent for you, but, now that you're here, I might as well take advantage of it."

"Have you anything particular to say?" asked Knight, kindly.

"O, come," said Mason, with a smile which he meant to be good-natured, but which was only ghastly; "you're not going to be jealous of me at this time of day."

Knight looked at Miss Hofmann for permission, and then left the room with the nurse. But a minute had hardly elapsed before Miss Hofmann hurried into the adjoining apartment, with her face pale and discomposed.

"Go to him!" she exclaimed. "He's dying!"

When they reached him he was dead.

In the course of a few days his will was opened, and Knight came to the knowledge of his legacy. "He was a good, generous fellow," he said to

Mrs. Mason and Miss Hofmann, "and I shall never be satisfied that he might n't have recovered. It was a most extraordinary case." He was considerate enough of his audience to abstain from adding that he would give a great deal to have been able to make an au-

topsy. Miss Hofmann's wedding was, of course, not deferred. She was married in September, "very quietly." It seemed to her lover, in the interval, that she was very silent and thoughtful. But this was certainly natural under the circumstances.

DOCTOR MOLKE'S FRIENDS.

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSIONARY'S STORY.

AFTER we had reached the missionary's hut, the storm seemed to shriek more fiercely than before, and the wind pressed and beat upon it with such violence, that the slender timbers fairly groaned and shivered; and as the hut was merely stuck upon the rock, I thought we stood a fair chance of going over at any moment, or of being carried up and tossed about among the clouds that were sailing in from the open sea and breaking into phantom shapes among the crags and cliffs. Groups of native dogs crouched among the rocks, crying pitiously, under the cold pelting of the storm; and as the night wore on, great showers of hail came rattling against the window-pane; and the wind rose steadily, and the spray flew still more wildly over the ghostly icebergs in the sea, and the clouds broke into more fantastic shapes, and the icebergs and the cliffs, and everything in sight, grew more weird, and seemed more and more unreal.

But no darkness greater than the darkness of a gloomy midday sky ever came; and the time of night (the time we call night at home) was measured off upon the dial-plate of a little Dutch clock that ticked against the wall, and told off the seconds as they passed. And this little Dutch clock, with its

long chains and weights of brass dangling down (as if they were arms and legs feeling for something real to rest upon), appeared to have a mind of its own upon the situation; for it ticked away under protest, as it were, and as if it would have you know that there was no occasion for ticking seconds there; and when midnight came, it set off with a preliminary rumble in its bowels and a gurgle in its throat (a sort of warning to take notice now and mind, or 't would be the worse for you), and sang out with a sharp, cracked voice, "Where 's the use, where 's the use, where 's the use, will you tell me, will you tell me, will you tell me, striking midnight, striking midnight, striking midnight, in the daylight, in the daylight, in the daylight?"—ending with another rumble in its bowels, and another gurgle in its throat; and after that it subsided once more into ticking under protest.

And all through this strange night the missionary sat before me, by the fire, talking of himself,—at broken intervals during the first half-hour, more constantly the second, and afterward all the time; and as he talked, the winds and clouds and rattling hail, and the wild and troubled sea, were quite forgotten by me, and all thought of phantom things and phantom shapes, and the endless day (that seemed only to be made for Wandering Jews) ceased to trouble my imagination; for I was deeply curious to

learn why this strange man had come to such a place, and he was telling me.

"I was born," began the missionary, "in Copenhagen, and was educated for the law. My family history would not interest you; and it is enough for me, therefore, to say that I had two sisters and three brothers. My brothers were fond of claiming that the Rolfsons were a very ancient family; but I never cared to inquire into the matter, deeming it of little consequence. Besides, I have always observed that those who manifest the most concern for their ancestral dignity have usually the least to bless themselves withal; and, were they wise, they would preserve a prudent silence upon the subject, contenting themselves with the knowledge that they had fathers, without disturbing their minds about their grandfathers, if indeed they ever had any to boast of.

"My father was a native of Bergen, Norway; but when, after the disastrous campaign of Frederick VI., in which he bore a part, Norway was ceded to the Swedish crown, he quitted Bergen, and came to reside with his family in Copenhagen, to which city he was the more attached that he had helped to defend it against the bombardment of the English. There he continued to live under the old flag and king, — and to none other would he own allegiance.

"The fortune of my father was ample for maintaining his family in comfort, and, indeed, in some elegance. His children had the best opportunities of education; and he lived to see his two daughters well and happily married, one of his sons established in the army, another in the civil service, another a merchant, and myself, the youngest, prepared, at least in form, to practise the profession which had been selected for me.

"Between my father and myself there grew up a deep affection; for to that feeling natural between parent and child there was added a great similarity of taste and disposition, and, indeed, of

personal appearance. Those who remembered my father when a young man of my own age declared that I was the exact counterpart of him.

"He saw fit to make me his constant companion; and, when his pursuits or my studies would allow of our being together, he would take me with him, generally with no one else in company, on his walks and rides and boating expeditions. His early life having been passed at the romantic old fishing-town of Bergen, (which nestles, with its quaint houses and bright bay, in a great amphitheatre of mountains,) he was, quite naturally, fond of the sea; and I fully shared his disposition in this, as in all other respects. We often visited the scenes of his boyhood; and it was thus, perhaps, that an early familiarity with the bleak coast and almost arctic climate of Norway prepared me for coming hither, when later in life I sought a resting-place.

"When my legal studies were commenced, I was no longer regular in my attendance at the University; and we arranged our pleasant walks and excursions with a view to my father's convenience and inclination, rather than to the order of my lectures. Nothing in or about the picturesque and dearly loved Copenhagen escaped our attention. Together we strolled, day after day, through the grand saloons of the palace of Christianberg; my father, with earnest enthusiasm, pointing out to me the beauties of the paintings, the excellence of the engravings in that fine collection, and the noble sculptures of the great Thorwaldsen; and he led me to the books which I wished to consult in the immense library, — one of the largest in the world. Together we visited the museum of antiquities, and the schools of art and science in Charlottenburg; and in the pleasant summer evenings, when the twilight lingered long, we walked together in the delightful gardens of the old Rosenberg, or strolled across one or the other of the two bridges which lead to Christianshavn, and thence around by the beautiful church of St. Saviour, with

its strange tower, to the shipping in the bay, and over to the Old and New Holm where were the arsenals, and dock-yards, and vessels of Denmark's gallant little fleet.

"How freshly all this comes before me now, as if it had happened yesterday! How my father, with his cheerful face, and kind voice, and handsome, active figure, stands before me at this distance of time, in this far-off desert place! and as I see him now and remember him, he seems to me, as he seemed then, the dearest friend that I could ever have, and the wisest counsellor, rather than my father; for I was his companion and confidant, rather than his son. Blest and happy days were those we passed together!

"My father's nature was most sensitive, but his soldier's life and long mingling with men had filled him with worldly wisdom; and, seeing how like himself I was, I have since sometimes wondered whether, in bringing me in daily contact with the world at an early period of my life, he did not think to school me in experience and smooth my future pathway. Perhaps he may have merely wished to see me happy and be himself happy while he might. Perhaps he may have wished to keep me from all serious work and thoughts, knowing that such things would come quite soon enough. Perhaps he may have seen in me only a susceptible, studious, dreamy boy, to love and pity; and then, when I was no more a child in years, and he saw no change, he clung to me still as he had clung before.

"So I grew to be a man, without fixed aim or purpose; and another year, and still another and another, passed away, and it was the same dreamy, studious life, devoid of care.

"And then my father died.

"The spirit of melancholy laid its hand upon me heavily, and to shake it off I went abroad, — caring little where, — to the Rhine, with its ruins and its vineyards, — to France, with Paris and its sunny wine, — to Rome, to Naples, — back through Italy to Switzerland,

with its shepherds and its glaciers, — to Spain, to Holland, to Bremen, — everywhere and anywhere for change; but still the unhappy spirit clung to me, and I could not shake it off.

"At Bremen I took ship for England; and one bleak November evening I was on the Thames, and saw the great dome of St. Paul's above the dense cloud of fog and smoke that swallowed up the great city, and blended streets and houses in chaotic blackness. Away beyond the city, a narrow belt of light lay beneath the cold gray sky, and against this the lofty dome stood black and gloomy as the city at its feet. And then the little belt of light faded away, and the dome was gone, and the city lay before me shapeless in the night, and a heavy, leaden rumble, like the distant roar of the great ocean, filled the ear. The anchor dropped, with a sullen thud, into the noisome stream; and, muffled from the damp night air, I was on the black water in a boat, once more seeking land to rest my foot upon. The boat glided past the vessels in the river, past the wharves and docks, — past great gloomy walls, — past houses covering squalid poverty and tumbling to decay among the masts and hulls of noble ships, to which they bore so great a contrast, — and landing at length on a long strange wharf, with great stacks of boxes and barrels here and there, and broken anchors and scraps of broken chains, and piles of rope, that seemed like myriads of serpents coiled up in tangled knots, to keep each other warm in the chilly night, I passed thence through strange streets, with strange faces flitting by the lamps, and footfalls coming from the darkness into which the faces melted; and with other footfalls following those that vanished, and bringing other faces underneath the lamps, to be seen for a single moment, and for a single moment only to linger on the memory, and then to pass away forevermore. And then in a strange hotel, a stranger in a strange land, in the very heart of the great city, and very sick and very weary, — with no one near me

that I had ever seen, no voice that I had ever heard, not one familiar sound, — I realized for the first time truly what it was to be alone, — to be divorced from human sympathy, to be utterly forsaken, — to be left to go and come, and live and die and pass away, with not a soul to care, not one of all the crowd of passers-by, not one of all the throng of men and women in this busiest mart of industry in all the world, to have a thought or wish for me. I was as lonely in the midst of thousands and the endless hum and bustle of the mighty city as if I had wandered to the deepest valley of this desert Arctic land, beyond the reach of sound from crumbling ice or breakers beating on the shore, beneath the reach of winds and beyond the touch of warmth, — buried and lost in the solitude and silence of the Arctic night.

"A raging fever now tormented me, and for weeks I was in pain, and at times insensible. But I was saved at last; and as I sat in my convalescent-chair watching the shadows come and go, and gaining strength from day to day, I came by degrees to learn that in idly bemoaning the loss I had suffered I was accusing Providence. I was made to feel gratitude to Heaven for the blessings that I had; and when at length, fully restored to health, I set out for home, I was changed and chastened.

"And now, instead of rushing wildly to and fro, without good to mind or body, I travelled for profitable instruction, and found pleasure where I went. After remaining long enough in the British Isles to become familiar with the language and the customs of the people, I crossed back to the Continent, and revisited some of the places that I had passed over so hastily; and my wanderings led me finally to Cologne.

"While at the University, one of the studies which most interested me was architecture, and especially the Gothic; and I wrote several essays to prove that this was the true Christian style, and should be so called. Although in some sense mere rhapsodies, and in no sense

wholly original, these essays were well received. I was particularly impressed with the appropriateness of this name; and I argued that, while it combined all the subordinate parts of the Grecian and other Pagan styles, the modern Gothic — or Christian, as I wished it might be distinguished — typified in its limitless variety of form and decoration and expansiveness the endless growth and compass of the Christian religion, while its unrestricted loftiness symbolized the boundless aspirations of the Christian soul.

"With these feelings strong upon me, I approached the magnificent cathedral at Cologne, after having visited most of the celebrated Gothic edifices on the Continent and in England; and you may well imagine the effect which it produced upon me. Originally intending to spend but one day in the examination of it, I lingered about it for weeks, going away, and returning to it each time with renewed interest. It seemed to possess a fascination for me, and in the end I was as loath to quit it as in the beginning.

"I am thus particular in mentioning this circumstance to you, that you may see how in all things I was the creature of impulse, and how thoroughly I gave myself up to the impulse of the moment, — whether of joy or grief or restlessness, or of dreamy contemplation. I would have you understand me to mean that I was obeying what was natural to me, and that in this was involved the destiny of my life.

"And let me further pursue the thought by contrasting others with myself. There are those who can view such a work of art as the Cologne Cathedral without deep emotion. They look upon it as an object of great interest, and are not insensible to its sublime proportions and its historic associations; but the bent of their minds is toward other things, and it would be difficult to imagine any circumstance connected with it which would influence their lives. With me, however, the case was different. The study of such objects was my great

delight, — my life, indeed, and, as I thought, my happiness; and, being thus led away from other pleasures, it was very natural that, while giving free course to my impulses here, I should encounter my destiny.

"While I lingered one evening in the majestic nave of the cathedral, leaning against one of the massive clustered columns which support it, and watching the effect of the light that streamed through the upper windows from the setting sun, the sound of footsteps (unusual at that hour) startled me. Turning my face in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I saw, standing in the golden light that poured through a richly stained window two human figures. 'It's he; it must be,' I then heard, to my great surprise. 'Who?' cried the other. 'Rolfson, — my dear friend Rolfson,' was the answer.

"For one whole year I had never heard my name pronounced by any one; and so faintly did the words now reach me, that I could not distinguish the voice that had uttered the welcome sound. But I was not long in doubt. He who had spoken was soon folded in my arms, and I had found a long-neglected friend, — my dearest classmate and companion at the University. 'Why have you so long forgotten me?' were his only reproving words, after our first greeting was over, but they touched me deeply; and then, buoyant as of old, and ever fresh as the wine of his own Moselle, he took me away to present me to his sister, whom he had left standing in the golden light.

"The golden light was stealing through the window, as if it loved to linger on the face before me, as if it loved to twine itself about her auburn hair, and was loath to part from anything so fair and beautiful, and trust it to the shadowy night. But as I came up to her the golden stream fled through the window; and the one brief glimpse I had of the light and the face together, before the parting came, left a picture printed on my heart and memory that can never, never fade. My hand has painted it imperfectly,

and you have seen it hanging on the wall of my poor chamber.

"The name of my old friend was Frederick Ohlsen; his sister's name was Margaret.

"This was to have been the last day of my stay at Cologne. My trunks were packed and at the station, and I had come there for a last look at the great monument of human genius, and, I had almost said, of heavenly beauty. Frederick, with his sister, had arrived that very day and hour, and, preferring to walk across the town to a pleasant villa on the other side, had strolled into the great cathedral as if by chance, for it was directly in their way.

"And thus it was that as I lingered there, obedient to the impulse of the hour, giving myself wholly to the fancy that pleased me at the time, the destiny of my life was wrought out; the good or ill that I might do upon the earth was in the balance, though I was wholly thoughtless of the future and careless of the present time.

"Frederick wished that I would stay while they were staying, and you may well be sure that I needed no persuasion. My trunks were ordered back; my old quarters were resumed at the hotel; and days and weeks of greater happiness never came to bless and strengthen any weary traveller on the crooked road of life; for she upon whose face the golden light had stolen down from heaven through the window of the solemn temple knew that I lingered there because of her; and she knew, upon the other hand, that she had saved me from a selfish and unwholesome brooding over sorrows past, and things obscure to come, — knew that she had saved me from myself. More than this I had no need to wish that she should know, — not more, at least, than that I always saw her standing in the golden light, of which she seemed to me a part, and from which she was inseparable.

"The days sped on, and as they sped I grew to feel the strength of manhood in me, — grew to see that duty lay in plain realities, and that, if love

and happiness should come to bless my days, I must hold my course through life with a steady hand.

"And so I grew in strength of mind and body, and so I erred upon the other side. I would brook no obstacle in my way, would have my will, and ride rough-shod upon my chosen path.

"I had won a pure and gentle love, — I had yet to win a bride.

"But there were many difficulties, and, impetuous when I should have been calm and content to wait, I set myself to tearing down what might well have been left to tumble of itself.

"The first obstacle in my way did not long remain, though, until it became an obstacle, I no more thought to do what I went about, than I thought to stop the rain-drops falling from the clouds. This was to return to Copenhagen, and so arrange my long-abandoned affairs that my property would yield me the largest revenues, and, this proving insufficient, to establish myself in my profession. In both of these I was successful. Not lacking knowledge, and I may perhaps say talent, with family influence to support me, I had no great difficulty in placing myself in respectable standing in the law.

"Two years passed away, and then I sought my bride, and found everything against me but her heart. Her father, unworthy of such a child, had years ago plotted her sacrifice for rank and fortune. Had she consented? Yes, as she had told me at Cologne. Yet then she was but a child. Yes, but a child. Would she retract her consent? With her father's leave, and the leave of him to whom the promise had been given, yes. Not otherwise? How could she? She could leave her father's house that hour, and be my wife before the sun had been an hour set!

"The sun was setting then, and we were standing in the gloomy shelter of the trees, and the trees rose darkly up against a bank of clouds that lay along the land. But a window opened for a moment in the clouds, and the golden light stole once more upon the

face before me, as if it again loved to linger there, and loved to twine itself about the auburn hair, and was loath to part from anything so fair and beautiful, and trust it to the shadowy night.

"I took her hand in mine. She turned from the golden light, and looked into my face and smiled, and the golden stream fled through the window in the clouds, to return never, never more. The smile said, Come; and the clouds that closed upon the golden light rolled up above our heads, charged with angry mutterings; and thus accompanied, we stole, hand in hand, beneath the shadow of the trees, and fled.

"I had soon an opportunity to send a message to Margaret's father, telling him what I had done, and where I might be found, and my message started him and another on our track. This other was her brother, some years older than Frederick, and a fitting son of a sordid father. But I did not know it then. Margaret had never spoken to me of this brother, and he would not reveal himself to me when we met. Was he Margaret's lover, the count of whom I had often heard? It mattered not to me who he was, I must give him satisfaction for my conduct. To a stranger? No! Then he put an affront upon me, which, with the feelings I had at that time, could not be borne.

"This right arm of mine is strong, and this right hand is skilful. At the University I was apt at all manly exercises, but was especially distinguished as a swordsman. From the very first moment of the encounter I knew that the unknown man was no match for me, and I resolved to terminate the matter with as little harm as possible. But he was clearly bent on mischief, — bent upon my life; and with the angry, determined lunge of one whose patience is turned to desperation, I ran him through the body, and left him on the ground for dead.

"When Margaret knew what I had done, sorrow brooded where I had first seen the golden light playing tenderly; and afterward, when she learned

that her father had died from injuries received while in pursuit of her;—died disowning her,—she sank beneath a burden that she had not strength to bear; and I had no power to help her, for on the hands that I would help her with she saw a brother's blood, and in every line she read with her sad and silent eyes, as I well saw, — Homicide. The iron that had pierced her brother's heart, (as I then thought, though wrongly, for he recovered from the wound), had likewise pierced her soul.

"Whether it was the shock caused by all these multiplying calamities, combined with a feeling that she had done a grievous wrong, I cannot say, but sickness overtook her; and within one month from that evening when the golden light fled to return never, never more, and hand and hand we had stolen away beneath the evening shadows and the muttering clouds, I laid my Margaret to her final rest beside my father in St. Saviour's Church-yard.

"And now Remorse was written on my very soul,—remorse that I had slain one whom I would have saved from every harm; remorse that I had sought her brother's life; remorse that I had been so impatient and so headstrong, and that I did not wait till in Heaven's good time the wrong should be set right.

"What use to travel now? What use to fly through France, and Spain, and Italy? What use to go away and bury myself in the great city? I could see none, and yet I could not endure to rest.

"I came back a second time from my wanderings changed and chastened once again, but now weaned from earthly passions, hopes, pursuits, and dreams, and idle fancies brooding in the mind through idle days.

"The missionary college took me in, a humbled man, and in course of time I found an opportunity of coming to this wild place. Some years before, while in Göttingen, I had fallen in with a German student and traveller named Heinrich Nettmann who had

an eccentric fancy for going about the world in pursuit of certain insects. This fancy had once already taken him to Greenland, and he was going again, as he told me, when we met a second time; and, much to his astonishment, I proposed to bear him company.

"The government gave me without hesitation the privilege that I desired, of going in a vessel that was fitting out to found a new colony, and of establishing in that colony a mission and a church. And the Lord has prospered me, and blessed my humble work, although I am painfully and sorrowfully aware that I have done far less than I should have done.

"And thus it was that I came to Greenland, and thus it has happened that I am living here in this rocky desert. I have not found it so lonely, though, as I sometimes found in other days the crowded city; for to one who serves his Master, there is no utter loneliness. My wants are few, and my thoughts are free, and the golden light no longer seems to flee from me, but lingers where I first saw it long ago, upon the face of a pure and radiant being,—trusting it no more to the shadowy night."

The night had waned away, and the morning sun shone upon the hills, and the clouds were lifted up and broken, and seemed like balls and knotted skeins and tangled webs of softest fleece, as they mingled with the drifting snow on the mountain-tops, and went tossing up and down and flying wildly through the silver morning light that filled the heavens everywhere, and glistened in the spray of the beating waves and on the great icebergs in the sea. The little hut which sheltered us seemed to stand more firmly, the clock seemed to have grown more reconciled to its office, the dogs had ceased their moaning, and were running playfully about, and everything promised the final breaking of the storm.

"And now to rest," said my companion, after remaining for some time quiet, as if lost in his own reflection.

tions ; but before he spoke he had risen from his seat, and, looking through the window, he seemed for the first time conscious of any change of weather.

"To rest, to rest ! for the storm is breaking fast, and we are likely to have a pleasant afternoon for another walk. I cannot now go on with the story of my Greenland life."

"Heinrich Nettmann, the gnat-catcher, will save you that trouble," exclaimed a voice behind us.

Much surprised, I turned, and beheld a short round figure, looking like a huge seal-skin muff, tilted up on end, with a great Nuremburg toy stuck through and through the middle of it ; for there was nothing of a man's form to be seen but two small feet, and

a round laughing face that was so very bright, and looked so very merry, that one might have thought it expressly got up by a troop of strolling fairies in imitation of the sun, at the very moment when that luminary had triumphed over the storm.

However, it was verily and truly Heinrich Nettmann, as was proven afterward without any doubt ; but as this chapter is already too long for human patience, we will take the inhospitable liberty of leaving sunny-faced Heinrich Nettmann where he stands, with his little feet upon the threshold,—the wild wind driving past him through the half-shut door,—until we open another chapter, and then we'll let him fairly in, and give him welcome, if we find him pleasant company.

FREE MISSOURI.

PART II.

THE Missouri Legislature sat in the rude village of Jefferson. One day a street fight was going on in front of the Governor's house, and his Excellency stepped up to the combatants to separate them and command the peace. But Martin Palmer, a brawny Representative, who stood watching the conflict, thought the Chief Magistrate was taking one side ; so he threw off his coat, and sprang forward with doubled fists, shouting : "Hold up, Governor ! When it comes to a squar' fight, you're no bigger nor any other man. If you mix in yer, I reckon I'll take a small hand myself !"

That was characteristic of the backwoodsman. He was rough, but his sense of fair play was very strong—on every subject except one. For now, after a fierce two years' struggle, Missouri had been admitted,—the twenty-third State of the American Union.

Of her seventy thousand inhabitants eleven thousand were slaves. The long contest ending in the Compromise had fanned the hottest flames of partisanship. Missouri deliberately saddled herself with the political Old Man of the Sea. She adopted a Constitution which forbade the abolition of slavery, and prohibited free negroes from "coming into and settling in this State, under any pretext whatever."

This seed of barbarism bore fruit after its kind. In 1835, in the streets of St. Louis, two white men suspected—only suspected—of decoying away slaves into Illinois received nearly two hundred lashes. They were administered by wealthy and leading citizens, who had first decided, by a vote of only forty-two to twenty, to whip the offenders instead of hanging them. The same year, more leading citizens of the utmost "respectability" warned Elijah P.

Lovejoy, a young clergyman from Maine, that the public temper would not permit him to continue his temperate discussions of slavery through his religious weekly, "The St. Louis Observer." But young Lovejoy's blood was up, and he stood on his rights as an American citizen.

Twelve months later a mulatto desperado fatally stabbed one officer who was taking him to prison, and severely wounded another. A mob tore him from jail; burned him alive, and left his charred corpse chained to a tree, with boys throwing stones at it; and a St. Louis judge, who bore the appropriate name of Lawless, charged the grand jury that this horrible outrage, being the involuntary act of a frenzied multitude, was beyond the jurisdiction of human law. Was it here the eminent New England divine learned his theory that slavery is an "organic sin" which involves no individual responsibility?

Lovejoy's comments on this atrocious doctrine provoked another "frenzied" mob to tear down his printing-office. He removed his newspaper to Alton; but neighboring Illinois, too, — settled largely from Missouri, — was ruled by the devilish spirit of slavery. Twice his establishment was destroyed by Alton mobs, and twice he replaced it. The municipal authorities sympathized with the rioters. Prudent friends expostulated with Lovejoy. His editorials had been very moderate and courteous; but in this hour of danger he was immovable. In a public meeting, modestly, calmly, inflexibly he proclaimed his determination, living or dying, to vindicate the constitutional guaranty that freedom of speech and of the press shall in no wise be abridged. Once only, when he alluded to his sick wife and helpless children, his voice broke; and there were few dry eyes in the hall. And yet, in free Illinois, there was no public sentiment to sustain such a man! Finally his third printing-press arrived. A handful of friends banded with him to defend it. At midnight, an armed attack was made; one of the rioters was

killed by the party on guard, and then, with the mayor of the city looking on, in sight of his own home, and while protecting his own property, Elijah Lovejoy was shot dead. He fell in his thirty-fifth year. His was the first blood shed in our great struggle. Freedom has had few abler champions, no nobler martyr. A monument to his memory is now rising at Alton.

The murder stirred the hot indignation of a young New York journalist, then unknown to fame. He wrote: —

"We dare not trust ourselves to speak of this shocking affair in the language which our indignation would dictate. It forms one of the foulest blots on the pages of American history. . . . Every single participant, however passive, in this execrable attempt to prevent by violence the expression of a freeman's opinions, is, in the eye of God and of justice, a murderous felon, and his hands are reeking with the blood of a martyr to the cause of liberty of speech and of the press. . . . We loathe and abhor the miserable cant of those that talk of Mr. Lovejoy as guilty of resisting public opinion! Public opinion, forsooth! . . . To talk of resisting what is called public opinion, as a crime, is to make Socrates an anarchist and Jesus Christ a felon. . . . This tragedy, if its effects be not thus counteracted, is calculated to give a fearful impetus to the cause of abolition. It will immediately add thousands to the unwelcome petitions with which the halls of Congress are now crowded. We ask the South, then, to come forward, and declare that she asks nobody in other States to enter upon an unsolicited defence of her peculiar institutions, by means of burglary, robbery, arson, and murder."

These extracts are from the "New-Yorker." They were Horace Greeley's first public words even of indirect sympathy for the antislavery cause. And their closing appeal to the South was made in entire sincerity.

Boston itself was in the mobbing, but not in the murdering line. The ven-

erable William Ellery Channing called a meeting in Faneuil Hall to consider the outrage; but the respectability of the city had not yet determined whether it was an outrage. Dr. Channing read a temperate, well-considered address. Then James T. Austin, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, arose in the gallery, opposed any public action, insisted that Lovejoy had died as the fool dieth, and poured forth a flood of invective upon the antislavery agitators, appealing to prejudice against color, and the baser passions. After he ceased, and before the storm of stamping, clapping, and hissing had died away, a young lawyer, slender, erect, and graceful, sprang upon the platform. His father had been the first mayor of Boston. He himself had won some distinction at Harvard as a debater; but he had no popular fame, and was not known by sight to a hundred men in the audience. When the tumult subsided, his clear, silvery tones rang through the old hall:—

"Mr. President, I wonder that this floor does not open, and the earth yawn under our feet, to swallow up the recreant son of Massachusetts who has just taken his seat!"

The style has become so familiar during thirty intervening years, that we instinctively recognize it as an old friend. Need the reader be told that this was the first bugle-call of Wendell Phillips to the American people?

As time passed on, the St. Louis cruelties were repeated in remoter districts. At Springfield, in Southwestern Missouri, I once saw a half-witted negro taken from prison, and hanged by a mob, for an outrage upon a lady. Probably a white man would have met the same fate for the same crime. But I heard members of the crowd propose collecting all the negroes of the vicinity, and burning them on the public square; and a citizen told me that he had seen two slaves burned at the stake in the neighboring county of Jasper for a like offence, aggravated by the murder of their victims.

Now the Great Conflict was at hand. Missouri remembers its preliminary

skirmish, all of which she saw, and a part of which she was. The admission of Texas, and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, had left smouldering embers; the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, opening to slavery a region which has since been divided into five great States and Territories, fanned them into a consuming flame. The North was in a blaze. Three thousand clergymen of New England joined in one protest against it. The "Tribune" urged upon Northern members of Congress resistance to the last. It said: "Better that confusion should ensue,—better that discord should reign in the national councils,—better that Congress should break up in wild disorder,—nay, better that the Capitol itself should blaze by the torch of the incendiary, or fall and bury all its inmates beneath its crumbling ruins,—than that this perfidy and wrong should be finally accomplished. . . . Should success attend the movement, it is tantamount to a civil revolution, and an open declaration of war between freedom and slavery on the North American Continent, *to be ceaselessly waged till one or the other party finally and absolutely triumphs.*"

Prophetic words! And from his place in the Senate, on the eve of its passage, Mr. Seward spoke the sentiment of the Free States: "The sun has set for the last time upon the guaranteed and certain liberties of all the unsettled and unorganized portions of the American Continent that lie within the jurisdiction of the United States. To-morrow's sun will rise in dim eclipse over them. . . . The day of compromises has passed forever. . . . Come on, then, gentlemen of the Slave States! Since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it in behalf of Freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas; and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in numbers, as it is in right!"

The act became a law May 30, 1854. The South greeted it with bonfires and triumphal guns; the North with tolling bells, and flags at half-mast. The Missourians were thoroughly

wrought up. They had been educated to hold any tampering with their slaves worthy only of the noose or the fagot. In the Mexican war they had fought zealously for slavery in general. Now they could strengthen slavery at home. It would never do to permit a Free State just across the imaginary line, upon their long western border. Beside, those neighboring prairies, thirty years before so parched as to appear utterly worthless, now, blessed with abundant rains, were a blooming paradise for the farmer. Fanaticism, seeming self-interest, and the American lust for territory, all beckoned them in the same direction. They knew no fine-spun distinctions. They thought "Popular Sovereignty" meant slavery in Kansas. So they went in to possess their promised land.

But just over its threshold they were amazed to find the Massachusetts Yankee there before them, with his family Bible and patent apple-parer, his "Weekly Tribune" and Sharpe's rifle. At first they regarded him with a curiosity as keen, if not as intelligent, as that which a new bird excited in Audubon, or a new fish kindles in Agassiz. What strange fellow was this, with his "idear" and "guess," who did not drink butter-milk, nor build his chimneys on the outside of his house? And their leading oracles, — all the St. Louis newspapers except the "Democrat," echoed by the whole border press, — their trusted Senators and Representatives, and their lesser politicians of the counties and the cross-roads, chimed in reply, "He is the Abolitionist, here to make Kansas free, and steal your negroes. Defend your property and your rights!"

Western Missouri held the richest counties and the heaviest slave interests of the State. Its inhabitants had the leading frontier virtues, — they were honest, impetuous, brave, and hospitable; but they were not a reading nor an intelligent people. Like most Southern communities, they followed blindly their public men. These influenced and stimulated them to the grossest violations of law. At a mass meeting in St.

Joseph, General B. F. Stringfellow counselled them: "I advise you, one and all, to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder and his vile myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver. Neither give nor take quarter. It is enough that the slaveholding interest wills it, from which there is no appeal."

Reeder was the Governor of Kansas. His "vile myrmidons" were the settlers from the North.

The Missourians obeyed. At the first election, seventeen hundred of them, with their rifles, blankets, and a few days' provisions, marched into the Territory. Among their leaders were David R. Atchison, in his third term as a Senator, and Acting Vice-President of the United States; Benjamin Stringfellow; Claiborne F. Jackson, afterward Governor; and M. W. Oliver, a Representative in Congress.

Under the Organic Act, every white male "actual resident," over twenty-one, was a voter. These interlopers claimed to be actual residents — while they stayed. They took possession of the polls, chose their own judges and clerks, deposited such ballots and made such returns as suited them, and, having played their farce, went back, one to his farm and another to his merchandise.

Thus, through two years, invaders did the voting for Kansas. They chose Legislatures composed largely of Missourians, who had never crossed into the Territory except on election days. These alien legislators set up in business as law-makers, wholesale and retail. With no delay, they extended over the conquered soil the entire civil and criminal code of Missouri. They added an act of greater stringency than any Southern State had yet ventured upon "for the protection of slave property." They bestowed charters upon a hundred and fifty town, bridge, ferry, turnpike, and railway companies, in which they themselves were chief corporators. In a few days they enacted laws which fill more than one thousand closely printed large octavo pages. Then they

adjourned, and went home to their Missouri law offices and plantations.

A volume of their ponderous statutes now lies before me. Turning its ample pages, I find provisions which might be edicts of Herod or of Nero. But first comes the novel enactment, that, wherever "State" occurs in any clause, all courts shall construe it to mean, — not the State of Missouri, but the Territory of Kansas! These imported legislators and legislative importers did not break packages. They received and issued their wares in bulk. Adopting *en masse* the laws of Missouri, they did not even stop to make the needful clerical changes.

I read further: Any negro attempting violence upon a white woman shall suffer bodily mutilation; but "homicide shall be deemed excusable when committed by accident or *misfortune* in lawfully correcting a child, apprentice, servant, or slave." Any person aiding to entice or persuade a slave away from his master, or harboring or concealing a slave who has escaped from another State, may be punished with death; but he who kidnaps and sells into slavery a free person is subject only to imprisonment "not exceeding ten years." No negro or mulatto, bond or free, is a competent witness against a white man. Any person who shall print, write, publish, circulate, or bring into the Territory any paper whatever containing "statements, opinions, or innuendoes calculated to produce dangerous disaffection among slaves," or to induce them to run away, "shall be punished by imprisonment and hard labor for a term of *not less* than five years." And finally, any free person who shall, by speaking or writing, deny the right to hold slaves in Kansas, or shall bring into the Territory any written or printed paper containing such denial, shall be imprisoned at hard labor for not less than two years!

Only ten years ago, these enactments, so infamous in origin, so atrocious in character, were the laws of Kansas. The Supreme Court of the Territory declared them constitutional. Two

successive Presidents of the United States sustained them, and the national army stood ready to enforce them.

The Free-State settlers offered to these "bogus laws" a negative resistance more potent than arms. They held them up to ridicule and scorn. They utterly denied their validity. They would vote at no elections, obey no legal processes, pay no taxes. When the first assessor appeared at Topeka, they prepared to hang him on the spot. He vanished, and never troubled them more. They would not even bring a civil suit before a magistrate claiming authority under this legislative farce. They adjusted pecuniary "misunderstandings" by arbitration, and personal ones by fisticuffs, and hanged horse-thieves on the most modern principles of mob-law. They treated the Missouri code as a dead letter, but seldom resisted it with violence. In a few cases, however, the hot blood of their young men found vent in rescuing a prisoner, or emptying a revolver at some peculiarly obnoxious marshal or sheriff.

The scurvy office-holders, who represented the invaders, and the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, were at their wits' end. They were like pugilists striking out at a feather-bed. They had at their call government dragoons from Fort Leavenworth and Fort Riley; but what were dragoons against a thing so shadowy and yet so terrible as public opinion? Once, indeed, the soldiers broke up a Free-State Legislature which had assembled at Topeka. They were commanded by Edwin V. Sumner, then colonel of the First United States Cavalry. The gallant old soldier was acting under orders, and as he announced, from the Speaker's stand, that the members must disperse, he declared that he was performing the most painful act of his life.

At last violence begot violence. Leconte, Chief Justice of the Territory, charged a grand-jury that resistance to the bogus laws was high treason against the United States. And that jury, impanelled at the territorial capi-

tal, Lecompton, — which, like Atchison, Kickapoo, and Leavenworth, had a majority of proslavery settlers, — indicted as "nuisances" a Lawrence hotel and printing-press. These the sheriff and his posse destroyed, together with a considerable portion of the young city. Two other newspaper offices were demolished. Leading Free-State men were held as treason prisoners in foul quarters, swarming with vermin. These commotions attracted desperadoes into the Territory, who murdered inoffensive Northern settlers, until the long-suffering inhabitants shouldered their fire-arms. Then the outrages were not all on one side.

The border blazed with guerilla warfare. Missourians began to hear the name of Jim Lane with terror. Discouraged invaders returned home with startling tales about the wonderful Sharpe's rifle, whose whirling ball would bring down a man at half a mile, and bore a hole through his body as large as one's wrist. They told also of an old man with a long beard, — the father of twenty children, — who wore sober, Quaker-like garments; drank nothing but water and milk; prayed, and read the Bible in camp, every night and morning; exhorted about the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and made bloody reprisals upon the public enemy. For old John Brown was in the field, urging his neighbors to fight more and talk less, and practising what he preached. Already he began to gather the young enthusiasts who finally followed him to Harper's Ferry. Henry Clay Pate, editor and postmaster of Westport, Missouri, led a band to arrest him. They met on the open prairie, and when, after a skirmish, John Brown captured the entire invading force, — more than twice as large as his own, — his fame was established among the border ruffians. Pate was a young Virginian of education and gentlemanly manners. Three years after John Brown achieved immortality on the Charlestown scaffold, he, too, fell, leading a regiment of Rebel cavalry in his native State.

In 1857 the tide turned. Even *bona fide* settlers from the South, who had welcomed the first invasions, began to feel sensitive about having their own soil longer outraged, and to become first-class Abolitionists. The South had proved utterly unable to compete with the North in colonizing. Outside of Missouri there was no organized emigration from any Slave State, except Georgia, which sent two feeble companies. Ohio alone had furnished more settlers to the Territory than Missouri, its next-door neighbor, and more than all the other Slave States combined. She had contributed one tenth of its entire population, Missouri almost another tenth, New York nearly the same fraction, Massachusetts about one twentieth, and the Northwest eight or nine twentieths.

The Free-State settlers made their first stand in Leavenworth at a municipal election. It was won, but not without bloodshed. I shall never forget the ghastly upturned face of the City Recorder, — a young Georgian, — who, while attempting to intimidate a Free-Soil voter with a drawn weapon, was stabbed to the heart, and fell dead upon the sidewalk. There was civil war enough afterward. A year later I saw the whole southeastern border under arms, and stood upon the spot where, one week before my visit, eleven inoffensive settlers, torn from their ploughs and work-shops, were wantonly shot down by Missouri murderers. Even after this it was six or eight months before the last blood was shed. But there were no formidable invasions subsequent to that Leavenworth election.

For the Missouri propagandists now had their hands full at home. A great reaction had set in. The masses saw the hopelessness of fixing slavery in Kansas, and the madness of invasion, — that two-edged sword which cut both ways. The Atchisons, Stringfells, and Olivers had fallen, never to rise again. St. Louis, thanks to her Northern element, and the ever-true Germans who constituted half of her voters, had

wheeled into the antislavery line; and from that day — though for years later on slave soil — she was the only great city in the Union always sure for a Republican majority.

She elected Frank Blair to Congress, and Gratz Brown, with a full delegation of other Free-Soilers, to the Legislature. The late invaders of Kansas were astounded to hear Abolition doctrines boldly proclaimed in their own capitol, — by men, too, who wore revolvers, resented the least personal indignity, and, if challenged, fought duels with the most cheerful alacrity. The old spirit which had murdered Lovejoy and burned Lawrence was still rife; but these ugly customers, — backed by a great constituency, — who brought Southern tactics to the Northern side, were not good subjects for lynching. They advocated gradual emancipation in Missouri, only on the low ground that free labor would develop and enrich the State. Careful to disown the least sympathy for the negro, they even styled themselves "The White Man's Party." But they inaugurated free speech, and that settled the question.

The gubernatorial canvass of 1857 exhibited curious paradoxes. Rollins, the Emancipation candidate, was a Kentuckian by birth, and the owner of one hundred slaves. Stewart, the anti-Emancipationist, was a native of Massachusetts, and had only half a dozen slaves. It was a hot campaign with both rank and file. The two candidates stumped the State together, after the wholesome Western fashion. At one of their public discussions, one aspirant charged the other with falsehood. The other responded by knocking him off the platform. Like candidate like voter. Stewart was elected by a bare majority of three hundred. A few years later, and the rivals had changed partners. Stewart, the Propagandist, led a Union regiment in the field; Rollins, the Emancipationist, was a Representative of the "Peace Democracy" in Congress.

As the invaders had adopted the "bogus laws" by one sweeping act,

the first genuine Kansas Legislature abrogated them by another equally sweeping. Then, in the streets of Lawrence, with loud huzzas, the people made a public bonfire of the huge volume of obsolete statutes. Another copy they forwarded to the Governor of Missouri, with the message, that, having no further use for the property, they took pleasure in sending it home.

Some paid off old scores by aiding negroes to escape to Iowa. Dr. John Doy was escorting thirteen of these fugitives, when a Missouri band, without any legal process, captured him in Kansas, fifty miles from the line. He was hurried to St. Joseph, and tried for enticing away slaves, — a felony whose extreme penalty was death. The indictment charged that the offence was committed in Missouri. The prosecution failed to prove that he had ever been within thirty miles of that State, yet the jury found him guilty. But one dark night, before he could be taken to the penitentiary, John Brown, with a few trusty comrades, crossed the river in a skiff, broke open the jail, re-kidnapped Doy from his kidnappers, and bore him home in triumph.

In 1860, out of one hundred and sixty five thousand votes, Missouri gave only seventeen thousand for Lincoln. And of these more than two thirds were polled in St. Louis County.

Then came the drum-beat of battle. Relatively the Unionists were no stronger than in Tennessee or North Carolina; but they had organization and leaders. There were eighty-eight thousand Germans in the State, — nearly one tenth of the free population, — and they were loyal almost to a man. When President Lincoln first called for Union troops, Claiborne F. Jackson, the old Kansas invader, now Governor of the State, and leader of the Secessionists, replied that Missouri would not furnish a man. But within two weeks from that day, — thanks to the Germans again, — ten regiments of loyal soldiers were organized, equipped, and under arms in St. Louis.

Captain Nathaniel Lyon, command-

ing the Union forces, was a quiet, slender, stooping, red-haired, mild-visaged officer of the Regular Army. He looked more like a student than a soldier. But he was thoroughly earnest. By the prompt capture of Camp Jackson, a thinly disguised organization of Rebels, he took the initiative. Union troops, attacked in St. Louis, fired back upon their assailants with deadly results. Wildest excitement followed. A mob started to attack the "Democrat" office, but found it so well manned by resolute Unionists, leaning upon rifles, with piles of hand-grenades beside them, that it prudently desisted. The city was terror-stricken. Thousands of families thronged Eastern railway trains, and steamers at the landing, to fly from the bloody conflict which they believed impending.

War began in earnest. The Governor called for fifty thousand troops to "rise and drive out ignominiously the invaders," as he styled Union citizens who had sprung to arms to defend their own homes. In the frenzy caused by the first bloodshed, Sterling Price went over to the Rebels, taking with him about one third of the State Convention, over which he was presiding, and to which he had been elected as an unconditional Unionist. He was a plain, elderly planter, from one of the interior counties. Though he had been Governor of the State, and led a small brigade in the Mexican war, he was believed to possess little capacity. But he proved a tower of strength to the Rebels, — by all odds their ablest general except Lee, with whom he had many qualities in common. For two years he kept Union armies greatly outnumbering his own very busy indeed. He inspired in his unpaid, ill-fed, barefooted soldiers the most enthusiastic devotion; no Americans ever fought better than they. But he took the road to ruin. Only a few months ago he died, a broken-hearted old man, and was followed to the grave by the largest funeral procession ever witnessed in St. Louis.

Now the whirligig of time brought in

his revenges. The bloody Kansas drama was re-enacted, on a tenfold larger scale, at the hearths of the very men who had performed it. The Rebel authorities were driven from the State. Claiborne Jackson himself, a hunted fugitive from his home and chair of office, died in the wilds of Arkansas. Newspapers were suppressed, towns were burned, the civil law was supplanted by the bayonet. Owen Lovejoy, in a Federal uniform, was leading soldiers who avenged many times over the murder of his brother, a quarter of a century before. On the western border, Lane and his Kansans ravaged with fire and sword the very counties which, six years earlier, had sent invading hordes to oppress them. This was long before the Emancipation Proclamation; but they made a clean sweep of the negroes who sought their protection. On their first march, they sent back two thousand slaves into Kansas. Whenever a loyal master came to their camp in pursuit of his human property, with grim humor would they appraise the missing negro, give a certificate that — had "lost one able-bodied slave," valued at —, by the march of the Kansas brigade, and counsel him to keep the receipt until government should begin to pay for that class of property! In due time the negroes too reappeared in regiments, carrying muskets, at their old homes, — bloody instructions, returned to plague the inventors.

Missouri was under the harrow. She contributed thirty-five thousand men to the Rebel armies, and nearly a hundred thousand to the armies of the Union. For two years she suffered more on her own soil than any other Southern State.

At last the tide of war swept southward to return no more. She emerged, educated and purified by her experience. On the 11th of January, 1865, in Constitutional Convention, by a vote of sixty to four, she solemnly ordained: —

"Hereafter, in this State, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime,

whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; and all persons held to service or labor as slaves are hereby *declared free*."

So she threw off her Old Man of the Sea. Though too young and vigorous to be crushed altogether under his weight, she had fallen behind her less strong, but unburdened, sisters. The census reports show how much:—

INCREASE IN POPULATION FROM 1850 TO 1860

Iowa,	251 per cent.
Wisconsin,	154 " "
Illinois,	101 " "
Missouri,	73 " "

WHOLE NUMBER OF INHABITANTS.

	1850.	1860.
Illinois,	55,161	1,711,951
Missouri,	66,557	1,182,012

MILES OF RAILWAY IN 1867.

Illinois,	3,250
Missouri,	938

In comparing the increase of Missouri with her neighbors, it is only fair to note the peculiar restlessness of her population. Though less than half her white inhabitants were born upon her own soil, she has sent forth relatively more emigrants than any other Commonwealth of the Union. She has contributed to Oregon more settlers than did any other State, to California more than any other State except New York, to Kansas more than any except Ohio, to Colorado more than any except New York and Ohio. And in every younger Territory, from Dakota and Montana to Texas and Arizona, the traveller is surprised to find whole counties peopled from prolific Missouri.

St. Louis has long enjoyed admirable public schools; but in the interior education has languished. The census returns of 1860 exhibit this sharp contrast:—

	Inhabitants.	Teachers.
Massachusetts,	1,231,066	6,778
Missouri,	1,182,012	3,008

But when the slaveholder went out, his old enemy, the schoolmaster, came in. The army of freedom carries in its baggage-train the spelling-book and the ballot. The new Constitution prescribes that after 1870 no man shall

vote who cannot read and write. An excellent system of schools has been inaugurated. The Superintendent of Public Instruction, by adding to his report the vote of the two parties at the last election, shows how much more largely they are attended in Radical than in Conservative neighborhoods. A few counties, taken quite at random, will illustrate:—

County.	Pop.	Whole No. Children.	No. in Schools.	Radical Voters.	Conserv. Voters.
Clark,	11,216	4,810	1,939	1,032	193
Mercer,	9,274	3,838	2,117	886	195
Howard,	9,980	3,847	429	204	1,011
Boone,	14,399	4,522	188	178	636

In mineral wealth Missouri is incomparable. The Granby Mines, in the southwest corner of the State, are very inaccessible,—supplies are hauled in and lead hauled out in wagons, two hundred miles to the nearest railway,—but last year they yielded 2,500,000 pounds. About seventy-six per cent of metal is extracted from the ore. A single pure block, weighing two thousand pounds, has been taken out. The ore is all found near the surface. One of the richest veins was struck by a squatter while digging a well. The region yields more lead upon the capital and labor employed than any other mines in the world. Lead crops out in more than five hundred distinct places through the State. The deposits already successfully worked underlie six thousand three hundred square miles, and lead-bearing rock is found over sixteen thousand more.

More wonderful yet are the deposits of iron. Iron Mountain, Pilot Knob, and Shepherd's Mountain, one hundred miles south of St. Louis, are among the world's rare curiosities. They are all of volcanic origin,—hills of solid metal. The first is the largest and richest mass yet found upon the globe. It covers five hundred acres. The ore, containing seventy per cent of pure iron, has been penetrated for four hundred feet below the surface, with no diminution of its richness even at that depth. Pilot Knob, a conical hill, six hundred feet high, and at the base covering three hundred and twenty acres, is also

pure ore, containing sixty per cent of iron. Shepherd's Mountain is equally rich. E. C. Swallow, the State Geologist, asserts that enough ore of the very best quality exists above the surface of the valleys, within a radius of a few miles, "to furnish one million tons per annum of manufactured iron for the next two hundred years." Much more satisfactory than this sweeping estimate is the statement, that already, before the smoke of battle has fairly cleared away, the Missouri furnaces are turning out twenty-five thousand tons per annum of domestic iron.

The "portable climate of our civilization" is even more abundant. The coal measures underlie twenty-six thousand square miles, or more than one third of the entire State. The average workable thickness of the beds is estimated at five feet. The enthusiastic Swallow assures us that they "can furnish one hundred million tons per annum for the next thirteen hundred years, and then have enough left for a few succeeding generations." At least, enough for practical purposes!

Nine southeastern counties, covering two millions of acres, are known as the "submerged lands." These swamps, chiefly formed by the great earthquake, are of rich alluvium, often covered with stagnant water, which poisons the summer air with miasma. They are uninhabitable except upon the islands, which furnish homes for hunters and trappers. Some, dry a part of the year, are studded with enormous cypresses, which rise sixty or seventy feet without a branch. The islands produce noble oaks and hickories. It is believed that by a system of levees on the Mississippi, White, and St. Francis Rivers, this whole region could be drained and reclaimed for less than half a million of dollars. That would make it one of the most valuable portions of the State.

Valleys subject to overflow, and uplands where the rich soil is first opened to the air, generate chills and fever, — always prevalent in new countries, since it shook Julius Cæsar out of

Gaul. Typhoid fevers, too, abound in some regions during early autumn; but in general the State is healthful.

Three million acres of public lands are still open to entry at \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre. But they are the leavings of forty years, and their quality is poor. The valley of the Missouri, opposite Kansas, and several other sections, produce tobacco and hemp abundantly; and there is a well-founded saying among the farmers, that land which will raise hemp will raise any other crop. Flax, wheat, corn, oats, grasses, and, in southern counties, cotton, all flourish. Most of the prairies are in the northern half of the State; though a belt two or three counties wide leaving the Missouri near Booneville, and running southwest through Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian Territory, is the fairest and richest body of prairie land in the world.

Every variety of Northern fruit thrives. Grape-culture, begun in 1849, has become a prominent industrial interest. Missouri wines, improving year by year, are already favorably known throughout America and Europe. The principal difficulties are rot and mildew, — both prevented by proper drainage and selection of soil. Thus far, the Catawba and Norton's Seedling are the most successful grapes. Two hundred and fifty gallons of wine per acre is given as the average yield; but single acres have produced one thousand gallons. As yet the principal vineyards are on the Missouri; but the grape thrives in every portion of the State. Even on the flint ridges of the Ozark Hills it produces luxuriantly. Missouri is believed to contain five millions of acres adapted to its culture, — an area equal to all the vineyards of France, and capable of employing remuneratively two millions of people.

Hitherto St. Louis has kept five or six years behind Chicago in reaching out railway arms to regions naturally tributary to her; but now she seems to be rousing. She is pushing her locomotives south toward Memphis, and west far toward the Rocky Moun-

tains. One railway bridge is springing across the Missouri at St. Charles, and another at Kansas City; and St. Louis is bridging the Mississippi with a structure which will cost five millions of dollars. She is waxing mighty in manufactures; the smoke of her foundries and machine-shops ascendeth for ever and ever. Coming from bituminous coal, it makes St. Louis the dirtiest city upon our continent, with the single exception of Pittsburg. Relics of early French days exist, in the narrow streets, and quaint brick and frame houses; and even one or two of the pioneer log-cabins are still standing.

Every section of the State is favorable to stock-growing, and contains abundant water-power for manufacturing. Rich deposits of tin are found in the southeast; some day they may cut off our importations from Cornwall. The forests abound in black-walnut and other valuable timber. Every variety of building-stone exists, from solid granite to fine-grained marble, white and variegated.

Such is Missouri, the "uninhabitable" of early explorers and settlers,

from De Soto to Benton. It covers four parallels of latitude and five meridians of longitude, with a land area of sixty-seven thousand square miles. It is one third as large as France, half as large as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is an empire in itself, bisected by the second river of the globe, watered upon its whole eastern border by the third, and threaded by other important streams. It has a genial climate, boundless agricultural, horticultural, mineral, and manufactural resources, and a pleasantly diversified surface, rising from Ohio City,—three hundred feet above tide-water,—to the summit of the Ozark Hills, twelve hundred feet higher.

In 1860 it contained ninety-three thousand cultivated farms and plantations, and three thousand manufacturing establishments, employing a capital of twenty million dollars. In 1870 its inhabitants will fall little short of two millions. It is by all odds the richest interior State of our whole Union. May the ideas that mould its future be as generous as its material resources!

APRIL.

APRIL has searched the winter land,
And found her petted flowers again;
She kissed them to unfold their leaves,
She coaxed them with her sun and rain,
And filled the grass with green content,
And made the weeds and clover vain.

Her fairies climb the naked trees,
And set green caps on every stalk;
Her primroses peep bashfully
From borders of the garden-walk;
And in the reddened maple-tops
Her blackbird gossips sit and talk.

She greets the patient evergreens,
She gets a store of ancient gold,
Gives tasselled presents to the breeze,
And teaches rivers songs of old,—

Then shakes the trees with stolen March winds,
And laughs to hear the cuckoo scold.

Sometimes, to fret the sober sun,
She pulls the clouds across his face;
But finds a snow-drift in the woods,
Grows meek again, and prays his grace;
Waits till the last white wreath is gone,
And drops arbutus in the place.

Her crocuses and violets
Give all the world a gay "Good year!"
Tall irises grow tired of green,
And get themselves a purple gear;
And tiny buds, that lie asleep
On hill and field, her summons hear.

She rocks the saucy meadow-cups;
The sunset's heart anew she dyes;
She fills the dusk of deepest woods
With vague, sweet sunshine and surprise,
And wakes the periwinkles up
To watch her with their wide, blue eyes.

At last she deems her work is done,
And finds a willow rocking-chair,
Dons spectacles of apple-buds,
Kerchief and cap of almonds rare,
And sits, a very grandmother,
Shifting her sunshine-needles, there.

And when she sees the deeper suns
That usher in the happy May,
She sighs to think her time is past,
And weeps because she cannot stay,
And leaves her tears upon the grass,
And turns her face, and glides away.

A R T.

OUR distinguished countrywoman, Miss Charlotte Cushman, who has so long lived in Rome, became interested, some time since, in a Danish sculptor, a fellow-worker of Thorwaldsen, Wilhelm Maetheu by name, who, though he has created real works of genius, lives there, poor and old, and comparatively unknown. Several years ago he designed and executed for the Grand Duchess Helena, of Russia, busts of three great musical composers.

Miss Cushman, captivated by the beauty of the work, and wishing to help the artist and to make his merit known, and at the same time pay a graceful compliment to her native city, ordered casts of these works, which she has sent as a gift for the adornment of the Music Hall, with which she had associated her name by her recital of the Ode written for the inauguration of its Great Organ. The casts have arrived uninjured, and, before they are formally pre-

sented and displayed, a brief description of the designs may not be uninteresting.

They are busts of three great musical composers, as we have said, upheld by brackets ornamented with allegorical figures suggesting the distinctive genius, style, and place in musical history of each. The heads are modelled in heroic or more than life size. The brackets are some five feet long by three feet wide. The figures stand out in full *alto rilievo*.

The first bust is that of Palestrina, a very noble head, high, symmetrical, and broad, with features regular and finely cut, giving the impression of rare purity and truth of character, fine intellectuality, the calm dignity of a soul well centred, — a beautiful harmony of strength and delicacy. The artist has been guided by a portrait painted from life, (as well as by a bust made from the painting,) which he found in the Barberini Gallery in Rome. We venture to say that there is not a more simple and harmonious portrait bust in Boston than the Danish sculptor has here produced.

As Palestrina was the great reformer of church music, the master in whom pure religious vocal music first attained to perfect art, there stands forth from the centre of the bracket a figure representing "the Genius of Harmony," as it is called by the artist, — or say Saint Cecilia, — holding an open music-book of large, wide pages, between two angels, who are placed a little higher in the background; one of them, with folded hands, and lost in devotion, reads over her shoulder from the book; the other, pointing to the notes, appears to ask her whence the music came, and the Genius, whose eyes are upturned, indicates that it is given by inspiration from above. The three forms and faces are instinct with a divine beauty; the central figure is one of unconscious dignity and grace, and is the loftiest ideal of pure womanhood. The whole grouping of the figures, — the rich folds of the drapery made so light and flowing by harmonious arrangement with the wings and halos of the angels, — is the most free and graceful that can be imagined. Above and behind this group, for the immediate support of the shelf which holds the bust, there is a choir of little cherubs, with sweet faces, nestling eagerly together, and with little arms encircling each other's necks, who are singing over the shoulders of Cecilia, and seem to be trying the new heavenly music in the open book below. It needs no argument to show the fitness of the al-

legory; it speaks for itself as instantly as the poetic beauty and consistency of the execution.

The next bust is Mozart's, type of all that is graceful and spontaneous in music, and of perpetual youth; the purest type of *genius*, perhaps, that ever yet appeared in any art, — or in literature, if we except Shakespeare. Not that there has been no other composer so great, but that there has been none whose whole invention and processes were so purely those of genius. Learned and laborious though he was, yet he created music as naturally as he breathed; music was very atmosphere and native language with him. The busts and portraits which we see of Mozart differ widely, almost irreconcilably. This one adheres mainly to the portrait from life by Tischbein, with aid from several sculptures. Of all the busts that we have seen, it seems to us the worthiest to pass for Mozart. It has the genial, beaming, youthful face, with nothing small or weak in any feature, — the full eyes; square eyebrows; broad, large, thoughtful forehead; the full, compact head; the long nose withal. Altogether it is very winning.

Mozart was the complete musician; his genius did not wholly run in one direction; like the other greatest modern masters, he was master in all kinds, — in symphony as well as in song. But wherein he lives pre-eminent, the best type of a kind, if we would speak of only one, is in the lyric or dramatic union of orchestra and human voices, best shown in his operas, but shown also in his sacred compositions; for masses, requiems, oratorios, in full modern form with orchestra, are in an important sense dramatic, and without the drama they had never been. Accordingly, to symbolize at once the most graceful minister that Music ever had, as well as his peculiarly lyrical province, the artist has given for a central support to the bust the trunk of the German oak, about which, under its umbrageous canopy, circle the three Graces, with flying feet and flowing skirts, linked hand in hand, sisterly, in mutual guidance, — though in truth the middle one guides the other two, for cause which shall appear. In these three Graces he has represented the three characters of music, — the joyous, the sacred, and the tragic. The foremost in the dance, with full open face and open breast, all sunshine and delight, with the right arm thrown up and holding a bunch of grapes over her head, is joyous in the sweetest sense; her other hand is gently detained by her relig-

ious sister, — the unspeakably lovely one between us and the oak, whose shoulders thrown back and intent head in half profile, slightly bent in serious, blissful meditation, reminds us not a little of Jenny Lind, save that in beauty it exceeds her as far as she exceeded herself when she rose in song. Her left arm sustains, and seems to lead forward, her drooping sister Tragedy, whose head, deeply bent, looks off and downward to the left, and takes the shadow of the picture, while the left arm is gracefully thrown up to balance the raised right arm of the joyous one. At their feet, the masks of Tragedy and Comedy lean against the tree, grouping with the pineapple of a thyrsus stick. The whole group is exquisite, — so rhythmical, so fluid, free, exhaustless in its movement, that it becomes fugue and music to the eyes, — drapery and all accessories in perfect keeping. Around the top of the oak stem is carved the word "Requiem," — the last, unfinished work and aspiration of the composer, — below which a wreath of laurel rests upon the oak-leaves.

The Mozart seems to us the happiest conception of the three. This one design should be enough to make its author famous.

Beethoven is the subject of the third bust, which also is extremely interesting; and yet to many it will prove the least satisfactory of the three. Indeed, Beethoven is naturally far more difficult to symbolize in art than either of the others. The head, however, modelled mainly from a good bust made in Vienna, and from a drawing on stone, is doubtless far more true to actual life, if not a stronger head, than Crawford's noble, but only ideally true, statue. Whether a better bust of Beethoven exists we know not; but certainly none nearly so good has found its way before to America, unless it be in Story's little statuette. It is not, perhaps, so agreeable a face as an admirer of his music and of so grand a character could wish; and one may well doubt whether his best expression, — the only one at all fair to the real man within, which may sometimes have shone out through the rough exterior, — has ever been caught in bust or portrait.

But how to symbolize the genius of Beethoven? — one so many-sided, so profound, struggling with untoward fate, yet full of secret hope and joy beyond the cloud, of glorious aspiration for the human race? one born into the new era, with the hope

of universal liberty and sanctity and brotherhood? It is easy to think of his power, and how he wields the thunderbolts and smites in the climax of his harmonies, and how Jove-like and all-conquering, cloud-compelling, he is. The Germans sometimes call him the "Thunderer," and so our artist has chosen for support of the bust *Jupiter Tonans* himself sitting throned upon his eagle, which clutches the thunderbolts in its talons, and soars through immensity. Above the god's shoulders appear two winged genii, holding up the bracket. This is one side of Beethoven, no doubt. Still, this counterfeit presentment is not just; Beethoven is no heathen, and it is no *brutum fulmen* which he wields. Jove is the type of just that kind of majesty, that Old World might-makes-right, against which Beethoven's whole humanity and genius were a protest. Prometheus, heaven-storming Titan, were a fitter emblem. Still, in the best sense he is, we grant, Olympian. There is a fine truth, too, to the glorious, uplifting sense his music gives us, in the idea of being borne aloft by Jove's strong eagle. The same image has occurred to us while listening transported to one of his symphonies.

But the sweetness, the tenderness, the frolic fancy, are quite as characteristic as the strength and kingliness of Beethoven; and our artist has made the thunderer relax his gravity, and listen with inclined smiling face to a little urchin of a Cupid, seated on the eagle's wing, who, with upraised looks and hands, is telling merry stories to the god of gods, — clearly in allusion to the humorous passages, the scherzos, in Beethoven's music. The thought is a happy one. Nevertheless, the design as a whole is far from giving us the whole of Beethoven; as allegory it is hardly so complete a success — how could it be? — as the two others, though not less admirable as art.

These admirable and most suggestive sculptures, works of art in a high sense, will soon be placed upon the walls of the Music Hall, already rich in artistic adornment, to be seen of all. Just how and where to place them is not so easy a question to settle. The two galleries, running round three sides of the hall, leave no light, open space sufficient except at a great height, between the upper balcony and ceiling. The stage end is filled by the organ and the Beethoven statue. On the opposite wall, far up, each side of the Apollo

Belvedere, are panels which would hold them if they were but two; the third might come as a pleasant surprise upon one wandering through the corridors. But which two shall go up? Beethoven and Mozart, historically and every way, are far more nearly related to each other than either is to Palestrina; yet the Palestrina and Mozart, as sculptures, in design and treatment balance each other more perfectly, while the Beethoven is in quite another spirit, and, moreover, would behold his double (how unlike!) across the hall below. But there is a relation, suggested above, between the three, which would seem to outweigh all others, and to dictate that all three should be displayed, if possible, together in one row. For they mark (whether the artist thought of this or not), *as the artist has treated them*, the three great stages in the development of music. In Palestrina we have the pure harmony of voices carried up to perfect art. In Mozart we have the dramatic union of vocal and instrumental music. In Beethoven we have the highest expression of pure instrumental music,—music completely emancipated from words, music self-sufficient,

leaning upon no other art, the genius of the symphony *par excellence*; for therein is he greatest, beyond all others, though he too has written a *Missa Solennis* which is sublime, and an opera with which one other only can dispute the palm.

Palestrina, highest type of vocal harmony, complete in itself, without instruments; Mozart, type of vocal and instrumental music blended in dramatic forms; Beethoven, pure instrumental music, ideal, soaring beyond human limitations. It is, perhaps, only stating the same relation in another way to speak of Palestrina as the representative of pure Italian art in music; of Mozart as the union of the Italian and the German genius,—he woos the Italian graces to dance around the German oak,—of Beethoven, as pure German of the Germans.

We trust our citizens will feel such active pride in the possession of these fine works of art as shall lead, not only to their being put some day into marble, but to the enlargement of the group by ordering from the same sculptor similar busts of two or three more great representative composers. The noble gift should be a noble impulse to us in the same direction.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life of Nathanael Greene, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution. By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. In three volumes. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

THE first volume of a biography to which hardly any reader will come from the late controversies of Mr. Bancroft and his critics in a strictly impartial state of mind brings down the story of General Greene's life to the time of Steuben's arrival in the camp of Valley Forge, near the close of 1777. The volume is divided into two books, one of which narrates with sufficient detail, and yet with sufficient rapidity, the incidents and circumstances of Greene's youth and early manhood, and ends with his appointment as commander of the Rhode Island Army of Observation in 1775; while the other book, with the greater fulness due

to the important part Greene now assumed, develops his character as a soldier and leader. His letters are largely quoted, and the author studies to make his traits of mind and habits of action thoroughly familiar to the reader, before entering in succeeding books upon the record of events that become more and more historical and less strictly biographical. "The war is the frame in which it is set," says Mr. Greene, referring to the picture of General Greene's character, which in this first part of his work he aims to present. "Of him I have told all that I could learn; of the war, only so much as was necessary to understand the part which he took therein."

We own that we enjoy the work better the more personal it is, and that we like the General's company when he appears to us in some frank speech or unstudied act, rather than when he is writing his formal

letters, or is preoccupied with affairs of state, though there is something winning and soldierly in whatever he does. His in-born soldierly spirit is what most constantly impresses you; for there never grew up in war a more soldierly spirit than this Quaker son of Quakers. The wild boy who ran away to the forbidden dances at night, and practised the stratagem of placing shingles under his jacket to receive the punishment of his offence, had inherited from some warlike ancestor a quality which, lying dormant in the broad-brimmed generations between them, awoke in him at the earliest rumor of arms, and he showed himself one of the fittest as well as one of the first to fight. "You dance stiffly," said a partner to him once, rallying him upon the halt in his right leg. "Very true," he replied, "but you see that I dance strong?" And as he danced he made war; from the time when he helped raise the company of the Kentish Guards at the beginning of the Revolutionary troubles to the day of his death, he fought strong against ignorance, prejudice, selfish ambitions, Tories, Hessians, English troops, and every kind of public enemies. These Kentish Guards were ashamed of the limping lieutenant proposed them in Greene; and he, though bitterly mortified at the affront offered him, still wrote to the friend who threatened to leave the company unless Greene were made lieutenant, beseeching him to forbear, lest such a course should break up the company, to the disgrace of the town and the injury of the cause. It is a very simple and noble letter, and the true man and soldier showed himself thoroughly earnest and devoted by carrying a musket as a private in the Kentish Guards, when those fastidious warriors marched to join the American forces at Cambridge. He no sooner won place and influence than he began his strong fighting to consolidate the troops, to break up the independent colony system, to make permanent enlistments, and to levy taxes for the support of the war. His family, though eminently respectable, was not aristocratic; yet he was always prompt to assert the rights of military rank, and to repel encroachments upon it. In fact, he was instinctively a soldier, as only Americans can be soldiers, — ambitious but unselfish, subordinate but thoroughly individual. He looked at the cause in which he was engaged courageously, as a soldier must; but he had too much sense, seeing the sluggishness, jeal-

ousies, and divisions of the politicians and people, to be over-sanguine about the end; and his letters are full of warnings and alarms, demanding of the country something of the devotion of the army. In the army his practical mind was of the greatest value, — not only in the presence of the enemy's troops, but of the prejudices and superstitions of our own men; his fight against the small-pox was characteristically strong; he was himself one of the first to be inoculated, and he insisted upon the inoculation of all the rank and file.

His patriotism also was of the soldierly sort, and he would have dealt severely with all lukewarm friends and covert traitors. He particularly detested Tories, and offered in his letter to Washington, as one capital reason for burning New York, that two thirds of the property belonged to Tories. We suspect that he had not much greater love for neutrals whose peaceableness he probably regarded as half-enmity. "The Friends, or Quakers," he wrote from the Jerseys in 1776, "are almost to a man disaffected. Many have the effrontery to refuse the Continental currency. This line of conduct cannot fail of drawing down the resentment of the people upon them." He seems never to have looked on his Quaker origin as a natural advantage; and he particularly resented that narrowness of creed and of thought which had forbidden him a liberal education in his youth, and held polite learning as little better than profane swearing. In fact, he never quite recovered from the injury thus done him, and we cannot greatly blame him if he did not quite forgive it to his ancestral sect. He had the most ardent admiration for literature, and he read and studied whatever books he could find. Locke, Butler, Blackstone, and Beccaria were his masters; Cæsar, Horace (both English), Pope, Swift, and Sterne were his friends; and he had the companionship of Rollin in Roman history and Rapin in the history of England. It was good society enough, and we are told that these, and some severe books of the dictionary sort, which composed his library, were the wonder of Greene's neighbors; but while he learnt humanity and liberality from his authors, he won small literary grace from them. His verbs and nominatives are not always on perfect terms with each other; his diction is often prolix and pompous, and here and there a word wanders about rather insecure of its destiny; when he

wrote of business, he never failed to write clearly and directly, but at other times he tended to platitudes. Nevertheless, as we say, he loved letters,—with a tenderness, indeed, that, considering how little his affection was requited, becomes almost pathetic. Sterne was the favorite of this frank-minded soldier; but he had a warm heart for any writer, and he fell into a sort of rapture on beholding an actual flesh-and-blood *savant*. "I had the honor," he writes from Boston in 1775, "to be introduced to that very great man Dr. Franklin, whom I viewed with silent admiration the whole evening. Attention," he adds with a flavor from his stateliest reading, and a sense that very lofty language is due the distinguished occasion,—"attention watched his lips, and conviction closed his periods."

One likes the old hero for this ingenuous love of letters, as well as for a certain characteristic sensitiveness. We have hinted at his quick defence of the rights of the officers against the encroachments of Congress, which would have unduly meddled with promotion, and which kept them upon such insufficient pay that, as they were resolved "not to live below the gentleman," they were obliged to draw upon their private incomes. Early in the war he wrote to Adams that the promotion of another officer over his head, unless with the "General's recommendation," was an humiliation which he would not give any legislative body the opportunity to offer him a second time; and later he actually tendered his resignation, to take effect if Du Courdray should receive the high place that Congress contemplated offering him. At the same time, while looking jealously to his own honor and dignity as an officer, he was careful and active in behalf of his men, anxious to give them moral efficiency by securing for them a just pay, and protection against the evils of a rapidly depreciating currency.

Greene, in fact, resisted Congressional interference with the army, because he believed that it impaired its efficiency, and jeopardized the cause he loved; and he controlled his sensitiveness in regard to other wrongs which he felt quite as deeply, but of which the retaliation must have been even more mischievous than undue promotion. He was keenly alive to the general contempt in which the New England troops were held during the first years of the Revolution; he more than once deprecates it in letters to his friends at home; yet beyond a frank expression of satisfaction at

the removal of General Schuyler,—whose insolence to the New England officers in the army under his command had produced the worst effects,—he suffered nothing to escape him in resentment of a prejudice of the New-Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, and Southerners which even Washington shared for a while.

That Washington never underrated Greene himself, but had from the first a warm and confiding regard for him, there can be no better evidence than the envy of his brother officers. But evidence of all kinds appears to support the fact which General Greene's biographer views with a satisfaction so great and so just. Washington seems at once to have discovered the rare capacity and solid qualities of the fighting Quaker iron-master whom he found in command of the Rhode Island Army of Observation at Cambridge in 1775, and Greene repaid this appreciation with a manly devotion which did him the greatest honor. The incongruity between his inherited faith and his natural character and present profession must have struck the Virginian gentleman with peculiar force, for it extorted from that great man one of the few jokes which give us hold upon a humanity now grown shadowy through the cannon-smoke of many Fourths of July. "Send them to Greene," he said, in regard to a deputation of Friends that appeared in camp on behalf of their society; "Greene's a Quaker himself." The two patriots were sufficiently unlike in many things to unite in a very sincere friendship upon the basis of their common hopes and purposes. Greene's quick decision and prompt executive ability could not but command the admiration of a man of Washington's pondering mind, even when these qualities tended to impetuosity; while his sensitiveness that never interfered with duty, and his tenderness that never affected his good soldiery, must each have had their peculiar charm for the cooler and calmer, not to say harder, temperament of his chief. It is certain that Greene was his favorite counsellor, and that he respected him for his military genius as thoroughly as he loved him for his personal traits.

The present volume leaves the biography of Greene at a most important point, and we shall look with interest for the succeeding instalments of a work destined to associate the author's name with those of the few writers who have made the great Revolutionists real and individually dear to us.

Woman's Wrongs: A Counter-Irritant. By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

It is the first business of the author of this sprightly little book to demolish the Rev. Dr. Todd, who some time ago printed a pamphlet on Woman's Rights, and told woman the usual things about her sphere, and her dependence, and her divinely established inferiority, and her sovereignty of the affections, and her general wickedness in making any effort except of the sort asked of Mrs. Dombey. Dr. Todd is such an intellectual chaos, that he had to be built up before being knocked over, and he seems in the end to be superfluously trampled upon. When our author has done with him, she enters upon much better work, namely, the discussion of woman's place in American society and polity. This topic she treats as impersonally and frankly and vigorously as any of our own clear-headed and abstractly thinking sex, and brings knowledge of social and political economy to bear upon it; while in saying that if she were a man she would not deny the right of suffrage to woman, and that being a woman she will not ask it, leaves the question in that doubt essential to the happiness of all seekers after truth. She questions whether the ballot would socially or morally elevate woman, seeing that the great mass of men are not so elevated by it; and she is sure that it would not increase or regulate wages, which are subject only to the laws of demand and supply, and cannot be reached by statute. Women, she shows, are no longer shut out from trades or professions, and they are ill-paid because they do slovenly half-work from want of skill. The author does not believe that the typical forty thousand starving seamstresses in New York would be at all filled by the ballot, but thinks they might be quite comfortable in domestic service, — which it is well to say, though the starving forty thousand will never hear to it. There is such a vast deal for women to do before they vote, that, while she believes every woman who desires to vote ought to vote now, she counsels her sex rather to strive for success in the businesses open to them than to dream of legislating themselves into well-paid employments. All this and more is urged, without favor to wise men who tell women to choose husbands and be happy, and say no more about it. The book is altogether one of the most noticeable arguments upon the subject it treats.

Life and Letters of Wilder Dwight, Lieutenant-Colonel Second Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

THE charm of this book begins with the noble face which greets you from its first page, and which, once seen, haunts you continually, in all the bright and manly words and all the heroic deeds which find record here. You must needs turn to it often as you read, and marvel at the perfect expression it gives to the pure, cheerful, devoted life this brave young soldier led.

As to its external facts, it was the career of multitudes: the civil pursuit suspended, the military life embraced with as great ardor as if it had been a long-cherished purpose; the seasoning of the good fibre in camps; the hope, the patience, the impatience; the greatly desired battle, and coveted occasion, not merely to endure, but to do, — it is so common a career, that it seems the story of the whole nation; only the nation lived triumphing, and the individual lives that reflected her heroism were dark to her success. But the career which in the letters here given is suffered, for the most part, to portray itself, was that of a man whose excellent soldiery was wrought of material noticeably fine, even in a country and a time that offered so much of the best to war. The clear-headedness and knowledge of the world which would have made a successful lawyer, and the grace and culture which might have won a reputation in literature, appear in the unconscious and careless letters dashed off amid the duties and distractions of camps; while the rare unselfishness, the tenderness and active goodness which marked the character of this soldier, are eloquent in the testimonies of the friends and companions in arms. "I have lived a soldier, I die a soldier, I wish to be buried as a soldier," he said to those who listened to his last requests, after his mortal wound at Antietam. Was our cause indeed so grand, and was the national purpose so exalted, that such a man — so fine, so clear, so kind — could think, in death, of nothing better than its championship? Seeing the pitiful state into which we are so soon fallen, it seems scarcely possible; reading this book, we cannot doubt it.

We wish to say how simply and restrainedly this story of Wilder Dwight is told by one to whom the reader had been most willing to pardon excess of pride or fondness. It is his mother who has

shaped the memoir, and with a brief preliminary sketch of his boyhood and college-life and travels abroad, has skillfully connected the letters which contain the narrative of his life from the time when he entered the army, at the beginning of the war, until the time when he was struck down at its darkest hour. Then properly follow expressions of public and private grief and condolence; and so the whole has been quietly and unaffectedly said of facts and traits which make the reader exult to be of the same race and country with men like Wilder Dwight.

Bibliotheca Canadensis; or, A Manual of Canadian Literature. By HENRY J. MORGAN. Ottawa: G. E. Desbarats.

It is easy to see the great industry that goes to the completion of such a work as this, and all who, from taste or necessity, have to do with bibliography, must feel their indebtedness to Mr. Morgan. It has evidently been a labor of love and of patriotism with him; and while it has made him acquainted with more worthless books, probably, than were known even to the not wisely but too well read friend of Charles Lamb, it is a real service rendered to literature. The contributions to the material of local and provincial history, from both French and English sources, form a very large portion of the works and authors cited; and herein the manual of Canadian literature is of very obvious use. As to the multitude of sermons, pamphlets, poems, and novels, likewise carefully remembered, their record here can at least serve as a monument of untiring perseverance in our colonial neighbors, and as proof of that desire for something original and authentic in literature which goes before — often a long while before — a national literature. Looking over the titles of the poems and romances, and glancing at the criticisms on them, an American beholds the image of his own Republic of Letters as it was thirty or forty years ago. A celebration, at any cost, of Canadian scenes and incidents is praised as the promise of a Canadian literature; and those people over the St. Lawrence and the great lakes appear still guileless enough to believe that a national literature is to be coaxed into existence and nursed into prosperity.

Mr. Morgan's method in his work is much the same as Mr. Allibone's in his fa-

mous Dictionary of Authors. Each writer's name is given, with a brief biographical statement, where the leading facts of his life are known, and then the titles of his works are cited, with criticism from the best authorities, and generally without comment where quotable criticism is wanting. The French authors stand in about the proportion of one to eight of the English, and they treat commonly of historical and scientific topics, while their Anglo-Saxon fellow-colonists are the novelists, poets, and preachers. Of literary clergymen, there is indeed an extraordinary number mentioned, and the names of many writing officers of the British service go to swell the lists of Canadian authorship. From the prevailing obscurity and oblivion, such a name as John Foster Kirke's shines out with remarkable effect; there are others, like Haliburton's, which are also familiar, though scarcely of the unfading kind.

Early Recollections of Newport, R. I., from the Year 1793 to 1811. By GEORGE G. CHANNING, Newport, R. I. pp. 284.

"NEWPORT," said a summer resident, "is the only place in the United States where you are out of America." The English crown still decorates the top of its tallest steeple. There is a town-crier. It gives one no sense of surprise to hear that the stern-post of Captain Cook's ship, the old "Endeavor," is built into one of the wharves. Where else should it be? It marks the spot where many other endeavors have gone down.

There are single sidewalks in Newport, which are narrow enough and quaint enough, one would think, to lead an explorer back to the Middle Ages; and Mr. Channing's book is like these sidewalks. Yet his memory does not reach back to the brilliant period of Newport, but to its incipient decay; it was beginning to be old when he was young.

It was said in Puritan days, in Massachusetts, that, if any man lost his religion, he could find it again at some village in Rhode Island. And if there could be anything in those days more varied and peculiar than the two hundred and ten "pestilent heresies" already counted up, it must all have been put away in Rhode Island also, to be kept until Mr. Channing was born. Can it be really true that he remembers smoke-jacks and pewter plates,

that he saw men pilloried, and branded, and whipped through the streets at the cart's tail? Did people really ring the old year out and the new year in? Did watchmen cry the wind and weather at night; and were they cheered by occasional hospitalities on stormy nights, in the form of ginger and cider flip?

Besides these doubtful felicities of night wanderers, the author recalls other culinary delights, as, for instance "whitepot." It was pronounced as if written "whitpot," and was made of white Indian-meal and new milk, with enough molasses to give it a yellow tinge. He describes social festivities too; subscription assemblies, where the partners for the first two dances were assigned by lot; tea-drinkings where nobody spoke, and all the guests sat round the walls in high-backed chairs. "Nobody spoke; it was not thought genteel." "Now and then a whisper might be heard, but as a general rule any deviation from the strictest formality was discouraged." What heights of saintly virtue must men and women have ascended in those days, through penitential exercises like these!

In those days boys wore deep-ruffled shirts, the ruffles falling half-way down the back. Boots were a great luxury, and were required to come as high as the knee, and be surmounted by yellow tops. "Twice a year a noted cheap shoemaker from Bristol visited Newport to obtain the length of the feet of every boy and girl." Young men wore small-clothes and knee-buckles; young women usually wore sheepskin gloves dyed blue. "O the simplicity of that age, when a thin gold ear-hoop and a few strings of gold beads constituted the beginning and end of female finery!"

Mr. Channing, with a zeal becoming his profession, records with especial delight the ecclesiastical oddities of those days. It was not the custom, it seems, for the leading male parishioners to enter the house of worship at the beginning, but to wait till the first prayer was over; thus allowing to the pastor and the female saints one spiritual season unchecked by grosser presences. Church services thus reversed the customs of the old-fashioned English dinner-table, where the ladies and the clergy retired first.

He well remembers Dr. Hopkins, who indeed could hardly have failed to impress himself on boyish memories. For he wore, when on horseback, "a robe of stuff called, at the time, *calamance*,—a glossy woollen material of green color,—which was

secured round the waist by a silken girdle. His head-gear was a red cap over a wig. He rode with his arms akimbo." The Robin-Hood ballads must have seemed very real to the Newport boys when they saw this austere Friar Tuck in Lincoln green riding forth on sunny mornings; but Mr. Channing admits no Maid Marian into the tale, and evidently questions the historic truth of Mrs. Stowe's tender legends.

It is pleasant to find that the author, true to the instincts of his name, was indignant even in childhood at "the stratagem employed by the vestry [of Trinity Church] to conceal the presence of colored people during service, which was effected by placing a frame with pear-shaped apertures at the side of the organ, through which they could see the minister and congregation, without being seen."

Who can read without regret, in these pages, of those palmy days of the Moravian Church (now extinct) when they had love-feasts of chocolate and buns, in which the world's people might share, on paying fourpence? Was it through such an excess of hospitality that this kindly church died out? Why did it perish, when many a sect survives to feed its devotees on husks? But the Moravian church edifice still exists in Newport, transformed into a school-house, where eager boys gaze aloft at the now inaccessible pulpit, and ponder passionate dreams of breaking into the building during some vacation, and scaling its dizzy height. The name of the structure is now modified by the popular tongue into "Arabian Meetin'-house," as if to match the Jewish syragogue in a neighboring street, and as if the descendants of Roger Williams were resolved to include with a fine hospitality all the monotheisms of the world.

Touching schools, Mr. Channing amazes the reader with the statement, that children were in his day furnished by their parents with movable seats made of round blocks of wood of various sizes. With what an altogether jubilant roar and rumble must those sessions have been dismissed! Every recess-time must have been a ten-strike, for what boy could resist the temptation to set his seat spinning? The author furthermore records that such was his aversion to the portrait on the outside of Webster's Spelling-Book, that he once returned a new copy in indignation at seeing the same grim face,—and afterwards invested the amount in sugar-candy. Then the cruel bookseller sarcastically denounced him be-

fore the school as having so keen an appetite for knowledge as to have eaten his spelling-book. It must have been a serious matter, that portrait; for it is said that William Cobbett bequeathed to Noah Webster the sum of fifteen dollars "to enable him to procure a new engraved likeness of himself for the book, that children may no longer be frightened from their studies." It is an odd coincidence, that time and the editors have not only effaced Mr. Webster's original features from the outside of his Spelling-Book, but also from the inside of his Dictionary.

We must not, however, linger too long in the seductive paths of this literary Pompeii. The book is full of quaint reminiscences, simply and honestly told. It is egotistic, as it should be, but there is no personal conceit in it; and the chief exploit of his own which he narrates — the saving of a wrecked vessel — was really quite an heroic thing, if local traditions be trusted, and is here very modestly told. These pages display a few of the weaknesses of old age, perhaps, — there are some trivialities and some discursiveness, and we are sometimes taken rather suddenly from liberty-trees to calico frocks, — but they have also the most attractive traits of old age, — amiability and tolerance. To acquire years without prejudices is always beautiful; may the town which Mr. Channing celebrates grow old as gracefully!

The American Beaver and his Works. By LEWIS H. MORGAN, Author of "The League of the Iroquois." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1868.

* WHAT Huber did for bees Mr. Morgan has done in some measure for beavers. The subject of his book is peculiarly an American one; for though beavers are found in the other hemisphere, they make no dams there, and a beaver without his dam is nobody.

Mr. Morgan has spent a good part of many successive summers in investigating the habits of the American branch of the family, studying them in their works, and making their personal acquaintance, so far as their natural reserve and shyness would admit. He has studied them on Lake Superior, and at the head of the Missouri, and supplemented the knowledge thus acquired by a vast amount of information gained through the Indians and the trappers. If he oversets some of the romances

put in circulation by Buffon and others, he nevertheless does not detract from the high reputation for forecast and intelligence which the subject of his investigations has always enjoyed. In fact, most readers will derive from his book no little respect and esteem for these quadruped engineers, mingled with a pang of regret at the widespread devastation made among them in obedience to the exactions of civilization.

Beaver families consist usually of seven or eight members, namely, the father, the mother, and the children of one and two years. The young beavers, after being weaned, are fed carefully with tender shoots of willows, birches, and poplars, till they are able to provide for themselves. After the second year they are expected to leave the parental lodge, find mates, and make lodges for themselves. It sometimes happens that they fail in effecting the desired alliance. They are then, according to the Indians, permitted to remain another year under the parental roof, where, however, they are in a sort of disgrace, and are compelled to work at the dams, and do other hard labor, as a punishment for their matrimonial failure. Mr. Morgan does not vouch for the latter part of this story.

He writes throughout in an humane and kindly spirit, and an evident sympathy, not only with beavers, but with all the rest of the animal kingdom. He has brought to this work, an episode in the midst of graver studies, the same well-trained powers of observation and reflection, and the same spirit of careful and persistent research, which have already distinguished him in larger fields of inquiry. The value of his book is much increased by a profusion of excellent illustrations, made in most cases from photographs.

Mr. Morgan argues, at the close of his book, that the beaver and other animals are guided, not by the blind power called instinct, but by a conscious intelligence, like that of man, though incomparably inferior in degree. We are disposed to agree with him; and yet we would call attention to one fact which invalidates his principal train of reasoning, founded on structural affinities between man and the reasoning animals. In those of the animal kingdom, in whom, above all others, intelligence is preëminent, there is no such structural affinity. Ants and bees have neither brain, spine, nor nerves; that is to say, they are without the organs in which a conscious intelligence is universally supposed to reside.

